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THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AN

Illustrated American Monthly

Vol. V. October, 1896—March, 1897

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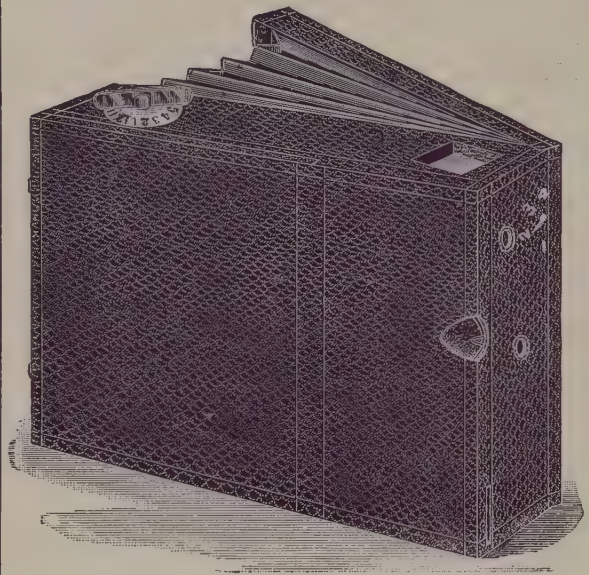

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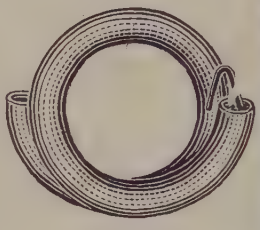

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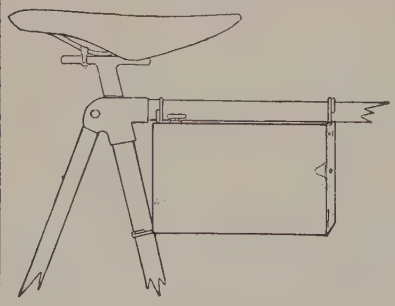

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Randolph Street To-day, Looking East from La Salle. Ashland Block, Schiller Building and Masonic Tempie in the Distance. Hooleys Theatre on Left

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THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. V. OCTOBER, 1896. NO. 1

QUARTER CENTENNIAL OF THE CHICAGO FIRE

BY EDMUND SEBASTIAN HOCH

WHEN the 9th of this present month, October, rolls around, and the sun will have arisen and set on, and the world will have been confronted with the twenty-fifth anniversary of the cremation of Chicago. This occasion, the quarter centennial of the devastation by fire of the great city of the West, in many respects the most extraordinary and appalling catastrophe in the annals of humanity, will be fittingly noticed by Chicago people and municipality. The recollection of it as it will then be reviewed throughout the country will be the occasion of universal reflection and solemnity, serving, at the same time, in the nature of a great revelation to many. The world will then be confronted with many things that it has lost sight of or forgotten, and those new in it will be apprised of many things they did not know. At the same time will be revealed and realized a condition of progress and prosperity, of energy and activity and achievement unparalleled in the history of civilization, that must be the wonder and admiration of all civilizations to come.

As one looks about the great city of Chicago today, it is difficult to realize that any such disaster as that which so completely and cruelly levelled it ever befell it. As he walks down Dearborn street, or passes into State, with its broad and high magnificence, or strolls leisurely along the majesty of Michigan, or pushes into colossal La Salle, he can hardly bring himself to understand that there was a time, and a time, too, not very long ago,—a stone's throw, only, down the years,—when this great district, the colossal district that he is passing through,—that five more than a score of years ago it was a waste, a charred waste, a burned, blackened, whitened, ash-blown waste, that stretched out in the distance as far as one could see,—that the whole territory about was a devastated, rubbish-covered plain, a plain that the wind blew across and that the eye could travel over without obstruction. He can hardly realize this now, as he glides along, brushing with or escaping the crowd unmindful of modern missions, his eye wonderingly and admiringly set on the jagged, narrow sky-line in the distance. These high-walled thoroughfares seem to him not a fit place for the

Photographs used in this article, copyrighted by J. W. Taylor.

flames to have gambolled upon, the great human devised cliffs that he passes, the polished corridors that he enters, the gilded elevators in which he glides so swiftly up, not a seeming theatre for the conflagration to have burst on upon—a conflagration that turned stone into gas and iron into vapor—a conflagration that swept up and down and around—from river to lake and from lake to river again—that swept and swept and swept, until it had swept everything in its path—until there was nothing more to sweep—until not a block or not a building in a block or not a vestige of a building remained unscathed—until the heavens were stained with the fire and the world was ringing with the cry of burned, burning Chicago.

Many men I meet in Chicago, who have lived there for years, know nothing about the fire but that it had occurred. Many do not know the year of its occurrence, to say nothing of the month or the day,—they was uncertain as to whether it was in '71 or '72 or '73—who say that there were two fires, one in '71 and one in '73. And this condition is true, also, of the world. There has sprung up a new generation all over the country and in other countries, who have no proper knowledge or appreciation of the awful proportion of this great fire.

And one reason for the defection of memory on the part of the populace in this connection is the astonishingly sudden and complete recovery of Chicago from the blow inflicted upon it by the fire. This has much to do with the belittling of its extent and seriousness in the minds of the people. They conclude that the disaster could not have been as great or else the resuscitation after it could not have been so speedy. The individual sees, or reads of, or hears of, Chicago's phenomenal achievements

View of Business District from South, Direct, Location of Onlooker about Harrison Street

Looking East Across Ruins Towards Lake

Looking Northeast, Showing Grand Pacific Hotel Ruins

General View of the Northern Portion of Burned District as it is To-day, Looking Northeast from "Skyscraper," Corner Adams and La Salle Streets, Showing Tops of Old Buildings

and progress and prosperity, and concludes that the much-talked-of conflagration could not have been so much, that, likely, all in reality it did was to conveniently burn away some rickety old frame buildings that Chicago wanted down to make room for the bigger ones they were hurrying to put up—that it was a sort of a boom signal, in fact—a calcium light effect to draw the attention of the world, a clever advertising move to get prestige and immigration, a bold and shrewd innovation in the art of town building.

Court House
On Site where City Hall now Stands

Ruins in Vicinity of Court House

If Chicago had remained in ashes the world would have never forgotten her sorrow. The country would have put on mourning every year and sounded the dole bells. But as she chose to throw off the gray remnants of her incineration and step out of the urn and enter the skies again, and that in a night, while the world slept, those who slumbered are loth to believe that such an extraordinary thing as was reported at the time of the fire really occurred. Thus it may be seen that Chicago's sudden prosperity, following so quickly on her great calamity, is in a great degree responsible for the light way in which the world holds and so easily forgets the dire nature and extent of that awful calamity. The recuperation from it has been too complete for an ordinary world to properly appreciate the facts of it and the facts of the fire too.

Another condition that tends to this general situation may be found in the peculiar relation of the date of the occurrence of the great fire to the present time and generation. As we stand now, at this distance from it, its period is rather peculiarly remote. It is of neither the past nor the present. To us who pride ourselves in the knowledge of history, the knowledge of this particular portion of it is of no moment. It is too recent and, therefore, too insignificant and vulgar. It is not far enough

The Money Centre of Chicago, La Salle Street, as it is To-day, Looking North from Board of Trade

Ruins on State, near Madison Street

back to be of any account to remember. And to those who watch for the current things it is a past record.

A hundred years from now, when it enough—at sighting distance, say—when enough—at sightly distance, say—when it is far enough away to have it considered an accomplishment to remember—knowledge of it reckoned a dignified possession—then we may expect to see the hustling millions pause for a moment and look back at the great fire and shudder and gape at it and wonder if we did not feel the heat of it, or dodge the flames or catch the sparks, we who sat so near.

But we do not feel the heat of it, and, as far as looking back at it and shuddering is concerned, we scarcely ever think of it at all. To us cultured ones we have never seen anything like this—never anything that gives in the least relation the iota of an impression of it—nothing that can make us conceive of it even. We have seen blocks burn, and have stood by amazed and shuddering while we watched the burning; or we have heard of leaping forest fires roaring over the earth, roaming and crackling and flashing and licking up little forest hamlets in their path; and we have stood by aghast at this—startled and shocked—yes, in all our callous modernity, startled and shocked—but from all these we have gathered no idea of what occurred at Chicago. What would we think if we were standing by and witnessing the roaring and raging of a fire that destroyed a hundred blocks, that destroyed thousands and thousands of houses in those blocks, that wiped out a whole city, almost, a

city that would make a thousand of these villages such as the forest fires have swept up and we have shuddered about? Can we conceive of it? No, not if we control our own imaginations we cannot; we cannot think to picture it nor to begin to.

And that is exactly what the Chicago fire did. Or rather, it did more than that. Instead of destroying a hundred blocks it destroyed a thousand! Instead of destroying thousands of houses it destroyed tens of thousands! "The Chicago conflagration," says a graphic chronicler of the time, "began at 11 o'clock on Saturday night, Oct. 7th, 1871. It ended its wild carousal at 9 o'clock on the Monday night following at a point four miles from where it augurated." This fire absolutely obliterated three and one-third square miles of the very heart of a great city. Eighteen thousand buildings went down in the red wrack. Four thousand of these were business buildings, strong and high, the entire business district of the most thriving city of the West, and fourteen thousand were homes, stone-fronted mansions, substantial brick structures and picturesque frame dwellings. From two miles southwest of the city's centre to two miles north of it the cyclone of fire swept, carrying everything in its way, leaving scarcely a vestige of a house in its path. Four miles long and one mile broad was its sweep, and it left that stretch as black and as bare as if the earth itself had opened and swallowed it and then belched it forth again, black and crumbled and smouldering, a sight too horrible and ghastly to look upon. For something like 48 hours it raged, and it did not give up until one-third of Chicago was gone,—until it had eaten its way through the city, through the tracks of civilization, out into the woods and the open elements again.

Looking West on Washington Street from Lake Front. First National Bank in Distance

First National Bank, Corner Washington and State Streets

View of Entire Business District from South. Fifth Avenue in Foreground. La Salle, Clark, Dearborn and State Streets on Right

State Street To-day, Looking North. Columbus Memorial Building in Right Foreground, Marshall Field's and Masonic Temple Beyond

Can you realize this, you callous moderns? Can you who live at a distance? You residents of Boston who gaze at it from your two thousand miles? Can you realize it? Can you realize what it means? Do these figures and these outlines signify anything to you? Do they mean anything to you? If they don't, take your city and begin at the end of the peninsular and burn it — burn the whole peninsular portion of it from water to water and from point to base — your broad and deep and crowded peninsula — burn it until you have burned every house and every habitation in it, until you have burned it down, until you have burned it level—burned it off the earth—and stand by and see it burning; or imagine this, and then see if you can know what these figures mean, if you can know what was done at Chicago.

Honore Block, Corner Dearborn and Adams Streets, Postoffice in Distance

Ruins in North Chicago Division, Dearborn Avenue, Opposite Washington Square

And you, you New Yorker, you who are complacent of extraordinary things accomplished, burn your entire city from the Battery to Fourteenth street, and from river's edge to river's edge, burn it until it is black and jagged as the great black rocks that were there before it, until nothing that is there now is left of it, and see if you can know what was done at Chicago.

And you Philadelphian, take your whole district between the Delaware and the Schuylkill, and between Washington avenue and Girard, and give it up to air; let it be laid waste absolutely by the elements. And you who live in Washington, burn half your city, including all the business centre, and behold the ruins. And you in St. Louis, burn all of your beautiful section between Chantron avenue and Franklin avenue and the Mississippi River and Grand avenue, burn it, and then as you contemplate the wreck see if you can realize what was done to Chicago by the Chicago fire, what the Chicago fire was, what it did, what it means.

Drake Block, Wabash Avenue, near Madison Street

And you young Chicagoan, or new Chicagoan, you who flit in and out of the great sky-topped buildings, and pass through the throbbing crowds and glance swiftly up and down the great thick walled thoroughfare through which you are hastening, pause a moment as you glance and remember that once there were no walls there, anywhere about, that all was smouldering, crumbled ruins, far as your eye can see; or if you be an inhabitant of one of those airy offices, of which there are so many, away, high up in a sky scraper, with the view of the great city stretching out at your feet, look out of the window at your side, down towards the looming towers of the Auditorium and the southeast, then to the southwest to where the scores of other sky scrapers block your vision, then further up to the west, and then to the east again, and then north as far as your eye can reach, until it rests on the looming outlines of the great Ferris wheel, silhouetted in the distance, and the green, waving trees of Central Park and the round red walls of the Plaza; do this, and then picture all that district that you see in ruins, all that fair district to the northeast where stand the gray stone mansions and where winds the Lake shore drive, and that district straight north, where the green-rimmed avenues stretch out and away, lined on either side, thick, with homes, receding in rapid succession, and shining in splendor—picture it all in ruins, blackened, smoking ruins. Fancy the thousands of housetops you see but mere

piles of debris, the trees loaded with it and the streets filled full. Picture that to yourself as you gaze over the broad expanse before you, and then once more turn your eye down to where are your immediate surroundings, and there where you see the great sky-scrapers standing about, the magnificent eighteen and twenty-storied piles of which there

Southern Extremity of Fire in Business Section, Wabash Avenue and Harrison Street

are so many, strike them down and plant ruin in their places, and where you see the flat roofs of the ten-story buildings below, do likewise with them —and then, look down at the street at the bottom and make all flat and level with that, with heaps of debris here and cracking walls there, and smoking ruins everywhere to vary the monotony. Do this, and then realize, if you can, the horror that swept over Chicago, the holocaust through which your city

passed, the desolation that was scattered everywhere about. Do this and know that every inch of earth about for miles was scorched and charred and baked by fire, that every inch of atmosphere you breathe—that lies about—had once its counterpart there in flame, that the section in the midst of which you stand was the heart of the greatest conflagration that ever swept over a civilized world.

HISTORY OF THE FIRE.

The signal for the great conflagration, we find, was given on a Saturday night at about ten o'clock, October 7, 1871. This was the announcement of the first fire, which burned for four hours and consumed four blocks. This blaze of itself was enough to draw out the entire population of Chicago, and fill all with fear and anxiety. It originated

in a planing mill in the neighborhood of Clinton and Van Buren streets, and destroyed the entire territory comprised between Van Buren and Adams streets and Jefferson street and the south branch of the Chicago River, four blocks in a section of the city, in the west division, about a mile southwest of the Court House. Some idea of the nature and threatening extent of the first fire may be had from the following account, which is taken from the Chicago Tribune of Sunday, October 8th, 1871:

THE FIRE FIEND.

A TERRIBLY DESTRUCTIVE CONFLAGRATION LAST NIGHT.

TWENTY ACRES OF BUILDINGS IN WEST DIVISION IN RUINS.

LUMBER, WOOD AND COAL YARDS, PLANING MILLS, STORES AND DWELLINGS BURNED.

THE ADAMS STREET VIADUCT DESTROYED—NARROW ESCAPE OF THE BRIDGE.

THOUSANDS OF CITIZENS WITNESS THE GRAND BUT AWFUL ILLUMINATION.

THE LOSS SUPPOSED TO BE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF $1,000,000.

SCENES, INCIDENTALS AND ACCIDENTS OCCASIONED BY THE FIRE.

THE SOUNDING OF THE FIRE ALARM

From Box No. 248, at about 11 o'clock last night, was the solemn prelude to one of the most disastrous and imposing conflagrations which has ever visited a city which has already enrolled in her annals numbers of such visitations, many of them so terrible that they can serve as eras in her history. For days past alarm has followed alarm but the comparatively trifling losses have familiarized us to the pealing of the Court House bell and we had forgotten that the absence of rain for three weeks had left everything in so dry and inflammable a condition *that a spark might start a fire which would sweep from end to end of the city.*" * *

On Sunday, October 8, the people of Chicago read their newspapers with their accounts of the fire, and, later, visited the ruins. On Sunday night, as they were about going to bed, they were aroused by another alarm. The Court House bell rang again. This time the signal came from further down the city, further south, but still in the west division, and from a point just about the same degree west as the origin of the fire on Saturday night. A stable was burning in the neighborhood of Jefferson and Dekoven streets. Dekoven street is eight blocks south of Van Buren, and Jefferson and Van Buren were the western and southern boundaries of the first fire. The alarm came in at 11 o'clock. At 12 o'clock it was still coming in. At two in the morning it was coming in yet, and ringing out in a steady peal of the fretful Court House bell. The city began to be alive. People came hurrying from all directions, and were hastening to the fire. But they did not need to. This was the one case in history where the mountain came to Mahomet. This fire they were running to was the one that later came to them, that came to them so swiftly, indeed, that in a few hours they were running from it—yes, running in fearful speed and frenzy—for this was the fire that burned Chicago.

EXTENT OF DESTRUCTION.

The newspaper reports, of course, taken so quickly and fretfully off the hot scene, were in many respects but inaccurate and altogether incomplete accounts of the fire. It remained for time and weeks of investigation to show the real extent of the destruction. From a number of reports compiled after all the details had been learned, I find the following cause of and territory of the fire: Beginning in the stable at Jefferson and Dekoven streets, the flames advanced north along Jefferson to Van Buren street, east on Van Buren to Canal; then north on Canal to Adams; also east on Dekoven to Clinton; north

Ruins in Dearborn Street

Dearborn Street as it is To-day, Looking South from Monroe Street. This is the most Colossal Walled Street in the World. There are more "Skyscrapers" along it than in all the rest of the Country

on Clinton to Taylor, east on Taylor, across the river to Sherman, north on Sherman to Harrison; east on Harrison to Wabash avenue; north on Wabash avenue to Congress street, and then east to the lake. This describes its southern boundaries, and the western boundaries in the southern portion of the west division. The distance between Jefferson street and the lake is about a mile. At Adams street the fire crossed the river, coming east, leaving the western division, and after that kept east of the south branch of the river entirely, making that its western border, and then, crossing the main channel which runs east and west, kept east and along the border of the north branch until it reached Division, where it left the river and pursued its way almost directly north to Fullerton avenue, which, as far as I can find, was its real northern limit. On the east it followed the lake straight along until it reached Wisconsin street, then the lower boundary of Lincoln Park, passing near the two cemeteries, then along the lake between North avenue and the Park. At Wisconsin street the fire left the lake, turning west to Clark and proceeding north on Clark to Fullerton, where it met the western boundary, at a point exactly three miles north of the Court House. These are the boundaries of the fire that the maps of it show, and almost everything comprised within these lines was burned.

The following account from the Chicago Inter-Ocean of Oct. 8th, 1872, cites the details of the destruction accurately:

The total area burned over was 2,124 acres or about three and one-third square miles, the total length of streets stripped of houses about seventy miles, the total number of buildings destroyed 17,450, or thirty per cent. of the whole number comprised within the city limits. Of the 14,000 houses of the North Division not 600 were standing on Tuesday morning, thirty hours after the conflagration commenced. Monday night found 100,000 people homeless who had been well housed the day before; and the most of the 100,000 were destitute of all means of living; hundreds of men who had counted their wealth by tens of thousands being then unable to raise money enough to procure cartage for the few worldly effects which they had snatched from the flames.

The aggregate loss by this great disaster was about $192,000,000, exclusive of salvage. This included however only the actual property destroyed and did not take into account what could not, of course, be accurately estimated; the loss of business occasioned by the interruption of the Fall trade, the destruction of all stocks of goods, the temporary shock to credit, and the privation as to quarters for storing and selling to which all business was subjected. The protraction of business and the disorganization of society was for a brief time complete; and nothing perhaps contributed to this more than the lack of a natural rallying place for the authorities of the city, political or commercial. The day succeeding the fire was a very blank one, even with those citizens who found themselves with a roof — *Inter Ocean, October 8, 1872.*

What Chicago has done since that affliction I will only ask you to look at the illustrations accompanying, and then to judge for yourselves. If the view along Randolph street, which you see, does not inform you, or that up State, or those of Dearborn and La Salle, or that general view of the northeast corner of the business district, then it would be unnecessary for the types to try. The chronicler would only like to state that if you yourself happen not to be well enough travelled to realize it, as you are looking at these views you are beholding the reflection of the most impressive prospect in the civilized world. You have never seen the duplicate and it is safe to say you never will. The central business district of Chicago today has its counterpart nowhere on earth.

When Chicago was burned she contained about 350,000 people. The fire reduced this number to 300,000. Today the census reports 1,800,000 souls, and the city authorities present to the world a map of a city thirty miles long by twelve miles wide. And in this article you have been told that this is only the twenty-fifth anniversary of her new birth.

THE ANTE-MORTEM CONDITION OF GEORGE RAMOR

By George Barr McCutcheon

HE had desk and table room in the offices of a real estate company on one of the down-town streets. The rent was so small that he could pay it with sufficient promptness and regularity, ingratiating with the collector who called monthly. No one had heard of any of his plans being accepted, nor could any one point to a building that had grown from the original efforts of his pen, compass and candle-stick. And yet he managed to pay his rent, his board bill, and to dress uncommonly well. The true source of his income had long been a mystery to the men about town, the men who knew him best. It is true he made great numbers of drawings, devising whole cities in four, five, six—yes, even ten-story buildings. These cities were erected on the corner of his table; they formed quite a respectable pile of paper.

No one had come to him and said: "This plan suits me; wrap it up and send it to my office. I guess we'll build from it." No; he did not sell his plans. He was always underbid or too late.

He simply made buildings on paper and their only growth was in the castles of air that arose just outside his window sash, the only builders being the thoughts which formed themselves in the smoke of the cigar he held between his teeth while he gazed at—nothing. When the cigar was thrown away and his head was turned from the window the structure dissolved, crumbled away with the ashes of the fragrant weed he had smoked in the process of building. Nothing was outside the window when he looked again except the site for another structure. But he built many such edifices.

Men commented upon his condition; they wondered how he lived. He seemed to prosper and they knew not how prosperity came to him. The world is ever wondering. Whatever may have caused wonder and comment, one feature remained unquestioned, he was prosperous in the possession of unqualified cheerfulness; no matter how far beyond his reach may have been the plans he drew, his imagination was loyal to them until they had been transformed into castles beyond the window-sill and wafted away on the curls of blue that floated noiselessly from his cigar, his chief clerk and advisor. It may be said that he measured perseverance by inches, not by the clock.

When evening came he would lock his desk, lay away his plans and his instruments, shrug himself as if tired, and go to his lodgings with all the feelings of a man greatly in need of repose. To the people on the street he was wont to speak of his fatigue; in his room his unconscious perseverance remained true and faithful, and it was easy for him to throw himself upon his couch and sleep, fully convinced that he had nearly overworked himself during the day. Was it strange, then, that he arose from his nap an hour or so later, greatly refreshed in every respect, particularly in ideas? If he overslept himself he did not complain, did not punish himself by working later or harder on the next day's castles; he only took a shorter nap the next evening.

George Ramor was undeniably peculiar. He was a source of wonder to his acquaintances; he was the best subject for gossip in all his set. As sets, no matter how exclusive they may be, are capable of branching out into other sets, in a way, indistinct, but surely, Mr. Ra-

mor was finally the talk of the town. Everybody liked him, for he was a genial hail-fellow-well-met sort of person, a gentleman by birth and in training. He had no relatives in the city, nor anywhere else, so far as known to his friends, but genealogy had nothing to do with his means of sustenance. That was why some people wondered, of course. Gentlemanliness and genealogy are scarcely qualified to support where other means are lacking, however.

No one accused him of gambling, but no one understood how he lived as he did. A stranger would have mistaken him easily for the wealthiest man in town.

Finally some fellow started the report that he owed every merchant in the city. Thus were a great many of his luxuries accounted for.

One evening several members of the club to which he belonged sat in the cafe discussing Mr. George Ramor. Charlie DeBobb insisted on making the following observation:

"Well, he wears better clothes than I do, and I know I have fifty dollars where he has one. Murphy tells me he pays his tailor bill, too, so he can't get all his clothes on tick. He pays Jones, too. I'll bet he's around here tonight with more money in his pocket than all of us together."

"He hasn't drawn a plan in six months that has brought him a dollar," observed old man Growler. "He told me last week he had a plan on hand, though, that was sure to bring him a thousand dollars, cold cash. I loaned him fifty dollars till next week."

"He owes me a little, too," said Jim Collins.

"How much?"

"A hundred. He's had it four months, too, and he only wanted it for one. I hate to speak to him about it."

"I wouldn't say a word. It'll be all right. He owes me a hundred, but I'm not a bit worried. I let him have it the morning after he smashed up one of Gregories' buggies in a runaway," said Dr. Anderson.

"He's never paid Gunter Gregories, for Gunter told me so," put in Harry Brown.

"That's strange. I'm sure that's what he got it for."

"What are you talking about?" asked Sam Shatter, coming up.

"Ramor. Does he owe you anything?" asked Brown. laughingly.

"What of it? Is his financial condition up before the club again? I thought it had been disposed of last night. He does owe me something; I have his note."

"The devil! You, too? I thought you never lent money."

"I don't unless I'm protected. James Fenton is on the note with him. It's for a thousand, one year, at six per cent."

"Well, I'll be d——! How is that, Jim?" uttered Growler, turning to Fenton, who had been a quiet member of the group.

"Why, it's straight, of course. He's good. He assured me he had a scheme worth $2500 just ready to go off—some big building he's figuring on, I believe. He owes me a hundred aside from the note."

"Christian Columbus!" ejaculated Brown, jamming his hands deep down in his pockets; "he owes every mother's son of us."

The men looked at each other in a bewildered sort of way, half comprehensively, half apprehensively. Then old Growler said:

"No wonder he has money."

One by one they strolled away, each filled with certain misgiving sensations. In three days it was all over the city that George Ramor owed $20,000, borrowed money, and that every friend he possessed had suffered. As strange as it may appear, he did not try to avoid his creditors. Instead, he seemed overjoyed to meet them, and for no one did he have a heartier smile, a warmer grip

of the hand, than for the man he owed. Whether it was policy that prompted this gentle consideration for his creditors, or whether it was real freedom of heart, no one ever knew. He borrowed money from one man to pay his tailor bill and borrowed from another to pay the man who had lent him the money to pay the bill.

It may appear strange also that he could be overcome by any feeling tenderer than that of self-esteem. But he was in love. For years he had loved a young woman of excellent family, of excellent attainments, and apparently of excellent judgment. It was not the weak, vacillating love that one might expect in such a nature as his, but deep, powerful, painful. Painful because he felt its hopelessness.

When he met Helen Gray at a ball in a neighboring city he immediately fell in love with her. Of course, he fell deeply. That was his nature. He forgot the position he held, or rather the position he did not hold in the world, and gave himself up to the mercy of Cupid. New castles were created in the air, but they were all for the occupancy of one person—a woman. There was no doubt about Ramor's love for Helen Gray; it was strong d masterful. By nature she was the weaker, and she loved him.

One night he asked her to marry him.

For over two weeks he had not seen her. He had been drawing the plans for a large brewery and had not found time to visit the city which she called home. The brewery never grew nearer to erection than the foundation obtained from the conversational quarry of a loud-voiced promoter of manufacturing schemes. George Ramor worked honestly, faithfully over the plans for this gigantic enterprise and never received so much as a glance at the products which might have come from the institution had it been built. The promoters of the scheme to make beer for the millions did not get beyond the manufacture of that mysterious substance which makes the beverage sizzle and pop a cork against the ceiling—the gas. They had sufficient gas, but nothing to sizzle.

When he had completed these plans he hastened to the faraway home of the Grays, his architectural mind swimming with visions of a monstrous concern, his waking and sleeping—all dreaming—hours haunted by a great check signed by beermakers.

The woman he loved was a woman to be loved by men, a sweet, tender, adorable being, beautiful enough to rule with queens about her, kings beneath her. She was not a vain woman of the world, nor was she a fickle plaything in the games of love, but one who had touched the hearts of many men without losing faith in her own. No woman lives but who applauds herself for victories won in battles of the heart, whether the warfare be waged willingly, or whether the conquest comes unsought. Womanly pride comes first; then comes womanly pity. Helen Gray knew the pride which thrills the victor, but she respected the pain which cuts the victim. Pity was that which best adorned her and made men proud to have been refused by her. In describing her the writer tells best of her by saying to men: She is like the woman you most admire; to women: She is more to be admired than you.

Therefore it is no wonder that she won the impulsive heart of George Ramor. It was a long while before he could make up his mind to ask her to be his wife. There were so many obstacles in the way and he was not so blindly infatuated that he could not see them. To him they looked insurmountable. Every married man remembers how he laid awake at night and pondered over the responsibilities he would have to shoulder if he really meant to take unto himself a wife. Ramor had more to consider than most men, it seemed; he not only had the responsibilities of a future to look forward to

but he had those of the past to look backward upon. He saw a great gloom ahead and a great gloom behind. At his side, between the two, he saw the brightness shed by his relationship with Helen Gray. This brightness extended forward instead of backward, it must be admitted. Naturally he went forward regardless of consequences. That is why he asked her to marry him.

They were in the parlor and she was brewing some tea for him. It was her custom. Ramor had in his vest pocket a five-dollar gold piece and a railroad ticket home. It was all he had in the world, and yet he asked the girl to marry him. He had said something about his great brewery scheme and she had inquired into the project rather particularly for her. Heretofore she had not openly interested herself in his affairs. She had looked upon him as a shrewd, successful man, and the great projects he had unfolded to her in the past were but ordinary proofs of his capacity. She thought she knew him.

His heart gave a sudden, inexplicable throb when he realized that she was taking unwonted interest in the future of the big beer factory. Before he clearly knew what he had done he had asked her to marry him, and it required a good, long time for him to fully grasp the importance of her answer. She said:

"Yes."

He held her in his arms passionately, hungrily, kissing her as devoutly as he would have spoken had he been addressing the saint who held his salvation in his hands.

"Do you mean it—truly?" he asked, tremblingly. He asked the question because he feared he might have been mistaken, forgetting there could be no mistake in the positive presence of that adored form, locked so closely to his, unresistingly.

"Of course, I do, George. I love you, and why should I not marry the man I love? Is it strange? Are you glad? Tell me!"

"Glad!" he exclaimed, and that was all. The manner in which he said it was enough.

The brewery was forgotten, utterly neglected; his debts were swept away with his creditors; the one great glory he had been building for years was completed. Before the stately edifice of joy and happiness all things worldly were unseen. For the time being he dwelt in his glory, a millionaire.

Then she told him to speak to her father, and a chill grew upon him. How could he ask that loving father for the joy of his home? How could he tell him what manner of home he would provide for her? This father of hers was a business man, a man of the world, worldly. It is no wonder that he became weak and allowed a coldness, like unto death, to creep over him. Then his magnificent resources pushed through his fears and his confidence returned.

Ramor did not go to see Helen's father until the next day. Mortimer Gray sat in his office at the store, a formidable personage to be approached by such a man as George Ramor, particularly on such a mission. It was not long, however, until the architect had built the foundation to a conversation that ran something like this:

"You will pardon me, of course, Mr. Ramor, but as a father who loves his child I should neglect nothing which might add to her happiness and prevent that which might detract from it. I have heard you spoken of as a man of means, as a man of energy, but I should like to have you tell me, yourself, just how you are situated. I trust that you will understand that it is loyalty to my daughter which compels me to satisfy myself in this matter. I should never forgive myself if I allowed her to make a mistake."

Ramor's heart was fainting within him, but his face was as calm,as smooth, as smiling as ever. He knew he would have to lie. And he lied.

"Sir, the reports concerning my posi-

tion in the world may have been exaggerated—as such things usually are. The statements of friends, men who think they befriend by enlarging upon the case, often create disorder and bring up misunderstandings. I shall simply say to you—asking you to believe me—that I will make her happy always, that I will provide for her a home as rich as that from which she is taken. I can do that much, sir, and God knows I shall give her happiness so long as I shall live. Do not understand me to say that I am a rich man—you know better than that—but I am a—er—ahem!—well, I have not labored these years to attain nothing. I speak to you as one honest man speaks to another." He looked so noble, so proud, so strong that Mortimer Gray extended his hand quickly, grasping the half-trembling fingers of the liar, saying:

"You need tell me no more. I have believed what others have said of you, and I believe it more than ever now. It has been my hope that my girl might marry such a man as you, and I give her into your keeping as cheerfully as can a man who is to lose his child. Be good to her and you will repay me."

Ramor's heart was light as he went out from the presence of that unsuspecting father. He knew he had promised what he could not fulfil, but what mattered that to him? He could try to redeem his promise; that was all that any man could do. There was not a pang of remorse, of fear in the thought that he had committed himself before his God and all mankind; there was joy in his soul as he hurried to the side of the one who knew so well how the interview would end. Perhaps his mind was affected. No other solution is in the writer's mind, for one, but then the writer may be wrong. There is no telling.

As he sat in the chair car that night, on his way home, his happiness faded before the onslaught of truth. He saw his position plainly, but he would not have changed it for the fortune of Croesus. So, it may be seen, his conscience was impregnable; it was as he had made it, not as he would have had it.

Men like George Ramor, visionary beings, have no consciences. They have intellects, it is true, but these intellects are beneficial to them only in the artfulness with which it is necessary to hide the prospects of self-annihilation, so sure to find realization in the day of reckoning.

Ramor was a coward, a craven coward; of this he was satisfied in his own mind. He was made apparently brave by selfishness. As he calmly considered the graveness of the step he had taken his heart sank, for he knew he could not but fail; the end was plain to him; she would eventually despise him.

Yet he was delighted with his own blindness, his oblivion, glorying in his one great possession—Imagination. He even looked ahead and saw the failure of everything; he saw the end and the crushing of his happiness; he saw her sorrow in the vision, but it was surmounted by his happiness. He had won her and he was the dominant character in the vision. One thing he did not see: the sin of it all. Thus he soliloquized in the rumbling chair car.

"I have loved her and I have won her. She shall make me happy and I shall make her happy. It can't be for long, but, oh God! what bliss while it lasts. Ecstasy! Ecstasy! One year will be an eternity of pleasure; one year will be a million to me. Each day I'll live a thousand years of ecstasy, so what odds if there is an end to come? Let it come. I've built a feeble future, but it shall be massive while it stands. It would be hell without her, heaven with her. After heaven, hell; I cannot escape my hell—it is mine anyhow. Heaven and hell! I'll make heaven so long and sweet that hell will not be hell when it comes to me." And thus he rambled.

The man was almost insane with anticipation. His future was his present, his past—well, he knew no past. Poor George Ramor. There are many men like you, but they do not see themselves as you saw yourself. (Let this be an epitaph.)

He slept well that night, for he was satisfied, he was pleased. No past to dream about, no future to form a nightmare; he existed in the present.

But when the morning came it brought the sense of realization stronger than ever, the hopelessness, the degradation and the shame. As he sat on the edge of his bed he made a vow—a solemn vow.

The reader is never to know that vow, but must conjecture with the re. of his acquaintances. He kept it a secret, himself, and the writer of this narrative is not supposed to know all of George Ramor's secrets.

About one month later several members of his club sat around the card tables. Old Growler was dealing. Harry Brown was talking.

"Has anyone seen Ramor today?" he asked.

"He was in my office," answered Charlie DeBobb, assorting his cards.

"By the way, have you heard that report that he is to be married soon?" asked Sam Shatter.

"What!" exclaimed several. A few glances were exchanged.

"Fact! To Miss Gray, I hear. Her father has said so, I heard today from one who ought to know, and there was a squib in a Chicago paper about the engagement. Why, he can't afford it. He owes everybody in town; how the devil can he think of such a thing?" indignantly explained Shatter. "He borrowed a round thousand of old Bently last week, giving his note for two years. Bently thinks he's all right, too."

Then the conversation was devoted wholly to George Ramor; he was discussed so thoroughly that it was found he had borrowed an additional $5000, perhaps more, but no less, and was still borrowing. A bank cashier said he had deposited nearly that much money recently. Why was he piling up such seemingly useless and enormous obligations?

Old Growler voiced the sentiment of the crowd when he jerked out the following:

"He has borrowed that money to get married on. The damned scoundrel!"

A handsome residence took shape on one of the fashionable streets. Ramor had designed it, carpenters had built it and the designer had paid them cash for their work. Every cent deposited in the bank was required to do this, for artisans must be paid. He had purchased the lot on the instalment plan and had no deed for the ground. One year was given him in which to pay for the lot. At the end of that period he was to have paid $1000 and the deed was to be transferred.

His friends stood afar off and observed all these proceedings with open eyes, closed mouths, inactive hands and suffering purses. They saw his tower of Babel go up and they prophesied the fall.

Helen Gray, blissfully unconscious of the true state of affairs, happy in her choice of a husband, glorying in the future he had promised, looked upon him as an Aladdin. In her dreams she saw him with the wonderful lamp, leading her on to happiness and wealth. This unsuspecting bride of wretchedness assisted her undoer in the selection of the furnishings intended for the beautiful home. None but the richest was considered, none but the most expensive purchased; the furniture, the tapestry, the plate was the wonder of the people.

Not one dollar had he paid for all this elegance; the merchants had given him time! He had taken—eternity!

The wedding! Glorious, grand, gorgeous!

Helen Gray's father gave her a wed-

ding that would have graced a princess. Brilliant, magnificent even to the slightest detail, the wedding of George Ramor and Helen Althea Gray was the talk of two cities for many months. A bride arrayed in costly gown, beautiful beyond comparison; a groom attired in a garb reeking with impenetrable heartlessness; both happy.

And so they were married!

Everybody wondered again when the couple sailed for Europe on an extended bridal tour; the whole city, knowing everything, asked how he could afford it. The audacity of his extravagance bewildered them.

Once in awhile a word came from them. Now they were in New York, then in Paris, next in Lucerne, then at Rome, and nobody knows where else. He never told anyone how he managed to pay all his bills in foreign lands, how he could afford to travel in state and enjoy the best of all things, how he succeeded in mingling with the nabobs in courts of high degree. To the bride and groom there was no mystery about it at all, no wonder fed their souls; it was happiness undefiled by thoughts of trouble, unimpeded by the weights of care.

The groom had devised a plan by which he found it easy to raise sufficient money to carry on a successful honeymoon. (This is permissible although inelegant, because he had made it a matter of business from the start.) He paid up all that was due on his lot, borrowing the money from a friend in Chicago, accepted the deed, and then mortgaged the whole for $9000. This he considered a very clever piece of financiering. And it was—from an unusual point of view. Surely he was a stranger to trouble.

She loved him, he made her happy, and together they sipped such sweets as never before had lovers drawn from the eternal bloom of love. Together they saw the old world, enjoyed its glories, its grandeurs and its madness. Then they sailed for home.

The beautiful home on the beautiful street was ready for the beautiful bride one bright, long looked for day. The master of the house led its mistress through the open doors, past the deferential servants, and said to her:

"Helen, my darling, it is yours, all yours! There is nothing I would not have done for you in the love I bear so willingly. One condition is imposed upon you: you are never to forget that the giver loves you better than he loves himself, his God or his salvation." She kissed him as they stood at the foot of the grand staircase, her furs falling from her shoulders when she threw her arms rapturously about his neck.

"Forget that? If you were to kill me, George, I should not forget that you loved me if I lived but one second after you struck the blow." Her words, to him, sounded prophetic, and he could not prevent the sudden shiver. Once in a great while he had to think. All builders do.

Their castle had its queen, but it had no king. A certain slave hid himself behind the throne; that slave was married to the queen. Courtiers came, flocked to the home of the slave, the castle of the queen; they saw the slave and mistook him for the king. With one hand the slave had built the throne; with the other the king had torn it down. One frail seat was left for the queen, insecure, treacherous, but painfully majestic. The kingdom would crash with the crash of that throne. The slave knew it; the king knew it, but forgot it.

Weeks sped by and the Ramors were held aloft, almost exalted. Their entertainments, their dinners, their movements were things of unbounded interest to the world at large, to society in particular. No shadow of the unkind end had crossed the border line of the bride's domain, but it was creeping slowly towards the bounds. It was an ugly shadow, too. Sometimes George Ramor paused to look at it and wonder how he could walk away from it, avoid

it. It was a strange shadow, for everyone could see it save one—the queen.

One afternoon several ladies sat in the reception hall, conversing with Mrs. Ramor. They were callers, those kindly individuals we know so well while they are with us, but with whom we are so thoroughly unacquainted when they are with some one else. Mrs. Ramor was as beautiful and as happy as any woman they had ever seen; they pitied her, good women. As they sat and chatted—or, to be more correct, gossiped—the door bell rang, and the servant informed the mistress of the house that she was wanted at the door. A few moments later a man's voice was heard addressing the queen:

"I have been to Mr. Ramor a dozen times and he puts me off always. I'll try him once more and then—well, there's a way to make people pay."

Mrs. Ramor came into the reception hall and resumed her seat. She was pale, bewildered. Her ready tongue had lost its cunning, she was not the same woman she had been before the door bell clanged. Her callers soon left and went out into the world to spread the news that the sheriff had been at Ramor's establishment, determined to sell the place for bad debts. And so it is that the world learns the truth about us.

Helen told George that evening about the visitor and asked him what it meant. He laughed and told her not to pay any attention to such talk; he did not. It was all about an account he owed, one that he did not intend to pay, because the creditor had swindled him. She believed her husband, for she was a dutiful wife. Amen!

But day after day there came collectors and collectors, and she was sorely troubled. She often found herself wondering how great, how general the swindle must have been. Poor George! Her husband smiled carelessly when she carried information to him and merely said:

"You must get used to that, now that you are a wife. Send them to me, dear; I'll pay 'em."

One day a particularly pressing creditor spoke to her rather angrily, and she went upstairs to her room; there to weep bitterly. Somehow everything was turning black; darkness seemed to grow out of the light; all was not what it had once been. It was the Shadow!

These same creditors went to George Ramor. He told them he would see them again, gave all manner of excuses and lived as a happy man should. He intended to pay one debt, and that was all; the others were not worth his consideration. His bravery, his composure at all times was startling.

One night he went home to her with his eye dreadfully black and swollen. He told her a book had fallen from a shelf, striking him in the face. It was with the greatest difficulty, however, that he kept the newspapers from publishing an account of the assault made upon him by Henry Loomis, the junior member of a large furniture house. The newspapers were not heartless enough to hurt the wife. The gossips—her best friends—gave the story sufficient circulation, however, and it eventually reached her ears.

Finally her friends, the women, succeeded in sending home the thrust so long expected and avoided. Her benumbed brain began to grasp the meaning of various hitherto mysterious remarks.

And so she found the trap open, ready to close upon her. No one had warned her; her feet were in its jaws before she fairly knew of their presence, and she could do naught but struggle in silence, in pain; she dared not scream. Poor girl, her eyes grew dull, her cheeks lost their color, shrunk back against their bones. A heart that throbs the wildest in joy, beats oh, so faintly in despair!

The Architect of Love is not a builder. He may draw the plans with

sufficient regard for detail, but they must be carried out by the Builder of Life. Love is not always Life.

At last the crowning blow came and the throne was shattered, the kingdom destroyed. There was no escape from the hand of the law.

A plain, small notice, tacked on the official billboard stationed at the east door of the court house, proclaimed a sheriff's sale. There need be no further comment save that the sale was to cover everything owned by George F. Ramor. The husband and wife were served with the official notice. She bore it as only a broken-hearted woman can—unconsciously.

The city reveled in wonder. Yet what meant that joyous smile on Ramor's face? What meant those buoyant spirits? A sheriff's sale and happiness hand and hand? Impossible!

Through it all the husband smiled; his happiness never wavered. Each night he went home to his wife and clasped her in his arms, thanking God he had her. He loved her and she could not help loving him. Blindness is not always an excuse for love; more frequently it is wilfulness.

The morning for the sale came at last and he told her at the breakfast table that they were to board at a prominent private hotel. She cried and then smiled through the tears because he kissed her and seemed so happy. He laughed, joked and indulged in many pleasant pranks of humor. The dethroned queen was lifted from the sloughs of despondency by the mirth of the slave.

Suddenly she cried out:

"Oh, George! This is our anniversary—our first!"

Her leaden eyes sparkled again, sparkled with recollection.

"Do you think I have forgotten it, dearest? No, no! One year ago I began my life; eternity cannot efface the memory of that day, let it supplant life when it will. Have you been happy?"

"I have loved you," she answered, simply. The one servant they kept saw him arise, go to her side and kiss her forehead. And the servant told afterward how the little scene forced the tears to her eyes.

After breakfast he went to his room upstairs, whistling and humming, alternately, a merry tune. She sat at the table in the dining-room, her head upon her hand, a faraway look in her eyes. Visions of a brilliant church were before her; the sheriff was forgotten.

In his room her husband took from an inside pocket a small envelope and placed it on the dressing table. Thus he soliloquized:

"One year! It is all my life. There is but one step between life and eternity and it is time for me to take it. The year is over, the life in done. Oh, God! But I have been a happy man!" That was all.

His face was feverish, his hands were trembling and his eyes were growing restless. Picking up his wife's picture he kissed the features tenderly. Devotion shone in the eyes of the slave.

His forefinger was slowly inserted in his vest pocket and a small, white package was withdrawn. Without a tremor, without a twinge he opened the package, turned the contents out upon his tongue, and swallowed them. Then he walked quickly to the bed and threw himself upon it.

"My Darling: I have sinned terribly against you. To you I owe my life; the debt is paid. One year with you pays for all my eternity, be what it may. I cannot ask your forgiveness; I do not hope for God's. Through all eternity I shall love you, my joy of earth.

"GEORGE."

A LOST ADDRESS

By Frank H. Sweet

"Well, that *is* too bad!"

She was sitting on the floor of one of the rooms of a Fifth avenue hotel, anxiously examining the contents of a small travelling valise, which were presently scattered in a semi-circle before her. That the search was unsuccessful was apparent from the gathering frown on her face. At last she thrust the various articles back into the valise and walked impatiently to a window.

Several minutes of silent consternation, then the frown vanished in a clear, ringing laugh.

"Sure, this is one on you, Miss Flighty Head," she cried, merrily. "Wouldn't Reggie reign triumphant if he knew. But he shall not find out. No, indeed!" with a grimace. "He would never let me hear the last of it if he did. But what *shall* I do? Three thousand miles from home, with only five pounds in my purse, and not the remotest idea in what part of this hurry-scurry New York Reggie is to be found. Well, *nil desperandum,* as papa says. A Fitzgerald never gets to his wits' ends. But what a ninny to lose that address."

She remained for a long time gazing abstractedly at the telescoping tides of humanity in the street below, then a sudden flash came into her eyes.

"Why, of course," she said, as though she had come to the one natural conclusion, "I will earn my living until I can get the address from papa. He will be up at Ballyshannon with his guns and dogs before this, and it will take at least six weeks to hear from him. I have often read letters to the servants from their people in America, and they always go to an intelligence office. I will go to one myself."

The hotel clerk was experienced in his profession, and prided himself on an intuitive recognition of breeding. He had been rather impressed by the young lady when she put her name on the register, an hour before, and he now bowed very low as she approached.

Did he know of an intelligence office? Certainly, several of them. And he wrote the addresses for her with ceremonious courtesy, and even told her at which place she would be likely to find the best servants.

When she thanked him and turned away, he reversed the register and stared meditatively at her signature.

"Esther Geraldine Fitzgerald, Ireland."

"Name just suits her," he muttered. "Some of the old nobility, most likely," then he twirled the book so that a portly man with half a dozen daughters could sign a list of family names.

On this very day it happened that Mrs. Van Maurice, of Advanced Thought fame, was unexpectedly deprived of her housekeeper. She was in the midst of a round of engagements and social duties, and as she prided herself on the unobtrusive machinery of her household, this defection filled her with momentary consternation. But she was a woman of resource, and a quick mental calculation convinced her that she could spare a brief half hour from her calls. This she utilized in a visit to an intelligence office.

A young lady was talking with the clerk when she entered. Several women were sitting or standing about the room in various attitudes of hope or despondency. Mrs. Van Maurice gave them one comprehensive glance, and then turned to the clerk and waited for him

to be at leisure. It was not an ordinary servant she wanted now, but one who was competent to take charge of her complicated household,—in short, a peculiar combination of servant and lady, in which the servant should not assume, nor the lady be too sensitive to her position.

She was a liberal patron of the office, and presently the clerk excused himself to the young lady and came forward.

"What can I do for you, Mrs. Van Maurice?" he asked.

She told him briefly.

"Why, really! I am not sure but this person will suit you. She has been speaking about just such a place."

"Ah!" Mrs. Van Maurice looked surprised. She had supposed the young lady was on an errand similar to her own. Now she looked at her more closely. It was an unassuming, neatly-clad figure she saw; but the simple travelling dress was of extremely rich material,—some soft, quaintly woven fabric that was far out of date, and already beginning to be sought after by connoisseurs. And Mrs. Van Maurice had a wondering conviction that the intaglio at the throat would be a rare addition to even a virtuoso's collection of gems.

But the girl was undeniably prepossessing, and she had the very air that was the delight of Mrs. Van Maurice's fastidious soul. She was young, of course, but her eyes were so clear and self-possessed, and so utterly unconscious of their own attractions, and—well, Mrs. Van Maurice did much of her business on impulse.

After they had entered the carriage, the exponent of Advanced Thought suddenly turned to her companion with the air of one who was conscious of having omitted something.

"I believe I forgot to ask your name, my dear?" Mrs. Maurice had a habit of addressing her friends and servants indiscriminately as "my dear." It was just as easy to say that as something less agreeable, she explained.

"It is Geraldine—Esther Geraldine."

"Ah! a very pretty name. And you said that you had had experience in managing a large establishment—looking after servants and table decorations and kitchen purchases, and—and all that? May I ask where you were last?"

The girl hesitated a little, then looked at her companion frankly.

"At home. I have been my father's housekeeper nearly four years. Recently I—I had occasion to come to America."

"Ah!" Mrs. Van Maurice possessed an extensive vocabulary in her "ah's," and the modulation of this one intimated that her questioning was at an end. And, indeed, she believed that she understood the whole situation—good family — death— involved estate — supposed heiress seeking employment. That was all; and it was so simple she immediately dismissed the matter from her mind and began to point out the places of interest along their route.

The Van Maurice mansion was generally an object of awe and curiosity to new servants, but Miss Esther—as she came to be called—took it as a matter of course. She was keenly interested in everything around her, and was exceedingly fond of artistic effects. Before the end of the second day she had all the details of the menage at her command, and Mrs. Van Maurice was already congratulating herself on her acquisition; the only drawback to her satisfaction being that said acquisition refused to engage herself for more than two months.

But while the new housekeeper was showing such marvellous aptitude for her situation, there were some few details which it seemed impossible for her to grasp. For instance, when she came in from the street she invariably ran lightly up the broad, marble steps, and only recollected herself as she reached out toward the knocker. Then she would make a wry grimace and slip back to the little gate which led around to the servants' entrance. Again, she

found it impossible to go past the doors of the drawing-room and library and music-room without an almost irresistable impulse to enter. Sometimes she found herself seated in an easy chair in the library, examining some of the rare editions; or luxuriously ensconsed in the drawing-room, gazing dreamily at the story-telling coals in the grate. Occasionally Mrs. Van Maurice—and even the master of the house himself—was drawn into the music-room by some weird improvisation, or rollicking Irish melody; only to be confronted by the embarrassed, apologetic housekeeper.

Of course she knew it was contrary to the rules of the establishment. It needed not the sudden gathering of wrinkles between the eyebrows of Mrs. Van Maurice, nor the look of surprise on the master's face, to tell her that. The drawing-room and the library and the music-room belonged to the servants only as part of their work, and by slow and painful degrees Miss Esther tried to teach herself this important fact.

One morning she was in the music-room arranging some folios on a table when she heard quick, approaching footsteps. Thinking it was Mr. Van Maurice, she went on quietly with her work.

"I beg your pardon. I didn't know Aunt Lisa had company," said an eager, almost boyish voice. "A servant told me she was up here."

"Mrs. Van Maurice just went into the library," and Miss Esther turned toward him quietly. It was a very handsome, athletic young man she saw; and as their eyes met, a puzzled expression of dawning recognition appeared on each face.

"Thank you. But—excuse me—haven't I seen you somewhere?"

"Why, on board the Aurora, of course!" cried Miss Esther suddenly, as she stepped forward with outstretched hands. "You are the man who sprang overboard in a gale to rescue a poor emigrant's child, and who nearly lost his life in the attempt. It was the bravest thing I ever saw, and I have often wished I could thank you. The woman belonged to my own town."

"Oh, come, come; you make too much of my share in the matter," he expostulated. But nevertheless he took the outstretched hands and felt a strange thrill as he gazed into the upturned, glowing face. He had never imagined there were such eyes in all the world, he told himself, wonderingly; and he almost felt as though he were thrust back into a forsaken atmosphere when she released her hands from his grasp. Then he essayed to possess himself of them again.

"Really, now, you must shake hands with me from my side of the question," he insisted, earnestly "You are the young lady who played the piano so wonderfully on the steamer, and to whom all the passengers wanted to be introduced. I went to everybody I knew, but not one of them could claim the honor of your acquaintance. I used to watch you from every point of vantage I could find, and to contrast my lonely existence with the felicity of those you talked with."

"Why, that was *too* bad," commiseratingly.

"Indeed it was. If you had been in my position you would rise above sarcasm. But the past has redeemed itself now. Suppose you play something while I am waiting for Aunt Lisa."

But as he stepped forward to open the piano she recollected herself, and the bantering expression left her face.

"I am very sorry," she said quietly, "but I forgot myself for the moment. I am only the housekeeper here."

"No, really?" But she recognized with a pleasure which surprised her that there was more of incredulity than consternation in his voice.

"Yes—but here comes your aunt now. Good morning."

The next day the young man called

on his Aunt Lisa again, and again in the evening. And the next day and the next and the next, and after that two or three times each week. Aunt Lisa was pleased with his devotion, and gave him small errands to execute, and allowed him to turn her music when she played; and chess-loving Uncle Van Maurice grew more and more urbane, and actually told him after an especially dull evening that he really played a fair game.

The young man went through it all heroically, and never even by a change of expression indicated that he was bored. And for reward he saw Miss Esther several times in the distance, and once actually spoke to her as he passed through the hall.

"Why don't you bring your friend with you occasionally, Harold?" asked Aunt Lisa, one morning. "He must be a remarkable young man. Your mother was telling me about him the other day."

"He *is* a remarkable young man," answered Harold, warmly. "Just now he is absorbed in a new invention, and can hardly be dragged away from it. But perhaps I can bring him out tomorrow."

The next evening they were all gathered in Mrs. Van Maurice's cosy music-room, when the hostess suddenly turned to her guest.

"Would you mind telling us something about yourself, Mr. Fitzgerald?" she asked. "Something about your meeting with Harold, I mean. It must have been very romantic."

The young man looked embarrassed.

"It was nothing," he demurred. "I just pulled him out of a hole."

"Hole!" echoed Harold, indignantly. "Do you call a crevasse like that a hole? and is my life nothing? Look here, Fitz; if you can't tell a better story than that, just keep still. I will do the yarning myself. Hole, indeed!"

He settled himself comfortably in his chair, and then looked across at his friend.

"You don't mind my giving the whole yarn, do you, Fitz?" he asked. "Aunt Lisa is getting interested in you, and will not be satisfied with less than the whole story. Well, then, here goes.

"In the first place, and as a sort of preface, I wish to say that I am an honorary member of Fitz's family. He has told me so much about himself and his people, that his brothers have become my brothers, and his sisters my sisters. I have never seen any of them, but am going across some day and put in my claim. His father is a gentleman of large estate, and colossal mortgage, and numerous children. Cornac, the oldest, was given a fine education, and two years on the continent; and then he joined the Royal Engineers, where he is now a shining light. Reginal Cuan Fitzgerald, the second son—our friend here"—with a low bow—"early displayed signs of mechanical genius. He received the customary education and tour, which was somewhat curtailed by an unfortunate stringency of the family purse. It was on this tour that he pulled my unworthy self from a hole, and thereby endangered his neck and broke an arm. Naturally we vowed eternal friendship and continued the trip together. When it was finished, I induced him to cross the Atlantic with me. My father was an extensive manufacturer, and it seemed to me that this was a golden opportunity for the encouragement of fallow genius. Time proved I was right. Reginal Cuan Fitzgerald among machinery was as dry gunpowder in a burning building. Before we could collect our dazzled senses he had flashed across the horizon of inexperience into a position as superintendent of the works."

He paused a moment to sip the tea which Mrs. Van Maurice handed him, and then went on:

"The third scion of the family is Miss Essie, a musical genius who was obliged to assume charge of the household on account of her mother's inva-

lidism. Stress of finances and this duty have hitherto kept her genius somewhat in abeyance, but now," waving his hand toward Reginal, "this young Croesus comes forward with his savings of four years, and beseeches her to cross the big pond and avail herself of all the musical advantages offered by our proud city. There is a family consultation, in which it is decided that Elizabeth Tara Fitzgerald, the fourth aspirant, is competent to assume the family dictatorship, and that suppressed genius, in the shape of Miss Essie, shall find its natural expansion in America—and—er—I believe that brings us down to contemporaneous history?" glancing at his friend.

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Reginal, with a wry face. "When I have occasion for a biography I shall certainly apply to you." Then his face grew serious. "It seems strange that I have not heard from home. Essie wrote that she was all ready to start, and at least five or six steamers have been in since then. But at this season father usually goes up to Ballyshannon for a few weeks' hunting, and perhaps she concluded to wait until his return."

"It is all right, undoubtedly," said Harold. "From what you have told me of her, she is like the traditional pussy—or more happily, like her illustrious brother—when she strikes America she will be on her feet."

During the conversation Mrs. Van Maurice had occasionally regarded her guest with a puzzled, inquiring expression. She had never seen him before, but somehow his features seemed familiar; and that peculiar way he had of throwing back his head—why, she had seen it dozens of times.

Suddenly a mirthful gleam of recognition swept the shadows from her face, and she rose quickly. With her a thought was to act.

"I suppose you and your sister resemble each other, Mr. Fitzgerald?" she asked.

"People used to say so, I believe; but Essie appropriated all the beauty and grace which rightfully ought to have been divided between us."

"Those attributes naturally go to the sisters," said Mrs. Van Maurice, smiling. "But would you mind going down stairs with me a moment. I have something to show you."

As they left the room, Mr. Van Maurice rose with the remark that he would go into the library after the chessmen. Hardly had he disappeared when Harold heard a slight rustle at the hall door.

"Is Mrs. Van Maurice here?"

"Esther!" Harold's face was in a glow as he stepped eagerly toward her. "No, don't go," as she drew back. "I must speak to you, dear. I have been coming here for weeks, and have only just been able to catch glimpses of you as you flitted through some distant door. I cannot endure it any longer. Uncle Van Maurice and the others will be back in a moment, and I want this settled before they return. Darling, will you be my wife?"

Her own face was in a glow now. Evidently she had not anticipated this precipitous denouement.

"Why—I"—then she burst into a merry peal of laughter. "What absurdity! We do not even know each other's names."

He looked blank, but only for a moment. Something even in her raillery gave him courage.

"What of it?" he asked, boldly. "Names don't signify. We know each other. And, besides, the names can be easily remedied. I am Harold Allyn Ferrers, at your service."

"What?" the glow faded from her face, and then came back in a quick flood of eager questioning. "Not my brother's friend?"

It was his turn to look surprised.

"Your brother? I—don't—understand."

"Reginal Fitzgerald. He is my brother."

"O-h!"

There were sudden footsteps, then:

"Here you are, Esther. We have been looking for you everywhere. I wish to introduce you to my friend, Mr. Fitzgerald."

An hour later, Reginal and his sister were standing in the hall, waiting for the carriage that was to take them home.

"It has come out all right, Essie," he said, a little soberly, "so perhaps it will be as well to say no more about it. But why did you not look in a city directory?"

Her hands went up with a quick gesture of dismay.

"Reggie, I never once thought of it."

Harold remained half an hour longer. When he left, his aunt followed him to the door.

"By the way, Harold," she said, as she reached up to brush a stray fleck of dust from his coat, "you must allow me to congratulate you."

SCHMIDT'S INSPIRATION

By E. C. Wilson

"NEIN, I am not de man to be one Cherman lecturer to de Amerwican public! I gif my best. Dey listen fer wespectfully. But I vill not sent for a hand-organ and a monkey to make de Amerwican public eenterwested in my beautiful mudder tongue! Nein, I vill not any more gif some Cherman lectures in Amerwica. I vill do some udder ting!"

Professor Schmidt's fine form was elongated over chairs and footstool in graceful abandon, as he puffed his cigarette before his comfortable open fire. He shook his shaggy head irritably. Schmidt was not exactly a candidate for the German professorship at Buck University, but these three lectures . . . well, he knew well enough they were samples, and they had told him that, if he "captured his audiences," his career was well begun; and this first lecture had been a flat failure; hence the gloom, the scowls, the discontent.

A soft tap at the door. A lady? To see *him* at that late hour? No, it must be a mistake. But he goes down.

Why such confusion of countenance? Such fluttering of the heart? Surely this handsome young professor should be accustomed to visions of beauty! But it was all so sudden and unexpected, you see. And the speaking eye, the pure white brow. . . . But I will not describe her; you have a hundred times read descriptions of her.

Schmidt came fully to his usual cool senses in the midst of the music of the pathetic, pleading, apologetic voice:

"If I were only a man, now!" the gentle voice was saying, "I do not like to steal in and steal out just because I am not a man, and cannot go to Buck University. I may hear your lectures, may I not? I will come in and go out very softly and not disturb you a bit."

The large, dark eyes spoke even more eloquently than the pleading voice as the girl added:

"O, Professor Schmidt! I could *almost* understand it. I believe I could *quite* understand it in a few lectures more!"

In a moment she was gone. Was it the glow of the fire that illumined the features of the young professor when he smoked once more before it?

"She haf to steal my poor lectures! It is an outraich! She *almost* understand! She shall understand quite altogedder!"

It was the evening after the second lecture. Schmidt was again enjoying his after-speech smoke before his fire His face wore a smile of content.

"I see nodding but dat face. Dat young 'ooman! Who shall she be? I should gif her ten dollars before she should leaf my lectures! her face so much inspired me it should make my fortune! No, ten dollars would too much cost. I should just eematchin her dere; dat would be enough."

Even at that same moment, in another part of the city, the superintendent was penning his second report to the authorities.

"I was mistaken in your young German. He will be a big success. His gestures, his tones, his expression are all veritable translations."

O, yes, he married her.

Nuggets of Gold

GOLD AND GOLD MINING

By W. D. Van Blascom, Jr.

THE statement that Montana is one of the greatest precious mineral producing States in the Union may seem an exaggeration to those who are not conversant with the matter. That so comparatively little is known of this State must be attributed solely to the fact that it has never experienced any notoriety in the shape of booms similar to those that have made California and Colorado household names in the "gold fevers" of the past. While the discovery of its mines dates back to a time near the close of the civil war, more than a quarter of a century ago, yet the development of these prospects has been very gradual, owing to the generally wild condition of the country, its inaccessibility, the lack of capital, and the overshadowing importance of California and Colorado.

In times past the white men on their pioneer prospecting tours for the standard metal in the regions now adjacent to the famous Yellowstone Park found there a zealous guardian of the land in the shape of the Indian. So effectively did the red man assert his claims that for many years he kept at bay all adventurous intruders. His defence, however, was not lasting, and by the late fifties he had so far succumbed with grace as to enable prospectors to encroach with impunity upon his domains.

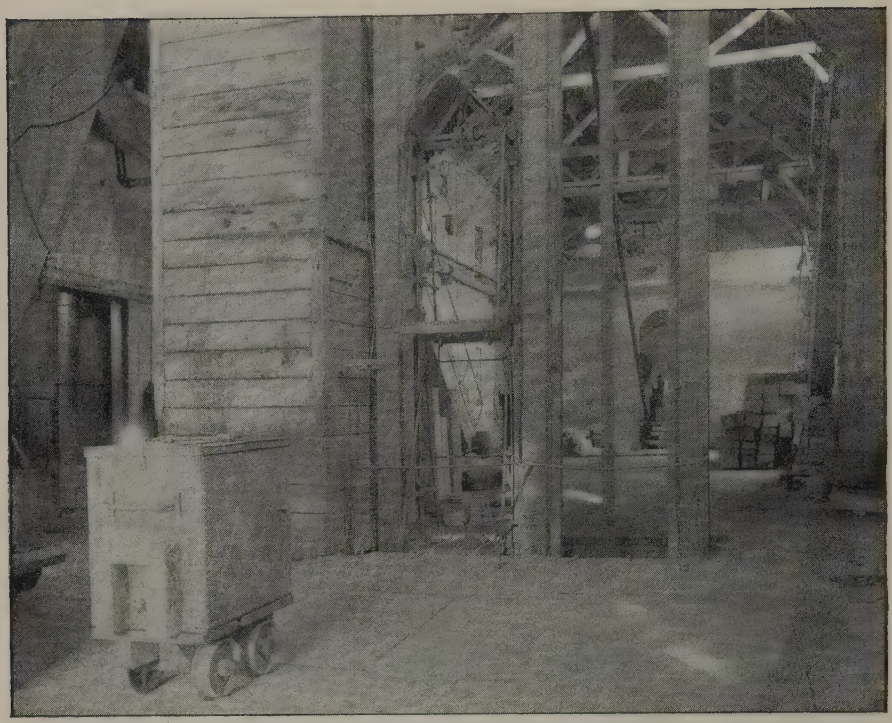
The story of the first "find" in Montana goes far towards illustrating, if true, the purely accidental and fortuitous manner in which the most important discoveries are often made. It is said that the mines which built the city of

Helena were discovered by a party of four prospectors who were on their way to a well-known camp in an adjoining county. Learning that the diggings in that quarter had failed, they turned aside to prospect in another direction, and for some time wandered about, digging holes here and there, but finding nothing that they considered worth working. About noon of the 15th day of July, 1864, they arrived on the site of the city of Helena, halted for dinner and to rest their horses. Dinner over, their horses were saddled, when one of their number walked down to the stream to get a drink before leaving. From mere force of habit he began mechanically scratching the gravel with his hands, when to his astonishment he drew out a nugget as big as a gold dollar. A hundred dollars' worth of gold was taken out in about twenty minutes. The men then immediately settled down and located claims. In a short time news of their success spread abroad. Hundreds of other miners flocked to the spot and a mining camp of unprecedented richness was established. The city of Helena grew up on the spot, and it is said that one of the banks of that city is situated on a portion of the first claim located by the lucky quartette.

Interior of a Gold Mill

The same steady increase that has characterized the output of gold since those days, has characterized also the mining of other metals. This is more especially true of copper. One of the first discoveries was this metal, and although the original prospect hole was abandoned (for years), yet it was subsequently reclaimed and is today one of the largest copper mines in the world. It is called the Anaconda, and is lo-

Upper Works and Refinery of the Anaconda Gold Mines



Shaft-house of the Great Anaconda Gold Mine

cated near Butte, Montana. A few years ago the "Engineer and Mining Journal," of New York, scouted the idea that Montana would ever equal Michigan in the production of copper, but the authentic figures for 1895 show a balance of 65,000,000 pounds in Montana's favor. The lead taken by this State recently in the production of ores is due to the money invested, while lack of capital has been the cause of its backwardness heretofore.

In Montana there are many small mining camps of less than 2000 people, whose mines have produced more silver and gold than the famous Cripple Creek of Colorado, and are weekly adding to their record.

Mining for precious metals is the same the world over, and is divided into two separate and distinct classes: namely, placer and quartz mining. Each of these classes is sub-divided and will be spoken of separately. Placer mining consists of separating the fine pieces of gold found in large quantities in deposits of a peculiar kind of sand in certain parts of the country. As a rule these placer deposits are near the surface, but there are instances where it has been necessary to go down underground many feet until "bed rock" is reached. The mines of the California gold craze in 1847 were of the placer character.

These rich deposits of sand are mined in three ways; by panning, which is the simplest, by rocker, and hydraulically. In each method water is indispensable. There are many rich placer fields that are worthless because there is not sufficient water in close proximity to make it profitable to work them. Placer mining is less expensive than quartz, in that it does not require half

the number of men, machinery, etc., to mine it, and the returns are much quicker. It is the riginal manner of securing it in this country. The modus operandi derives its name from the chief instrument used, a pan. The outfit of a placer miner consists of a pick, shovel and pan. After filling his pan with the sand containing the gold, he carries it to a stream or pool of water and washes it by submerging the pan in the water, twisting and turning it with quick, dexterous movements, tilting it at an angle and lifting it in and out of the water, until he has finally washed away all of the larger stones and dirt, leaving a fine black sand in the bottom of the pan, which contains the gold. Then by this same process the black sand is washed away, leaving nothing but the bright, sparkling little particles of gold. As gold is heavier than the sand it always sinks to the bottom of the pan, so it is quite easy after a little experimenting to become very quick and skilful in showing the "colors," as the fine pieces of gold, which sink to the bottom of the pan, are called by the miners. Rocking gold is another method of placer mining, and it is much quicker than panning. It, too, derives its name from the character of the chief instrument used. It is a wooden, box-like arrangement mounted on rockers; inside are compartments in which are sieves and blankets,—these blankets are made of small squares of brussels carpet. The top of the rocker is open; a couple of inches below is a coarse sieve, slanting several inches. Into this sieve the miner shovels the gravel containing the gold he is after. The rocker stands beside a stream of water, and as he rocks with one hand he pours in the water with a dipper with the other, washing off the dirt from the larger rocks and stones, which falls below, and is caught by one of the blankets that

Bird's-eye View of Wicks, Mont., Showing Smelter

Burning of the Katie Mine at Basin, Mont.

are stretched across under the sieve at different angles. The rockers have several of these blankets between the top and bottom of the box. The bottom of the rocker is on a slight incline, with cleats of wood nailed across the bottom running from side to side. Over these cleats or "riffles" the water and sand go. The gold does not, as it is so heavy it is either caught by the blankets or detained by the riffles in the bottom of the rocker. After washing down one sieve full of earth the sieve is lifted out and the rocks thrown aside, when a fresh sieve full is shovelled in. And so it goes on all through the day, until night comes, when the miner "cleans up." After seeing that every particle of sand is washed off his blankets, he takes a small shovel and shovels the black sand which has accumulated in the bottom of the rocker, held there by the riffles, into a pan, which he washes out, as previously described. In this sand are any and all particles of gold which may have escaped the blankets. It is impossible for any to escape the riffles. The blankets are carefully dried, turned wrong-side up on a piece of paper, beaten softly, and the gold loosens from the carpet and falls upon the paper, when it is collected. By the use of a rocker one man can do as much as ten men with a pan.

In hydraulic mining great streams of water are used, and vast flumes containing many hundreds of riffles. By this method of placer mining great hills and banks are washed in a few weeks. The flumes are wooden troughs of different sizes, hundreds of feet long, and across the bottom of which are placed the riffles, which are made in sections and so arranged that they can be lifted out in strips of ten or fifteen feet each. As the water, dirt and sand rush through

these flumes the gold falls to the bottom and is kept there by the riffles, while the refuse is carried on and dumped where the flume ends. The "clearing up" of these flumes takes place but twice or three times in a year, when the proceeds obtained are enormous.

Quartz mining differs greatly from placer mining. The ore is taken from many feet below the surface, when it has to be crushed and smelted in order to release the precious metal. The manifold ways of treating the ore when it reaches the smelters are very interesting, nor does it grow less so from that period on, until it is finally turned out of the mint as coin and put in circulation. One of the peculiarities of quartz mining in Montana is that the deeper down a mine is developed the richer becomes the ore. After the ore is taken from the mine it is sent to the smelters.

Alta Gold Mine,
Near Wilks, Montana

With few exceptions mines do not own their own smelters, and for various reasons. Unless a mine is exceptionally large and very rich it cannot afford it, as it takes a large quantity of ore to keep even a small smelter running—and the majority of mines do not turn out enough ore daily to supply one. The cost of erecting a smelter is enormous, consequently one smelter does for many mines. The Anaconda mines, near Butte, have their own smelter, but that is one of the largest mines in the world. In Butte, which is the largest mining camp known, there are several smelters. In Great Falls there are two and in East Helena one; these answer for all the smaller mines in the vicinity.

When the ore comes to the Anaconda smelter it is in the form of grayish rock. The Montana Union road handles the ore and hauls about 3000 tons daily. The works are approached by tracks along the hillside and the ore is delivered into the bins of the contractors on the upper line. These bins have a capacity of 78,000 tons, in order that material may always be on hand for several days' work. From these bins the ore passes through the concentrators and is crushed, going through a washing process which carries away the non-mineral portions, reducing the bulk, and only the minerals remain. From stage to stage by gravity the concentrates or minerals descend, until they are finally carried off by a force of

Revenue Gold Mine, Near Virginia City. The only Mine in Montana in which the Scynode Process is Successfully Operated

Sixty Stamp Mill

Original Mouth of the Mine

Fifty Stamp Mill

The Drumlummon. One of the Largest Gold Mines in the United States. Compressed Air Plant

water into the settling rooms. Here the water is drained off and the concentrates in the form of fine sand are hauled back to the smelter, on the top of the hill, to have the metals melted out of them. The mass is emptied first into huge revolving iron cylinders, which destroy a greater part of the sulphur. Then the red hot material is discharged into the furnace, where it is reduced to liquid and drawn off into molds. The metal so drawn off is known as matte—and contains besides the precious metals a percentage of the baser ones, iron and others. These mattes go to the electrolytic works, where by an intricate process the precious metals are separated one from the other.

The pay roll of this one company alone is almost $150,000 a month, not including the cost of 400 tons of coal and 180 cords of wood consumed every twenty-four hours. While but few mines can afford smelters, many have their own concentrators and ship only the concentrates to the smelter for refining. The concentrator belonging to the Drumlummon mine, at Marysville, is a fair sample of that branch of mining. Upon that property there are two mills, one of fifty and the other of sixty stamps. The stamps weigh 900 pounds and drop ninety-six times a minute. They have a capacity of crushing 2¼ tons per day per stamp. After leaving the battery the pulp passes over copper plates and then over Frue vanners, of which two are allowed for every battery of five stamps. The concentrates have a value of several hundred dollars per ton and are shipped to the smelters. The "trailings" from the vanners are treated in twenty-four pans and twelve settlers with small charges of salt, acid and sulphate of copper, and after passing through the agitators leave the mill and flow down the creek, where they are stored in large dams—to prevent their interfering with the agricultural interests below.

The smelter at East Helena, about six miles from the city of Helena, at the mouth of the Prickly Pear Canyon, is the largest and most complete custom smelter in the State. It receives its ores from Montana, Idaho, Washington and British Columbia, employs about 300 men and can handle sulphide and carbonate ores at the rate of 250 tons a day.

The great smelters of the Boston & Montana Company at Great Falls are also vastly interesting. The water power, afforded by the falls, make it one of the most complete in every detail in the State.

The Butte reduction works are situated about a mile south of the city. Their smelting capacity is about 200 tons per day. Butte has numerous smaller smelters scattered on the outskirts of the town—it being such an enormous mining camp as to render it necessary.

There is an odd story connected with the great Drumlummon mine illustrating the fact that the man who discovers a mine does not always profit by it. More than thirty years ago a man named Hilderbrand went prospecting in the mountains near Marysville, Montana, and while ascending the side of a mountain he accidentally chipped off a piece from a huge boulder, which to his great surprise was fairly bristling with gold. His knowledge of mineralogy assisted him in locating the lead and opening it, when he found his most sanguine expectations were unsurpassed. With him, prospecting, was a partner, and it was an accident which befell the latter that finally resulted in Hilderbrand losing his "strike." One day while attempting to roll the great boulder to one side it rolled on the partner's arm, crushing it. The injured man went to Helena for surgical treatment, and Hilderbrand having no money just at that time, went to work in some plaster mines, meaning to return to his "strike" later. Years rolled by and the rich "find" grew less and less in his mind, until finally, when

A Group of Miners in Front of the Entrance to the Drumlummon Gold Mine

the gold discoveries in Deadwood drew so many miners there, he followed the stampede. Later he drifted back to Montana, and remembering his "strike," decided to look it up again. When he arrived at the place, instead of finding the small tunnel he and his partner had made, he found the great stamp mills, hoisting plants and other paraphernalia of the present Drumlummon mine. And in a little inclosure was the identical boulder which had crushed his partner's arm, neatly fenced in. While he was in Deadwood it had been discovered by a poor Irishman, who was prospecting in the same locality, and who is today one of the richest men in Montana.

And now there has recently appeared a new process of reduction that is fast superseding both placer and quartz mining. It is the extraction of gold by means of cyanide of potassium, a process that was invented by two Scotchmen, the first mill being erected in Australia in 1887. One followed in Africa in 1890, and the first cyanide of potassium mill in the United States appeared in Boulder County, Colorado, in 1892. There are now something like fifty cyanide plants in South Africa, twenty-four in Australia, and twenty in the United States.

Cyanide of potassium is made from the hoofs, horns and refuse of cattle,and as a chemical poison is one of the most deadly that can be made. It has, however, a wonderful affinity for gold, and because of this peculiar quality has lately become an innovation in mining circles. The process in brief is this: Carloads of what look like cobblestones, railroad ballast or broken granite are poured into a mill, which gradually grinds the mass into a powder like pumice stone. It has the appearance of being nothing more than dust, but each grain of this dust contains an infinitesimal quantity of gold, and this costly dust is worth a fortune. In its powder condition the mass is dumped into immense circular tanks of steel and the cyanide solution is then introduced by means of pipes. The mixture that results looks like brown mush. On account of the affinity gold has for cyanide of potassium, the gold leaves the earth, melts and assumes the form of a liquid, thus becoming a part of the cyanide solution. This solution, having the appearance of golden water, is drawn off into hogsheads. The yellow metal now in solution with cyanide manifests another affinity, this time with zinc. Consequently the golden water is turned into huge vats filled with what might be called zinc excelsior. In this way the gold leaves the solution and sticks to the zinc. The last step in the process then takes place. The zinc, with the particles of gold clinging to it, are put into a furnace and smelted, the result being a brick of solid gold which only a short time before had made its advent into the mill in the form of carloads of ordinary looking rocks.

It is this new process that is about to revolutionize the reduction of low grade ores. Two years ago we were behind both Africa and Australia in gold production, but last year, owing to the new processes, we regained our position as the chief gold-producing country in the world and lead by $10,000,000. Old fields that were exhausted by the placer processes can now be re-prospected and re-worked with the cyanide method, yielding in return an amount of the invaluable metal that is likely in a few years to revolutionize the financial system of the world.

Birthplace of Dr. C. T. Jackson, North Street, Plymouth, Mass.

DR. JACKSON'S DISCOVERY OF ETHER

By William Barber

CHARLES T. JACKSON, whose name is inseparably associated with the discovery of anaesthesia by means of the inhalation of sulphuric ether, had attained at the date of the discovery a prominent place among the scientific men of the United States. Born in 1805, he had received the degree of M. D. from Harvard University in 1829, had then spent three years in Europe, studying in Paris, visiting Switzerland, Italy, the Tyrol, Bavaria, and Austria, and making geological explorations in Sicily and the mountain region of Auvergne, in France. He returned to the United States in 1832 and began practice as a surgeon and physician, but soon turned his attention almost exclusively to researches in chemistry, geology, and mineralogy. From 1836 to 1850 his time was largely occupied in exploring and describing the geology of Maine, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Michigan, and in chemical investigations connected with his field work. From time to time he contributed many valuable papers to "Silliman's Journal" and to the proceedings of various scientific bodies, including the French Academy of Sciences.

His account of the discovery of the anaesthetic properties of sulphuric ether is briefly as follows: In the winter of 1841-2, while delivering a lecture in Boston, he accidentally broke a glass jar of chlorine gas, the fumes of which nearly suffocated him. He at once inhaled sulphuric ether and was thereby much relieved. But the next morning his throat was again very painful, and his lungs much oppressed. Again he had recourse to sulphuric ether. He sat down, soaked a towel in ether, and placed it over his mouth and nose, so as to allow him to inhale the vapor mixed with air. Under its operation he gradually became insensible to pain, and then unconscious for a space, as he infers, of about a quarter of an hour. As consciousness gradually returned, the sensation of pain in the throat returned with it.

From this experience he deduced the truth that sulphuric ether can be safely and effectually applied as an anaesthetic in surgical operations. He mentioned

this incident to several of his friends, and expressed to them his conviction of the important nature of his discovery. Their testimony was given before a Congressional committee appointed in 1851 to determine who was the discoverer of the new anaesthetic. Dr. Jackson at this time, and for years afterwards, was so busy with his geological and chemical investigations that he had no time to introduce his great discovery in a satisfactory manner to public notice. But on September 30, 1846, according to the testimony of Mr. George O. Barnes, a student in Dr. Jackson's office, Mr. W. T. G. Morton, a dentist who had been a student in Dr. Jackson's chemical office and laboratory, entered the office and said he proposed to extract the tooth of a female patient by making her believe that a bag inflated with air contained something that would render the operation painless. Dr. Jackson dissuaded him from this unwise project, and told him to get a bottle of pure strong sulphuric ether, spatter it on a handkerchief, and take care that it should be well inhaled. Morton said, "Sulphuric ether! What is it? Is it a gas? Show me some." Dr. Jackson did so. Morton smelt of it, as if it was something quite new to him, remarked that it was "queer-smelling stuff," and asked Dr. Jackson repeatedly if it would accomplish the result, and if it was perfectly safe to administer. Dr. Jackson replied affirmatively to both questions, and Morton, after being shown by Dr. Jackson's example precisely how it was to be administered, left the office. He returned either that day or the next, and reported the success of the experiment. Dr. Jackson then directed him to call on Dr. Warren and obtain his permission to administer the ether at the Massachusetts General Hospital. Morton reluctantly consented to do so, as he wished to keep secret the nature of the anaesthetic, and asked if something could not be used to disguise the smell. Dr. Jackson told him he would not consent to any secresy about the matter. Morton accordingly called on Dr. Warren, and on October 16, 1846, without notice to Dr. Jackson, attended and administered the ether to the patient, who, while under its influence, was painlessly relieved of a tumor in the cheek. Dr. Jackson called on Dr. Warren soon afterwards, told him that Morton had called by his direction, and that the new anaesthetic was sulphuric ether. He then asked Dr. Warren to have it administered in some capital operation. Dr. Warren consented, named the following Saturday as the time, and asked Dr. Jackson to attend and personally administer the ether. Dr. Jackson, however, was under an engagement to be in Maryland on the Monday following, and in order to fulfil it was obliged to leave Boston on Friday evening. The operation (an amputation above the knee joint) was successfully performed under the influence of the anaesthetic.

A few months later Morton began to assert that he was the original discoverer of anaesthesia by the inhalation of sulphuric ether. This pretension was, of course, contested by Dr. Jackson, and the state of hostility commenced between the two claimants, and their respective adherents, which has become well known in medical annals as the "ether controversy."

The testimony of Mr. George O. Barnes as to Morton's apparent ignorance of the nature of sulphuric ether on the 30th of September, 1846, has already been referred to. It is fully corrborated by the deposition of Mr. James McIntyre, a fellow-student who was present at the same interview. As this deposition is, in substance, a mere repetition of what Mr. Barnes has stated, it need not be further noticed.

Morton himself gives a version of the same interview. After admitting that Dr. Jackson dissuaded him from the bag experiment, he (Morton) said, "Why cannot I give the ether gas? He said

Respectfully
Your Obt Servt.
Charles T. Jackson

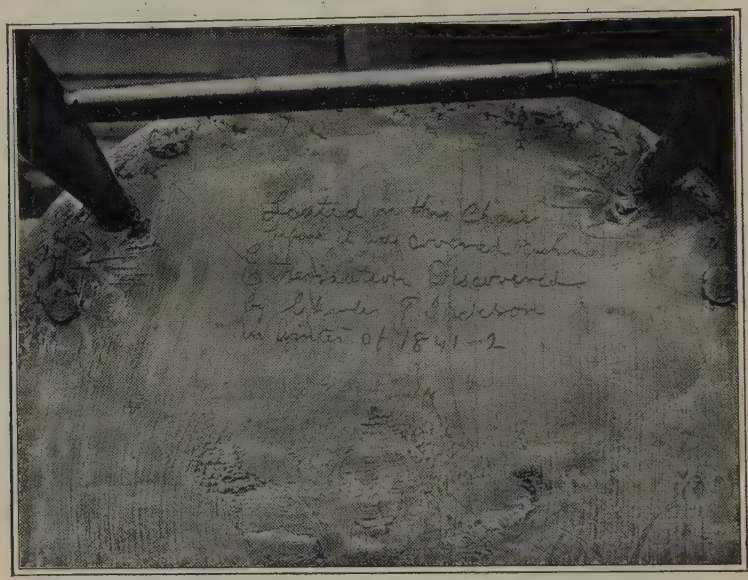
that I could do so, and spoke again of the students taking it at Cambridge. He said *the patient would be dull and stupefied; and that I could do what I pleased with him; that he would not be able to help himself.*" Morton then admits that he made the inquiries he wished as to the different kinds of ether, and asked Dr. Jackson to show him what he had, and that Dr. Jackson directed him to get some, highly rectified, at Burnett's (a well-known chemist). He explains the reason why he was not more explicit, by saying that "he feared Dr. Jackson might forestall him, and guess what he was experimenting upon." (See "Trials of a Public Benefactor," New York, 1859, by Nathan P. Rice, M. D., p. 172-3, a book containing Morton's biography from materials furnished by himself.)

According to the testimony presented to the Congressional committee above referred to, Morton himself, before he had determined to claim the discovery, repeatedly admitted to various persons that Dr. Jackson was the discoverer, and that he merely followed Dr. Jackson's directions. D. P. Wilson, for a time an assistant in Morton's office, declares that this was the uniform statement of Morton, and in giving an account of what Morton said respecting the interview referred to by Dr. Barnes, affirms that Morton described the instructions then received by him from Dr. Jackson as they are set forth by Mr. Barnes.

Chair in which Etherization was Discovered by Dr. Charles T. Jackson, Winter of 1841-2

Alvah Blaisdell, of Boston, stated that in a conversation with Morton he asked him, "Was it Dr. Jackson who made the discovery?" Mr. Morton at once answered that it was, and that Dr. Jackson had communicated it to him, with instructions as to the proper mode of applying the ether.

Testimony equally strong on this point was furnished by Allen Clark, Horace J. Payne, Phineas A. Stone and Bigelow, after describing the dental operation performed by Dr. Morton under the influence of the newly-discovered 'compound,' as it was then called, stated that Dr. Morton had derived his knowledge of the substance used from you. . . . Dr. Bigelow ascribes its first suggestion to Dr. Charles T. Jackson, and its application, under his advice, for mitigating pain, to Dr. W. T. G. Morton, both of Boston." (See report, p.



Inscription made by Dr. Jackson in the Bottom of a Chair: "Seated in this Chair Before it was Covered and Cushioned Etherization was Discovered by Charles T. Jackson in Winter of 1841-2

Daniel I. Blake, all highly respectable and unimpeachable witnesses.

The Honorable Edward Stanley, a member of the Congressional committee, states that Morton was unable to answer questions relative to the composition of sulphuric ether, addressed to him personally by Mr. Stanley. (See his report, p. 24.)

The Honorable Edward Everett writes, in a letter to Dr. Jackson dated 21st October, 1851, referring to an address delivered 3d November, 1846, by Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, of the Massachusetts General Hospital, as follows: "Dr. 37-8.) Another letter by Mr. Everett is as follows:

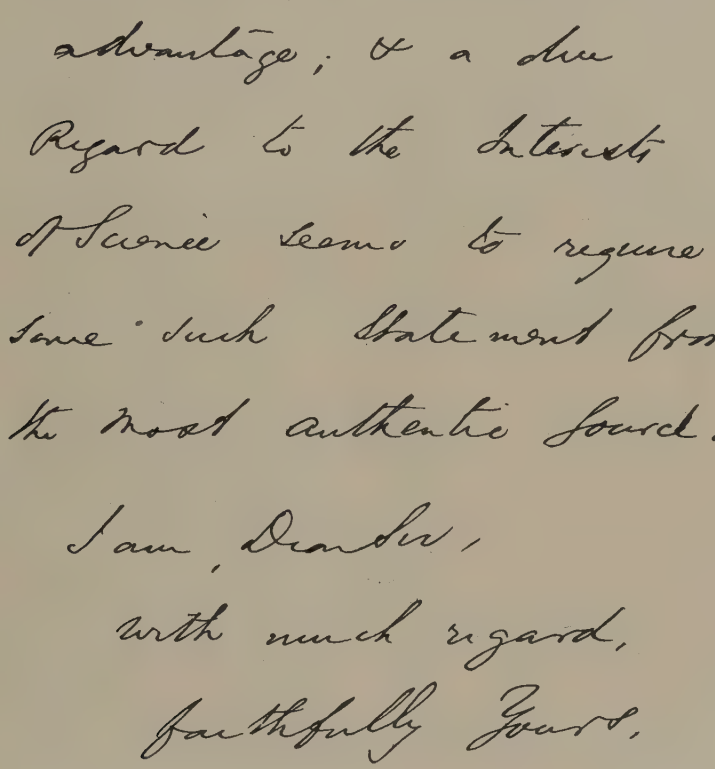
Cambridge, 26th February, 1847.

Dear Sir: Considering the great importance of your discovery of a mode of producing temporary insensibility to pain during the performance of surgical operations, I have thought that it might be advisable for you, in the form of a paper addressed to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, to place on record the most important facts connected with the discovery and its introduction into general notoriety and practice. Although these facts are

known to many persons in their general outline in this neighborhood, others at a distance do not possess that advantage; and a due regard to the interests of science seems to require some such statement from the most authentic source.

I am, dear sir, with much regard, faithfully yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.



advantage; & a due
Regard to the Interests
of Science seems to require
some such Statement from
the most authentic Source.

I am, Dear Sir,
with much regard,
faithfully Yours,
Edward Everett.

Fac-simile of a Page from Edward Everett's Letter

Dr. Jackson, desirous of having his claim adjudicated by some scientific body or recognized authority, on the 13th November, 1846, addressed a memorial on the subject to the French Academy of Sciences. He informed Morton of this proceeding, and Morton likewise presented his claim and sent over a special messenger to insure its proper presentation. A commision of nine of the most eminent surgeons of France was appointed to examine the question and report thereon at some future day. The report was not presented until the year 1850. The commissioners reported that they had examined all the documents attentively and conscientiously, and on their recommendation the Academy awarded "A prize of 2500 francs to M. Jackson for his observations and his experiments upon the anaesthetic ef-

fects produced by the inhalation of ether. Another of 2500 francs to M. Morton for having introduced this method into surgical practice *according to the directions of M. Jackson (d'apres les indications de M. Jackson).*"

In Morton's account of the award, he states that he declined to notice it, until warned by a correspondent in Paris, some two years afterwards, that he would lose the benefit of it unless he did so. That he then wrote to the Academy protesting against the decision. "Finally, the Academy's *expression of opinion* was received by Dr. Morton in the *acceptable form of their largest gold medal.* On one side of this magnificent testimonial is a finely executed head of Minerva, etc. Valuable as was the medal, it did not absorb the whole sum of 2500 francs voted by the Academy, and the balance was expended in a massive gold frame, ornamented with branches of laurel—that classic tribute to victory." ("Trials," etc., p. 218. See also biography in American Encyclopaedia.)

The simple truth is that the Academy expressed no other opinion than that contained in the award. Morton had the right to ask that so much of the money awarded to him as might be necessary to purchase the medal, which is merely the ordinary medal of the Academy, should be applied to that pur-

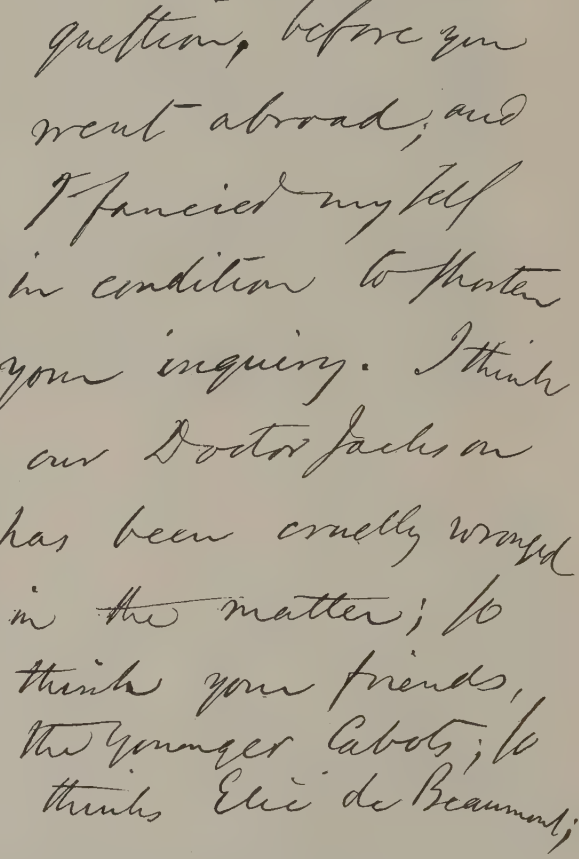
DEAR AGASSY,

I am very sorry to find you gone, as I came loaded with books and was to show you the places. I am to call to your mind that you promised to give an hour to this tedious question before you went abroad, and I fancied myself in condition to shorten your inquiry. I think our Doctor Jackson has been cruelly wronged in the matter. So think your friends the younger Cabots; so thinks Elic de Beaumont; so Whewell, and so Humboldt who has lately examined the whole affair and sent him the Prussian Eagle.

Will you please to look at Dr. Morton's own book *Anæsthesia* herewith sent, and at his witness, Dr. Gould's testimony. What is most material is, I believe, marked with pencil in the margin. I have asked the Doctor J. to put the principal heads of his plea on paper, which you will find within the covers of "*Anæsthesia.*"

May I ask the kind attention of my friend Mrs. Agassy to this particular volume, as I am to restore it to the Doctor J., to whom it is important.

Ever yours,
R. W. EMERSON.



Fac-simile of a Page from a Letter by Ralph Waldo Emerson

pose. He did so. The medal cost 300 francs. The balance, 2200 francs, was remitted to Morton, who seems to have used it in ornamenting the medal with the elaborate additions which he describes. (See letter of Elie de Beaumont, a distinguished member of the Academy, to Jackson. Report, p. 56.) M. de Beaumont concludes his letter thus: "It (the medal) was not struck separately for him. You have the right to ask for one exactly like it; only in that case you should receive but 2200 francs instead of 2500 francs."

In the year 1851, Dr. Jackson had addressed a letter to Baron von Humboldt, giving a condensed history of the origin of etherization. In consequence of this communication the Baron, by order of the King of Prussia, applied to the Honorable Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, for all the evidence of the American claimants to the discovery of anaesthesia. It is presumed he was furnished with all the documents required, and Dr. Jackson and Dr. Morton were both officially informed of the application. The protracted investigation which Baron von Humboldt bestowed on the case, resulted in a decision in favor of Dr. Jackson, who, in 1857, received from the King of Prussia, through the Prussian Minister at Washington, the Order of the Red Eagle. In addition to these honors conferred upon him by foreign governments, are the Cross of the Legion of Honor, at the suggestion of the great surgeon Trousseau, from the French Republic, the Order of St. Maurice and Lazzaro from the King of Italy, the Order of the Medijieh from the Sultan of Turkey, and a gold medal struck expressly for the purpose, at the suggestion of the great chemist Berzelius, from the King of Sweden.

In a memorial addressed to Congress, under date of November 20, 1847, by physicians and surgeons of the Massachusetts General Hospital, it is stated that the first satisfactory experiments in the prevention of pain by means of the inhalation of ether were made "by two citizens of Boston." Among the names signed to this memorial appear those of Drs. John C. Warren, Jacob Bigelow, and Henry J. Bigelow. The "two citizens" alluded to are obviously Dr. Jackson and Dr. Morton. But as Dr. Jackson was not present on these occasions, in what sense can it be said that these successful experiments were made by both? Evidently in this: that Dr. Jackson's head contrived, planned, and directed, what Dr. Morton's hand executed.

No doubt Dr. Morton succeeded in creating a very general impression that the discovery was made by him. He was a man of great energy and activity; he spent large sums of money in advertising his "Letheon," as he called it. He was a dentist, and, at one time, in large practice, and was thus afforded frequent opportunities of diffusing among the community a belief in the truth of his pretensions.

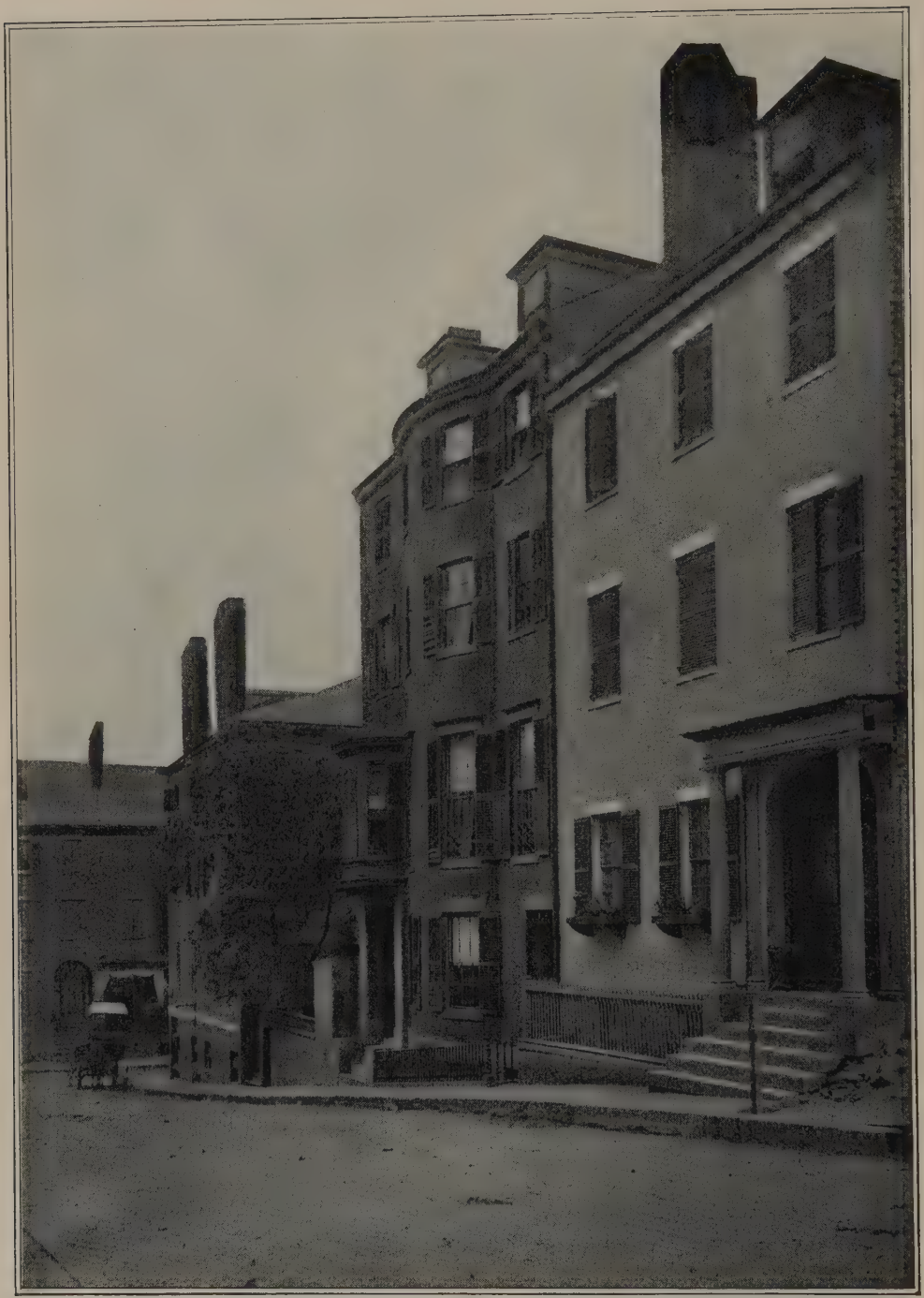
In Dr. Morton's book ("Trials," etc., p. 49) is an account headed "William T. G. Morton in account with his Discovery from October, 1846, to 1858." The debit side of this account foots up $187,561; the credit side $1600. Among the items are the following:

Various literary gentlemen for procuring favorable opinions of the press, preparation of replies and other papers, with salary of private secretary.....$2,100

Printing and publishing of papers and pamphlets during introduction of discovery, newspaper articles, circulars, etc..... 4,326

Hotel and travelling expenses in Washington City from time of discovery to date, with hack hire, telegraphing, expressing, etc..... 17,520

To this charge is appended the following significant note: "Large as this sum is, it by no means includes all the expenses. Those who have endeavored



Residence of Dr. Jackson on Somerset St., Boston, Built on the Site of his Labratory

to push a claim before Congress, or have lived winter after winter at Washington, can fully appreciate why it should be even much more."

By way of explanation, it should be stated that Dr. Morton spent several winters at Washington for the purpose of endeavoring to induce Congress to pay him a large sum of money as the discoverer of anaesthesia by means of the use of ether.

Strong efforts have been recently made, in view of the near approach of October 16, 1896, the semi-centennial year from the date of the first use of sulphuric ether as an anaesthetic in the Massachusetts General Hospital, to revive and reassert the claim which Morton struggled so long and persistently, but in vain, to establish. No new light can possibly be thrown, at this late date, on the controversy. That Dr. Morton's path was a thorny one, is manifest from the chapters of his book ("Trials," etc.) headed "Pecuniary Difficulties," "The Last Defeat," "Action of the Charitable," and "Conclusion."

Dr. Jackson quietly pursued his scientific career until the year 1873, when the active, inventive brain that had sent forth to the world so many valuable conceptions, ceased to perform its normal functions, and his life closed, seven years later, on August 28, 1880, in one of the departments of the Massachusetts General Hospital, the institution in which his beneficent discovery was first introduced to public notice.

Dr. Morton died in 1868, on July 15th.

Was Dr. Jackson's report of the circumstances of his discovery true? Did he, as testified by several of his friends, soon afterwards, and prior to October, 1846, tell them of this discovery and express his confidence in it?

Is the narrative true of Messrs. Barnes and McIntyre as to the occurrences of September 30, 1846, at the interview between Dr. Jackson and Morton, when the latter, according to their statement, showed his ignorance of the nature and effects of sulphuric ether until instructed by Dr. Jackson?

Are the numerous witnesses to be believed, who state definitely and positively, that Morton, shortly after October 16, 1846, repeatedly admitted that the discovery was not his, but Dr. Jackson's, and that in using it he had followed Dr. Jackson's instructions? It seems incredible that all this testimony can be untrue.

With what color of consistency or reason can Morton's adherents be permitted to urge his claims to the discovery, in view of the fact that they were submitted by him to the French Academy, that the Academy decided against them, and awarded the honor of the discovery to Dr. Jackson, and that of the successful administration of the anaesthetic in conformity with his directions to Morton; that Morton recognized the fairness of this decision by accepting the prize awarded to him and surrounding the medal which constituted a part of it, with a golden wreath of laurel,—"that classical tribute to victory"?

The decision of the French Academy was acquiesced in by both parties, as reasonable and just. The controversy thereby became *"res judicata,"* and both parties were in reason and justice precluded from disputing it.

No national testimonial has yet been awarded, and probably none ever will be, to those whose names are most closely connected with the discovery of the greatest boon that has ever been conferred by science on suffering humanity. "The whole world," says that eminent surgeon, Sir James Paget, "owes to them immeasurable happiness."

The nation has provided, with unexampled liberality, for those who came to its aid in the great conflict of more than thirty years ago. Said Lincoln at Gettysburg, in his grand tribute to their memory: "The world will little heed, nor long remember, what we say here,

MEDALS RECEIVED BY DR. JACKSON

Cross of Legion of Honor,
Gift of Louis Napoleon

Red Eagle of Prussia,
Gift of the King of Prussia

Gold Medal,
Gift of Oscar, King of Sweeden

Small Cross of Legion of Honor,
(Size to be worn)

Order of Medijieh,
Gift of the Sultan of Turkey

Cross of S. S. Maurice and Lazzaro,
Given by the King of Sardinia

Medals Given to Dr. Jackson in Honor of his Great Discovery
(Reverse)

but it will never forget what they did here." And it ought not—and especially our own government ought not—to forget the lives that were saved and the torments that were mitigated on the battlefield, and in warship and hospital, by means of Jackson's great discovery and Morton's energy in explaining and facilitating its practical application, and rapidly extending the sphere of its usefulness.

Rear View, Looking North, of Dr. Freeman's House

THE FIRST HOMESTEAD IN THE UNITED STATES

By S. S. Peters

GAGE County, Nebraska, enjoys the unique distinction of having within its borders the first homestead entered and patented under the Homestead law of the United States. Dr. Daniel Freeman, to whom this land was granted, is still living on the land and is particularly esteemed and loved in the county.

The securing of the first homestead or the filing of the first application by Dr. Freeman was more of accident than design. The Homestead act was approved on the 20th day of May, 1862, and took effect January 1st, 1863. Dr. Freeman had purchased a "squatter's right," which he held until the 31st day of December, 1862, having made the original purchase the July previous. The rights of the squatter consisted of his possession of the land by actual settlement thereon and whatever improvements he had made. In this special instance Dr. Freeman's improvements were a log cabin, a log stable and fifteen or twenty acres of breaking.

The government land office was at that time located at Brownville, Nebraska, on the Missouri river, some seventy-five or more miles east of Dr. Freeman's place. On December 31st, he proceeded to Brownville to make entry of the land and file his application under the Homestead laws. At this time he was regularly enlisted in the United States army, and was in Nebraska on special duty. He was under orders to report at headquarters, and was therefore in some haste to file his application for a homestead. Hence he went to Brownville for that purpose. At the hotel where Dr. Freeman put up there was a New Year's eve ball in progress, and he was invited to join in the festivities. He accepted the courteous invitation, and during the evening he be-

Front View of the New House Built by Dr. Daniel Freeman at Gage County, Nebraska, on the Site of the First Homestead in the United States

came acquainted with a young man who was to be clerk or assistant to the land office register or receiver. From this young man Dr. Freeman learned that the next day being a legal holiday the land office would not be opened. Dr. Freeman stated the urgency of his business, and that he was under imperative orders to report at army district headquarters at Leavenworth, without delay, and that it would be a great accommodation to him if he could file his

DR DANIEL FREEMAN
From his Latest Photograph

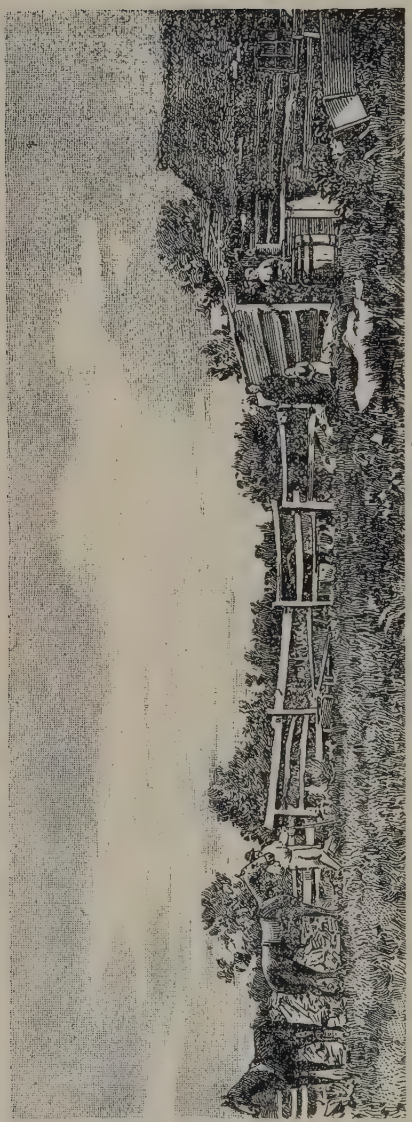
application before leaving, as it would be impossible to tell when he would return. Upon his representation of the state of affairs, the clerk sent for the receiver, and at midnight the office was opened and before 12:05 on the morning of January 1st, 1863, Dr. Freeman had made his filing upon the first homestead ever taken under the Homestead act.

Herewith is the verbatim copy of the record on file in the county so far as it relates to the homestead in question:

The United States of America
to
Daniel Freeman.
HOMESTEAD CERTIFICATE NO. 1—APPLICATION NO. 1.

The United States of America, to all whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

WHEREAS, There has been deposited in the General Land Office of The United States a certificate of the Register of the Land Office at Brownville, Nebraska, Territory, whereby it appears that pursuant to the Act of Congress approved the 20th day of May, A.D. 1862, "To secure Homesteads to actual settlers on the public domain," and the acts supplemental thereto, the claim of DANIEL FREEMAN has been established and duly consummated in conformity to law for the south half (s. 1-2) of the north east quarter (n. e. 1-4), and the north east quarter (n. e. 1-4) of the northwest quarter (n. w. 1-4), and the north west quarter (n. w. 1-4) of the



The First Homestead in the United States
From an Old Engraving

north east quarter (n. e. 1-4), of Section Twenty Six (26), in Township Four (4), North of Range Five (5) East, in the district of lands subject to sale at Brownville, Nebraska Territory (now Beatrice, Nebraska), containing one hundred and sixty (160) acres, according to the official plat of the survey of the said land returned to the General Land Office by the Surveyor General.

NOW KNOW YE, that there is therefore granted by the United States unto the said Daniel Freeman the tracts of land above described, to have and to hold the said tracts of land with the appurtenances thereof unto the said Daniel Freeman and his heirs and assigns forever.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I, Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States of America, have caused these letters to be made PATENT and the Seal of the General Land Office to be hereunto affixed.

Given under my hand at the city of Washington, the first day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine, and the Independence of the United States the ninety-fourth.

By the President: U. S. GRANT.

SEAL By I. Barrett, Secretary.

Recorded Volume I, Page 1.

I. W. GRANGER,

Recorder of the General Land Office.

Filed for record at the office of the County Clerk, January 5th, A. D. 1870, at 4 o'clock p. m., and recorded in Deed Record "F" at page 114. Recorded January 6th, A. D. 1870.

Accompanying this article will be found an illustration of this homestead and the old log cabin and stable, taken from a photograph some years ago. The old log structures have long since gone into decay, and but little vestiges of them are left. Some of the logs are still preserved near the new Freeman residence, across the road from the old cabin, which are gradually disappearing under the ravages and ap-

peals of relic hunters. A substantial brick residence now constitutes the home place of Dr. Freeman.

The "Homestead" is located about five miles west of Beatrice, Nebraska, on what is known as Cub Creek. The house is surrounded by a shady grove of noble elms and walnuts, planted many years ago by the owner. The farm is one of the best kept in the State, and the genial doctor has added to it until he now has twelve hundred acres, comprising his home place. Of this about four hundred acres are under cultivation. Five hundred acres are in tame pasture, and the remainder wild land and woodland, which affords abundant pasturage for the old veteran's growing herds of cattle, horses, hogs and sheep. The house is approached by a roadway shaded by a magnificent grove of stately cottonwood and osage trees, extending nearly a mile eastward toward Beatrice. These were planted by Dr. Freeman's own hands, and like him are still stately and sturdy in their rugged vigor.

During the early part of May of the present year Dr. Freeman celebrated his seventieth birthday anniversary. He is in vigorous health and looks as if he would round out a century. He is an ardent believer in the destiny of Nebraska, and is an arborculturist in the fullest sense of the term. On last Arbor Day he had 1000 new fruit trees set out in his already large orchard, in order that the new trees may take the place of those which decay year by year. He makes a like addition to his orchard every year or two. Dr. Freeman is a genial host, and nothing affords him greater pleasure than to entertain visitors. He is justly proud of the distinction that his title of "The First Homesteader" gives to him and delights in showing his "Patent No. 1" to all inquiring visitors.

The accompanying portrait of the venerable Dr. Freeman was taken especially for this article.

DR. DANIEL FREEMAN
Who secured the First Homestead in the United States

It is a curious fact that while American women are notably the most fashionably and pleasingly gowned women in the world, yet they are seldom the ones who originate any new style. It is the same in the realm of dress as it is in the spheres of science, literature and art; our European confreres sow the see, and we reap the greatest harvest· they foster a thing in its germ and we cultivate it to its blossom. Eastern possibilities in the West become actualities; European ideas are supplemented by American ingenuity, and we have as a result an evolution that never fails to be interesting.

In considerations of dress we find this tendency much in evidence by the fact that our seekers for style are still prone today, as they were a quarter of a century ago, to look to the Old World for their knowledge of what ought correctly to be worn and when. It is not an inconsiderable number of persons by any means that are sent abroad each spring and fall, as representatives of our American couturieres, to discover in Paris or elsewhere, what promises to be considered a la mode during the coming season. Their search is indefatigable, and the rewards of their labor manifold. Their return to the homeland is accompanied by importations that gladden both the revenue collector and the devotee of fashion. Grafted on its new soil, the thing, whatever it may be, soon finds its development speedily augmented, and a state of crudity is in a short time superseded by perfection in every detail. And after evolution comes dissolution. A single style at its best is as fleeting as the clouds above, and the time that it requires to pass from our horizon is scarcely longer than the cloud itself requires. After its attractiveness has once begun to lessen we are not loath to speed the parting style, nor backward about welcoming the coming guest.

Garments designed by Jordan, Marsh & Co.; millinery by C. Lothrop Higgins.

Figure 1

Tight-Fitting Coat of Kersey, Trimmed with Persian Lamb

At this season of the year the latest importations are very materially in the line of fall coats and millinery. The coats that are to be considered a la mode for this autumn are in every case both made and trimmed simply. Although here and there a strap seam may be seen, yet they have lost the seal of approval. Fancy buttons have shared a similar fate. It would almost appear that the more recent dictums call for a severity in style that is really remarkable, considering to what extremes we have been treated in times past. Even the watteau effect coats, that were erstwhile decidedly the correct thing, are languishing now under the bane of incoming novelties. It is to be supposed, however, that they will still continue to possess a charm in the eyes of a slender woman. The jackets that bid fair to be most generally worn are in every instance tight-fitting ones, with sleeves of wonderfully decreased dimensions, although still large enough to slip with ease over the new bodices.

Figure 4
All Black Melton with Persian Lamb

Figure 2
Coat and Cape Combined, of Electric Seal, Trimmed with Sable and Jet

A stylish coat made of the finest quality of kersey is that shown in Figure 1. It is tight-fitting, both front and back, trimmed with Persian lamb down centre of front, with strips of black braid on sides. A high flaring collar of ermine is trimmed also with Persian lamb. The jacket is lined throughout with fancy Dresden silk and has a fan back. The turban has a crown of black velvet and a brim of black Russian net. The trimmings are of black velvet, black aigrette, coque's feathers and a cut steel buckle.

Of capes there is this season a more perplexing variety than ever before. The richest, perhaps, are of Lyons velvet, brocaded, chameleon or plain, richly embroidered and covered over with heavy appliqued laces or made smart, shrouded in frills of mousseline de soie. Other effects are obtained by the use of heavy matellese silk, face cloth, mink, Thibet lamb, sealskin, etc. There is

Figure 3
Cape of Light Kersey with Plaits, Welted Seams and Soutache Braid

certainly to be found in capes a general utility that is wanting in jackets of all descriptions. They can be worn over bodices or blouses which would be utterly ruined by a jacket, and would make the best cut coat appear clumsy and awkward. The new tight sleeves, with short, high puffs, are very stylish and becoming, but most awkward with coats, and if these sleeves remain in fashion, capes and mantles with cape sleeves will certainly have the preference over coats.

The cape—or rather the cape and coat combined—that is illustrated in Figure 2, is made of the finest quality

electric seal, handsomely trimmed with cut jet and lace and ribbon. It is made with epaulettes of sable over both shoulders, and has collar and cuffs

Figure 5
Loose-Front Kersey Jacket with Reefer effect

edged with the same material. A lining of brocaded satin and a fly-front also describe it. A garment with the empire effects thus results. The hat is a mushroom one of katydid green, with crown of shaded velvet and brim made of ostrich feathers of pale green and light golden brown. The trimming is of wings of the same color.

Another cape as displayed in Figure 3 is made of imported kersey, with large storm collar and trimmed with plaits both front and back. Welted seams and soutache braid also add to the trimming. The head dress is a turban of golden brown, faced with old blue, and trimmed with bows of *ombrey* ribbon and mercury wings of brown.

Returning to jackets, another design that produces a decidedly natty effect is the one exhibited in Figure 4. It is an all black Melton, trimmed with finest quality Persian lamb and corded silk. The collar is a wide flaring storm one, edged also with Persian lamb. Straps of Melton front and back together, with silk passementerie front and back, complete the decorations. The hat is a round one of black velvet, with gold embroidered crown trimmed with royal blue and moire ribbon, and surmounted by paradise feathers. Pleated chiffoned rosettes at the back add to the effect.

The last garment illustrated in this number of the magazine, Figure 5, is a loose front cloth jacket of kersey, with reefer effect and fan back. A flaring storm collar and cuffs at the sleeves give the neck and wrist finish. The coat is piped throughout with silk braid and lined with fancy Dresden. The hat is of Himalaya felt of neutral gray, edged with green velvet and trimmed with a gray sparrow and velvet twist in front and a bow of the same material in back.

Of the other stylish designs of autumn coats there is an inexhaustible store from which to choose. Black coats are, of course, always in vogue. These are made correctly out of what is known as dress serge, or out of a rough cloth, the latter in some cases having a short ripple. For jackets showing the watteau effects many of the tailors are using such light-weight fabrics as fine cashmere, henrietta cloth, serge or smooth cloth. It is often decidedly smart to have a skirt to match.

The double-breasted reefer coat, a most comfortable and sensible design, is again seen and liked, the only change being that it is a bit longer than it was three years ago. In a rough blue serge with facings of black velvet and large gutta-percha buttons the reefer model is very jaunty and well suited to the woman of slender figure. All coat sleeves, while they are full, stand out rather than up, and though the coat itself may be lined with less expensive

Figure 6

French Sailor Hat, Brim of Petunia Velvet, Crown of Green Chenille

Figure 7

Hat with Black Velvet Brim and Crown of Jet. Trimmings of Coral Roses, Ribbon and Foliage

Figure 8

Butterfly Toque of Black Velvet and Gold Crown. Trimmed with Osprey and Russian Nette

material, silk is almost invariably used for the sleeves, that they may be easy of assumption.

Long coats for travelling or bad weather wear have deep rippling capes attached and usually pointed hoods in addition, though these last are a matter of personal taste.

The Eton jacket in black velvet and with fancy buttons upon it—that is, either richly-cut steel ones or those glittering with Rhine-stones—is very much liked and really makes a toilette if worn with a handsome crepon or silk skirt. Hunter's green, heliotrope and sapphire blue velvet are also used for these little jackets, but when they are made of colored velvet, then, of course, the skirt worn must be in harmony.

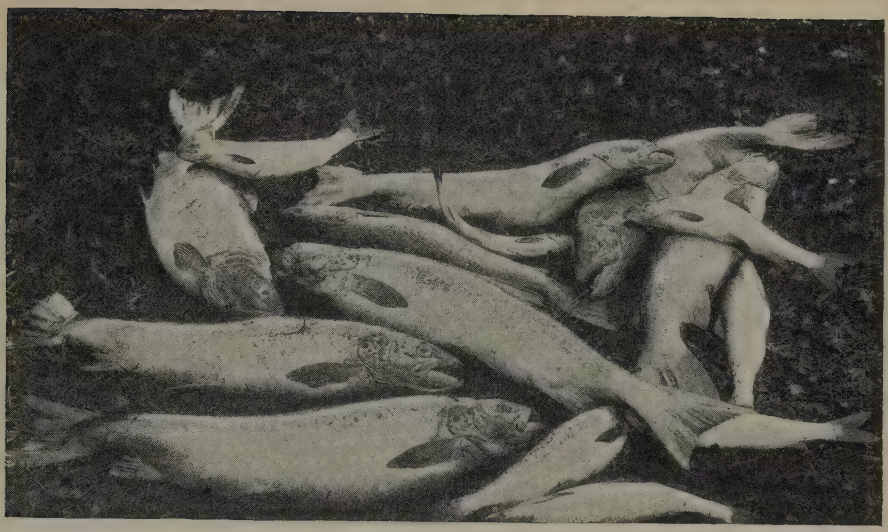
Elegance and richness of garniture must stamp the velvet or satin coats, but the cloth one must be jaunty and look useful. Good style is its hall-mark, and this is obtained by proper fit, material and design. Upon it there must be no buttonhole that does not close over its corresponding button; indeed, nothing without a use must appear upon it. The cloth jacket is the expression in a coat of usefulness; smartness is a desirable adjunct, but smartness without usefulness condemns it, according to the laws of Dame Fashion.

In the realm of things millinery the creators have been as active as in other branches of fashion invention. The French master hand is much in evidence in all of the importations. As of yore, the Parisian milliner or designer whips up an elaborate creation of a hat with as much art and with as little work as a good cook tosses off a cake batter or beats the whites of eggs. It must all be done in a minute, with no doubt as to the result. Did you ever watch a clever designer build a model hat? He takes his long thread and needle, the straw hat already sewed after his own pattern, and tosses together a heap of stuff that forms a good scheme of color. He twists the ribbon and tulle deftly, and puts one stitch through it, another stitch fastens the tips, another the flowers, another the lace almost as it seems to fall from his hand. He snaps the thread, and after a short ten minutes the confection is done. He tosses it carelessly over a screen into the work-room to be lined, and turns to another mass of millinery stuffs for another inspiration. Oh, but I forgot one important item. He tries them on himself, and astonishingly becoming they always are.

In illustration 6 of the current issue is seen one of the very smartest outputs of the milliners' art. It is a French sailor of petunia velvet, with scarf of butter-colored lace, and flower clusters of shaded primulas and light green. The crown is of green chenille and iridescent insertion.

Representation No. 7 shows a round hat of the sailor type, with black velvet brim, shirred ruching of black moire silk, and crown of jet. The trimmings are a band of coral roses and a bow of coral moire ribbon and foliage.

Photograph No. 8 represents a butterfly toque of black velvet and gold crown in butterfly form. The side is trimmed with fancy osprey of white feathers and black ostrich tips. For additional effect a bow of white Russian nette is added.



Ouananiche or Land Locked Salmon

FAMOUS SPORTING GROUNDS OF THE NORTHEAST

By Fred Mather, H. L. Goodwin and A. Casault

THERE are certain regions in the northeastern corner of our country and in the adjoining tracts of Canadian land where Dame Nature, in her distribution of the wherewithal to satisfy the sportsman's craving, has been exceedingly lavish. She has made for herself wildernesses and waters where her feathered, finned and footed children might find for themselves a hidden playground, yet notwithstanding her tender solicitude, her greatest and most unruly child, man, has invaded all her efforts at seclusion and has, as usual, asserted his sovereignty. With the opening of every season that interludes our winters he hies himself hence and carries on his ruthless warfare with rod and gun. He finds for his pleasure spots where woods, lakes, and streams for scores of miles are as primeval as the day of their creation, and in their haunts he discovers the wild animals, the birds, and the fishes, for the extinction of whom his finger so trembles on the reel or the trigger. It is sport royal he pursues; game as noble and lordly as was ever hooked or shot at the world over. He does not ask for the whale of the deep sea nor the tiger of the jungles; these are big game, to be sure, but it is doubtful if the killing of them requires any more subtility of methods or yields any keener satisfaction in results than is afforded in the pursuit or capture of an ouananiche, a "four-pounder" trout, or a twelve-hundred-weight moose.

And so every year, remote from our centres of civilization, the true sportsman follows his guide through stretches of woods and across sheets of water, intent upon securing conjointly recreation and game. In his search for both of these, combined in the happiest of mixtures, he has found, at least in the East, no grander grounds for his slaughter pro tem than the Adirondack, the Maine, and the Lake St. John regions.

THE ADIRONDACKS

In that wonderful country, large as the State of Connecticut, which covers most of the northern portion of New

York, is found an elevated region of lakes and mountains, forming a great game preserve and health resort which, by reason of its being unfit for agriculture, must ever remain a place set apart by Nature for the home of the trout, the grouse, and the deer, as well as other game. The soil, climate, and topography unite in rendering this vast tract uninhabitable except to the hardy trappers and lumbermen in winter and to the summer tourists, sportsmen and those who cater to them, in season. Mount Marcy, at an elevation of 5379 feet, overtops all the other peaks, but everywhere are giant hills stretching their weather-scarred tops toward heaven, while a cluster of them encircle a gem of a lake which lies quiescent among them like a bit of fallen sky, a pure mirror which shows each passing cloud, in storm or in sunshine.

The scenery which always accompanies a rugged mountain region is here enhanced by the mode of travel. It is true that parts of this enchanting region have been invaded by the puffing, screaming railroad, and the demands of travel have caused small steamers to be built on some of the lakes where the rush of tourists is greatest toward the fashionable resorts, yet outside of these well-beaten routes the only way to travel in this paradise of ozone, scenery, and game, is by means of the lakes and their intermediate "carries."

Entering the Adirondacks from the east, the most rugged scenery will be found in that great collection of high mountains by which Mt. Marcy is surrounded. Here is Avalanche Lake, its glassy waters lying nearly three thousand feet above tide water, and its perpendicular walls of black rock frowning at each other only a few rods apart throughout its length, an imprisoned mountain torrent held in its mad leap by one of those awful descents of mountain tops which gave the lake its name. Nearby is Lake Colden, the home of the Adirondack Club, one of the numerous clubs which by reason of their building houses and protecting their surroundings from forest fires during the camping season are allowed the privilege of building permanent camps on lands belonging to the State. Such small clubs, consisting of from ten to twenty members, exist throughout the Adirondacks. "The Adirondack Mountains," as the collection of giant peaks on the eastern side is called, is the wildest part of the region.

West and north of this group of mountains the whole country is mountainous, but the peaks are farther apart, and in consequence the lakes are larger, but there is such a profusion of lakes, ponds, and streams that any portion of the wilderness can be reached with boat and guide. The carries, as the portages between the lakes are called, vary in length from a few rods to two or three miles, and they also differ in their character, as over hill or through valley. Arriving at one of these, which is rarely seen until the guide paddles into it and the path is disclosed, everything is piled on shore. The guide fastens his oars in the boat, lashes the neck-yoke to it, inverts it, and placing his neck in the yoke starts off with his seventy or eighty-pound boat upturned on his shoulders, the bow elevated and the stern almost touching the ground. If the tourist wishes to help he takes some of the luggage and saves time; if not, the guide will return and bring all. He is usually indifferent about this, his time being paid for.

A feature of many of the hotels is the "open camp," where guests have all the advantages of camp life, with meals at table. Some hostelries have a dozen of these places where each party can pass the day and night, with outside campfire and comfortable sleeping quarters, free from intrusion. The State laws permit trout fishing from April 15th to September 1st, and most of the lakes contain either brook or lake trout, or both. Others contain pike, black bass, sunfish,

Adirondack Club Camp, Lake Colden

and suckers. The yellow perch is not found here, although abundant in the waters of the lower region bordering the Adirondacks. Deer may be legally killed from the 15th of August to the 31st of October. They are found throughout the region, but are the most plentiful in the northern and western portions, especially in those parts which are not so easy of access to the tourist, such as Tupper, Cranberry, and Smith's Lakes, on the west side, and about Meacham on the north. Most of the lakes contain brook trout, the exceptions being: Metcalf and T Lakes, tributaries of West Canada Creek; Spectacle, Dexter, Spy, Oxbow, Coal, Scuts, Willis, Murphy, Warner, Remsen, and Bug Lakes; Long, Tamarac, and Chub Ponds. All other ponds and lakes are believed to contain them in more or less numbers. Lake trout are found only where the water is very cold and the depth is over forty feet. Black bass of the small-mouthed species were not indigenous to any of the waters, but were planted in an inlet of Raquette Lake and have spread to Forked, Sucker, the Blue Mountain chain, the Fulton chain, and White Lakes; also to Moose and Black Rivers. Pike were planted in some waters in 1842 and are now found in Long, Spectacle, Dexter, Willis, Murphy, Gates, Tupper, and Meacham Lakes; Indian Lake and river and the Raquette and Sacandaga Rivers.

Very few sportsmen or tourists camp out in the Adirondacks today. The many hotels and so-called "camps" invite to a luxurious ease which the majority prefer to the canvas tent or the bark shanty. The word "camp" is a most elastic term in the Adirondacks. It may mean anything from a log fire in the woods, a small hotel or the log dwelling of a guide, to one of those splendid private villas which have cost a hundred thousand dollars. In fact, every place where men stop in these great woods, with the exception of the large hotels, where evening dress is worn at dinner, is called a camp. Most of the smaller hotels have several "camps," where parties, large or small, are protected from the weather in long, low log structures, usually covered with bark, which are open on one side, where a huge log fire gives light and heat to the party. Hemlock boughs covered with blankets make a soft and fragrant bed, and at night music, mirth, and song enliven the early hours.

Except during June insect pests are not numerous. During that month the little "black fly" is, in places, too numerous for comfort, but it stops to rest all night, a fact to be thankful for. The mosquito of the Adirondacks is not frequent, and is a feeble and degenerate relative of those found in lower countries. In June the tourist must lay in a stock of tar and sweet oil, or some of the ointments flavored with odors agreeable to man, but repulsive to the black fly, an insect that comes in swarms and has no fear. Yet in a light breeze this pest is helpless; it has no keel and must drift with the wind.

A peculiarity of this land of mountains and lakes is that no matter by which point of the compass it is entered one can traverse it in any direction by boat and come out at any of the "gateways" by water. Seated in the stern of the light craft, the traveller sees new combinations of grand scenery at every mile, while, if he is a silent, observing man, he will take a light pack and start ahead of the guide while he is getting his boat ready to be put upon his shoulders. Then, with a whirr, the ruffed grouse starts at his feet, or if the season is early she affects a lameness that tempts him to follow and try to capture her until she has led him far from her brood, when, with a sudden start, she is lost among the trees, to return and gather her chicks when danger is past. There is a porcupine waddling in the path, slowly getting out of the way, conscious that his quill will trouble any living thing that touches him. Here

The Grand Discharge, Lake St. John, Province Quebec

is where a deer crossed more or less recently, and as the next lake is sighted off goes a bittern with its harsh note of alarm. None of these things would have been seen if the guide had preceded you with his boat, touching the twigs and creaking on the neck-yoke, and again half a dozen carries may be crossed and not a living thing be seen. Yet the pleasure of looking for them is a treat to those who love to observe wild life in its haunts.

The thing which most impresses one on a first visit to a wilderness is its silence. The woods near civilization are vocal with song of robin, thrush, blackbird and a hundred other feathered minstrels. Here the weird call of the white-throated sparrow occasionally emphasizes the silence of the woods or the boom of the bittern startles him in the marshes. Even the crows, so noisy elsewhere, are comparatively silent in the Adirondacks. A quarter of a century ago the raven's croak was often heard, today it is rare. Then the crow was unknown there, now it is rapidly replacing the raven. The former bird is gregarious, the latter solitary.

The older frequenters of the Adirondacks regret its recent popularity, with its influx of tourists, bringing railroads and steamboats in their train and so over-running the country that Wall-street tickers are heard in some places where the wolf once howled. One of these early sportsmen was heard to say a few years after Murray wrote his "Adirondacks," "Confound him! He has sent a lot of invalids up in this land who ought to be at home. Between the dudes and the coughing of the consumptives the bears have been scared out of the woods." Over most of the region the old-time guide, if he lives, has been ruined for the use of the old-time visitor, who did not go there for his health nor to meet the butterflies of fashion. He went to leave all trace of civilization as far behind him as possible and to try to revert to the conditions under which his savage ancestors lived.

Some of the grandest Adirondack scenery is found in the northeastern portion; on the branches of the Ausable, the Opalescent and at Chateaugay Falls. The Ausable Chasm is well worth a special trip. The perpendicular sides of this rocky gorge, evidently rent asunder by some mighty convulsion of nature, giving only a glimpse of a thread of sky above as one is paddled along, seem to threaten to come together and imprison the traveller, who is so bold as to penetrate into this region, which a more superstitious people would have populated with all imaginable forms of genii. Looking up from table rock upon the vast cleft rock one is impressed with the littleness of man and of the giant power that could rend a mountain as this has been rent. The "Devil's Oven," the Horseshoe and Rainbow Falls,Stalactite Cave, Smugglers' Pass, Pulpit Rock, the Grand Flume and other features of Ausable Chasm are things to be remembered.

Entering the woods from the west, there are inviting journeys through the Fulton chain of lakes, with excursions to Big Moose and Panther Lakes, where either furnished camps or bark shanties will be found. If fish and game are the object of the trip, then work off to the north and west, through Raquette Lake and over to Cranberry, in the southeastern portion of St. Lawrence County. This region is not over-run by tourists because of the long carries and the difficulty of reaching it, and this makes it the mecca of the sportsman, to whom a carry of three or four miles is nothing if there be deer and trout at the end. The guides in this part have not been spoiled by the extravagant "tips" with which wealthy loungers, who smooth their paths with gold, have demoralized the guides in some parts. They are, as a rule, content with their pay and do not expect much more; a few flies, a waterproof line or a landing-net left with them after a week's service is gratefully

received, and he hopes to meet his patron another year. Men, however, with surplus wealth will too often give them fancy prices, retain them in waiting for their arrival, and so spoil them for men of more moderate means. For this the guide is not to be blamed. He is merely a man.

Albany, N. Y., and there is always venison in camp, even if ambitious newspaper reporters do not always get the details of the hunt. Dr. Ward's private camp is not so pretentious as those of wealthier men, but it is not known that the President ever declined its hospitality.

The Struggle

"The Plains," near Cranberry Inlet, is a central point from which Tupper's and the Saranacs can be reached. Deer and trout are abundant and the trout are of large size. Off to the east and north of Cranberry Lake are the Saranacs, the favorite deer-hunting grounds of President Cleveland, who goes there as the guest of Dr. Samuel B. Ward, of

On the south there are many "gateways." One can enter the Adirondacks from the New York Central railroad, anywhere from Fonda on the east to Utica on the west. As "all roads lead to Rome," so all the water ways of the great Adirondacks either lead to, or connect by carriers with Raquette Lake. Just as Mount Marcy, or, to use its

older and better name, Tahawus, is the centre of the Adirondack mountains, so is Raquette its lake centre.

The surveys of Colvin, during the past twenty years, have opened up new routes through heretofore unknown lakes and portages, and the maps of Stoddard render it easy for the sportsman or tourist to know not only the position and shape of every lake and pond, the points where the carries begin and end, but also give him the actual length of each piece of water and of the carry which separates them.

These things render travel in the Adirondacks a pleasure and make the tourist independent of his guide in the matter of routes, hotels, camps and distances, freeing him from consultations and giving him leisure for the contemplation of some of the grandest of nature's works.

THE MAINE WOODS

To the lover of angling in any or all of its many popular varieties, the State of Maine affords opportunities for indulgence in his favorite sport, which cannot be equalled in the eastern portion of the United States, at least.

The southern and interior sections of the State are dotted with peaceful villages and thrifty farms, but the northern half of Maine is a vast forest, seven times larger than the famous "Black Forest" of Germany, and covering an area of about 9,000,000 acres, approximately one-half the area of the entire State. Hidden within the cool and shady forests are nearly 2000 lakes and ponds of all sizes and shapes.

Maine cannot be called a mountainous State, still its surface is broken by hills of considerable size, and in some parts it is quite uneven. Mt. Katahdin, the highest peak, an isolated mountain between the two branches of the Penobscot River, in the heart of the lake region, is 5248 feet high, and about 1000 feet above sea level.

Landlocked salmon and brook trout are common in the lakes in all parts of the State, in some places growing to a weight of ten pounds, and occasionally more than that. Lake trout grow much larger than that. The largest lake trout or trout of any kind ever captured in Maine was caught in Long Lake, near Caribou, in June just past. The trout was 39 inches long, and weighed 33½ pounds. It is probable that a larger trout was never landed in this country.

Other fresh water fish captured in the waters of Maine in large numbers are the sea salmon of the Penobscot, black bass, white perch, pickerel, and numberless varieties that are considered of no value.

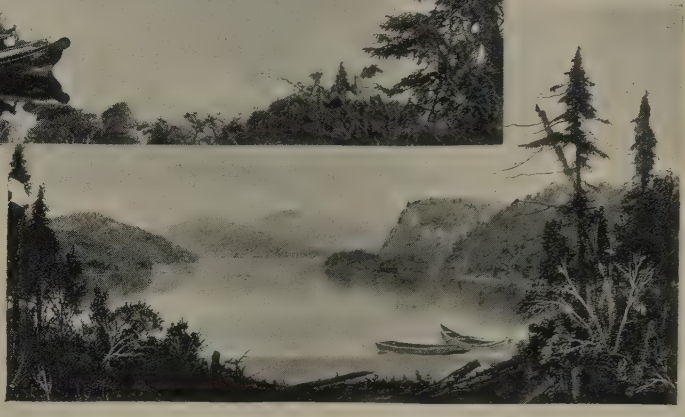
Though there is scarcely a town in the State that cannot boast of good fishing of some sort, the wilderness of the north is where the city anglers spend their vacation days, and where each year a little better record than that of the previous season is made. There are probably two hundred hotels and camps located in the northern forests, and on lake shore, which are almost entirely patronized by devotees of rod and gun. There are also probably half a thousand reliable guides whose living is made by fishing, hunting and guiding those unacquainted with the wilderness, any one of whom may be relied upon to serve the visitor faithfully and well, at prices limited to the means of the party served. Some few of the camp proprietors are able to and do guarantee good trout fishing every day in the season, or no pay for accommodations, and back up their guarantee to the letter.

The largest and best known of all the Maine lakes, which enjoys the title of "Queen of the Lakes," is Moosehead, one of the best known bodies of water in the world. Moosehead Lake lies in the far northwestern part of the State, on the border of the great forests, at the head of the Kennebec River, 1023 feet above sea level, and 150 miles from the coast. Moosehead Lake is 40 miles long and varies in width from 18 to less than

two miles. Half way up the lake, near its narrowest point, is Mt. Kineo, "The Monarch of Moosehead," mounted in a point like a sentinel at his post, a guard for the whole region.

The Mt. Kineo House, the largest and best hotel in the entire Maine lake region, stands at the very base of the mountain, occupying a site on the border of the lake, where it commands a clear view of Moosehead waters for twenty miles around. The trout in Moosehead Lake are only equalled in size and flavor by the famous catches in the Rangeley region. Moosehead Inn at Greenville, near the outlet of Moosehead Lake, is another justly popular hotel for anglers.

Lake Edward, Quebec



Petit Batiscon, Quebec

Katahdin lies at the northeastern border of Piscataquis County, between the Moosehead and the Aroostook River regions, and is itself surrounded by lakes and streams, which afford no mean sport for the angler.

The Aroostook River region, or the "New Northeast," as it is frequently called, is comparatively new territory to the fisherman, having first been made easy of access by railroad extension a few years ago. This is an immense territory, including the whole of northern Aroostook County, though but a small portion of it has yet been opened by rail. Portage Lake, in the extreme north, affords some of the best fishing in Maine, and from the fact that it has been fished but very little, is very attractive to sportsmen.

In the vicinity of Mt. Katahdin are Schoodic Lake, Seboois Lake, Twin Lakes, Millinockett Lake, and numerous ponds and streams, all of which are alive with trout, anxious to take the fly or worm. Typical log camps, which, however, are supplied with all necessary conveniences for comfortable living, are located on the shore of all these lakes, and a hearty welcome and a good meal are always awaiting the new arrival. The Katahdin region is the best localities in Maine where deer are found in

Open Camp at Night, Raquette Lake Hotel

great numbers and moose are occasionally seen.

Nicatous Lake, at the head of the Passadumkeag River, is a famous resort, and the home of mammoth trout, and smaller fish as well. Here are located the sporting camps of the famous "Jock" Darling, game warden, a former notorious poacher, long hunted by officers, but now reformed.

Who is there that never heard of the Rangeley Lakes and the Dead River region? Certainly there can be but few lovers of trout and salmon fishing in this broad land who are not familiar with the names at least of these famous fishing grounds, where more great trout and salmon are taken than anywhere else in the world.

The Rangeley chain of lakes lie in the northern part of Franklin and Oxford counties, and are five in number, Rangeley, Mooselookmeguntic, Cupsuptic, Mollechunkamunk (upper Richardson), and Welokenebacook (lower Richardson), all Indian names, and one or two not easily pronounced by the novice. To sportsmen, particularly the angler, there is no region where phenomenally large fish are taken in so great numbers and amid such comfortable quarters as can be found around this wonderful chain of lakes, at the camps and hotels.

The length of the complete Rangeley chain of lakes is about 60 miles, and Mooselookmeguntic Lake is in all respects the largest of the five lakes, its length being about 18 miles. For a number of years more large fish have been taken from Mooselookmeguntic than all the other lakes combined, and here the best fishing is always looked for, though there are fish enough in them all.

The Rangeley Lakes are surrounded on all sides by a hilly country, and by green forests, full of life and health and beauty. The grandeur of the scenery is beyond describing, but is certainly well worth beholding.

This season 25 or more trout and land-locked salmon weighing eight pounds and over have been taken from the Rangeley Lakes, and the fish under that size, which have been caught, will number thousands.

As for large game, the following figures from the Aroostook region will give some idea of the hunters' work: In the months of October, November and December of 1895, there were killed and shipped from these sections, by visiting sportsmen alone, 1581 deer, 112 moose, and 130 caribou. For the same months in 1894 there were killed and shipped by visiting sportsmen 1001 deer, 45 moose, and 50 caribou. The difference in these totals from year to year fairly well represents the proportion of increase of visitors in 1895 over 1894. This record does not include the great number of deer killed by native hunters, nor those consumed in camps and local communities.

Rangeley village is really the threshold of the fish and game region, passing which one reaches Indian Rock, The Birches, Camp Bemis, Pleasant Island, Anglers' Retreat, Lower, Middle and Upper Dams, the Megalloway River, Parmacheene and Kennebago, all noted for their excellent fishing.

The Dead River region, not far east of Rangeley, though now situated for the most part in the "burnt lands," is full of lakes and streams, which are in turn full of trout. In this territory are the famous King and Bartlett and Spencer Stream camps, Kibby and Camp Jack, Blakesley Pond, Deer Pond, Round Mountain Lake, Chain of Ponds, Tim Pond and the Seven Ponds, and the famous preserve of the Megantic Fish and Game Corporation, of which Mr. Arthur W. Robinson, one of the best known of Boston sportsmen, is president. The Megantic preserve is a leased territory of 250 square miles, the larger part of which is in Maine, the remainder being across the Canadian border. The preserve contains three

lakes, twenty ponds, six rivers, eight smaller streams and eight bogs. The club owns a large clubhouse, 29 camps and a fish hatchery. The 298 members of the Megantic club and their friends find all the good fishing and hunting they want, with plenty to spare, on the preserve.

Nearly every lake and pond of any size in Maine is provided with one or more steamers, and the facilities for travel throughout the forest regions are much better than would naturally be expected in such a wilderness, and a trip into the heart of the forest does not mean any very great hardships if one is careful not to get lost in the woods.

The fish and game commissioners are enforcing the stringent fish laws, and the lakes are being stocked every season, so that instead of being on the decrease, both trout and land-locked salmon are rapidly increasing both in size and in numbers.

THE CANADIAN GROUNDS ABOUT THE LAKE ST. JOHN REGION

The tourist on landing at Quebec is struck with the beauty and grandeur of the panorama which stretches away to the north of the quaint old city. The undulating valley rises gently and evenly to the foot of the superb Laurentian mountains, Canada's Adirondacks and the sportsmen's Paradise.

The cold blue summits of the Laurentides, striking boldly against the northern sky, mark the southern boundaries of the warrior-king of all inland fishes, the lordly Ouananiche. He dwells by the side of Lake Pikonagami, the mighty Lake St. John, in the rushing, foaming waters, at the foot of boiling rapids and in the whirlpools below roaring falls, where he awaits defiantly the challenge of the angler. It has the same propensities wherever found; big or small, it will show fight and will be game to the last.

Among the most famous fishing resorts of this region, Batiscan River deserves special attention. It is a succession, for the most part, of wild, leaping cascades and dashing, foaming rapids.

Trout fishing in this river is excellent, as all the lakes that are drained into it are stocked with speckled trout, the true *Salmo Fontanalis.*

Good sport is enjoyed from the river banks, in the shadow of sombre rocks; the trout rises greedily to almost any fly. Four or five pounders are caught here frequently.

The Batiscan Lakes, which drain into the river of that name, are famous spots for the large and gamey fishes caught in their waters. Voracious trout are caught in the lily-pads about the lake and in the pools formed by small streams of cold spring water running from the mountain sides.

The largest body of water between the St. Lawrence and Lake St. John is Lake Edward. It is situated at a distance of 113 miles from Quebec. Its length is twenty miles. This great sheet of water is studded all over with lovely green isles. The scenery around Lake Edward is truly majestic. High peaks rear their summits above the surrounding mountains, and are reflected in the mirrored lake below. Stupendous mountain sides edge the border of this splendid sheet of water. The countless islands which stud the bosom of the lake forms a labyrinth of channels where the best Indian guides lose their way. It was on one of these islands that Kit Clark founded his Fin and Feather Club. This island is named *Isle du Paradis.* Among the members of this club are President Cleveland, Judge Henry Gildersleeve, Dr. Duncan, ex-Mayor Grant of New York, Dr. E. Lewis and others.

In the hot summer months the trout will not always rise to a fly; trolling or still fishing must be resorted to, but some fishermen will rise the trout anywhere along shore, in the cool, dark pools under shady rocks. The minnow appears to be the best bait in hot sum-

mer days, but capital sport can be got with the Parmachenee belle, the silver doctor and the professor flies.

A few miles north of Lake Edward is the Triton Fish and Game Club. It lies in the heart of the mountains, and the lakes and streams from which fish are taken are at heights varying from twelve to sixteen hundred feet above the sea level, while the game roams many hundred feet higher. This club controls about 500 miles of virgin wilderness,—the home of the caribou, moose, and bear.

Thirteen miles beyond Lake Edward are the Laurentian Heights of Land, and the streams now flow northward, in the direction of Lake St. John, instead of southward, toward the St. Lawrence, as did those on the other side of the watershed. The summit is about 1700 feet above the St. Lawrence and 1300 feet above the level of Lake St. John. This is the home of the ouananiche, the land-locked salmon. Some twenty rivers feed this immense lake, and some of these are hundreds of miles long, all swarming with touradi, or gray trout. The inland sea formed by these waters has a circumference of about eighty-five miles, and is circular in shape and measures twenty-eight miles from shore to shore. Robernal is the headquarters of sportsmen in this region. American enterprise has erected here, on a charming site, a first-class hotel, which is really a wonder in this wild out-of-the-way place.

Straight across the lake from Robernal is the outlet of this splendid inland sea. It is called the Grand Discharge. Another outlet, the Little Discharge, runs parallel to the first, and both effect their junction beyond Alma Island. This is the source of the famous Saguenay River.

French and Indian voyageurs will paddle sportsmen in their frail birch canoes to the fighting grounds of the "silver mailed" warrior, through the rushing, whirling, seething rapids of the Discharge to the edge of scum-covered eddies, where the ravenous ouananiche lies in ambush below. In proportion to his weight he can do more tackle smashing, pound for pound, than any fish that swims. His leaps are prodigious. His somersaults and aerial contortions when hooked leave the angler no leisure while the struggle is in progress. A five-pound ouananiche will leap four or five feet in the air, and this a dozen times in succession, all the while shaking his head with the fierceness of an enraged tiger.

Among the wooded bluffs of the Laurentides, on the plateaus where mountain freshets are formed into lakes, the restless caribou roams in the deep solitude, the absolute monarch of an undisputed kingdom. He can be seen sometimes down the mountain side chewing away the moss from a fir tree and keeping a sharp lookout for its dreaded enemy—man. The caribou has no home; it roves in endless procession the trackless wilderness over a distance of 1000 miles, and its breed seems to increase from year to year.

When hoary frost and the first snow of winter cover the earth war is declared to this meek denizen of the forest. Sportsmen then go north, and in the primitive log camps, in the solitude of the mountains, they plan incursions upon these inoffensive monarchs. Indian guides know and understand the caribou as though they had been reared together. They can tell his age and size and other particulars by its hoof-prints in the snow. Hunters look for this game where fir, spruce and birch grow, for the caribou feeds on the moss lichen and the bark of these trees. Sometimes droves of ten to fifteen are met with, and it is a sight to see them fly away when they have smelled the presence of their common foe in the vicinity.

The Canadian moose is often met with on our hunting grounds; but it is much rarer than the caribou.

THE FALSEHOOD OF SOLOMON CRALEY

By Emma Howard Wight

"Mary!"

The girl turned.

The old man stood in the low doorway. There was a look upon his face which caused the girl to move quickly towards him. The wrinkled hands were trembling, the lips quivered, but the faded blue eyes were all aglow with a wonderful radiance.

"Grandfather, what is it?" she asked.

"Mary," he replied, his voice broken with emotion, "it is finished."

"Finished?"

The girl drew a long breath. Then she put her arms about the bent form of the old man, and, hiding her face upon his breast, burst into tears. He lifted his tremulous wrinkled hand and laid it gently upon her brown head.

"Mary, child, I believe that I cried a bit when I knowed that at last 'twar all finished," he said. "But they was tears of joy. I wish that them that's gone befo', Marthy, and your pa and ma, was here today," and he sighed softly. "But, now then, dry your eyes, child, and go and tell Solomon."

Mary lifted her head and wiped away her tears.

"Yes, grandfather, I'll go at once," she said.

"Solomon, he'll be glad," murmured the old man, as the girl took her sunbonnet from its peg on the wall and passed out.

The air was laden with all the ripened mellow scents of autumn. The arbor by the kitchen door was strewn with richly colored autumn leaves. After she passed out of the little gate the girl walked more slowly.

"I cannot realize that it is finished at last," she murmured.

Ever since she could remember her grandfather had been at work upon a model, invented by himself, of a new kind of reaper. Day after day the old man had sat in the little bare room, off the kitchen, his nervous hands busy with little blocks of wood and pieces of tin. The people around called the old man crazy, all save one, Solomon Craley, who, for fifty years, had been neighbor and friend to John Maphis.

It was hardly ten minutes' walk from Mary's home to the adjoining farm of Solomon Craley. The latter was in the field, helping the hired men to cut corn. He was sturdy and strong, notwithstanding his age. Mary paused at the fence and called to him.

"Grandfather sent me to tell you," said Mary, as he came up to the fence, "that it is done finished at last."

"You don't say, now!" exclaimed Solomon Craley, excitedly.

It was unnecessary to be more explicit. There was but one thing waiting completion at the hands of John Maphis; over which those hands had labored for thirty long years.

"I think as grandfather would like to see you," said Mary. "One of the first things he said, after tellin' me, was—go and tell Solomon."

"Ay, ay," said Solomon; "John knows there ain't nobody in the world as will rejoice with him like his old friend, Solomon Craley. I'll jest go right back with ye."

"You'll find grandfather in his workroom," Mary said, when she and Solomon entered the farmhouse kitchen.

Solomon softly opened the door of the little room off the kitchen. On the threshold he paused. John sat before the rough deal table upon which rested the small wooden model. The white

head was bent over it, the tremulous wrinkled hands were clasped together as though in prayer.

Solomon stood for a few moments motionless and silent, his rugged, sunbrowned face all aquiver with tenderness and a something like awe. Then he moved forward, saying softly:

"John."

The latter started and turned. The dreamy look in his eyes changed to one of pleasure and welcome. He rose to his feet; Solomon noticed how feeble and weak he seemed. He put out both hands towards Solomon.

"I know that you are glad, Solomon," he murmured.

A little later the two old men entered the kitchen.

"Mary," said John, his voice trembling with excitement, "Solomon is a-goin' right away to Washington city to git the patent."

"Yes," said Solomon, "I be goin' to Washington city to get a patent on this here reaper of John's. I knows a bit more about sich things than John here. I'll start tomorrow."

"And—and about when do you reckon on bein' back, Solomon?" asked John, his eyes fixed anxiously upon Solomon's face. "I'll jest want to know mightily whether you was able to git the patent or not."

"I don't reckon on bein' gone more than four or five days," replied Solomon. "And don't you be a-worryin' of yourself, John; it'll be all right about that there patent. I've got the name of one of them there patent lawyers, and he'll jest fix it all. It'll cost some money, but that ain't nothin' when you consider of the money that there reaper'll bring in later."

"Ay, thirty long years I was a perfectin' of it, Solomon," murmured John. "I jest don't know how I would bear up under it if, arter all, them years was wasted."

A long tremulous sigh left his lips. Mary looked wistfully from her grandfather's worn, pale old face to the brown rugged one of Solomon Craley. The latter patted his old friend soothingly upon the shoulder.

"There, there now, John, I done told you not to be a-frettin'," he said.

The next day Solomon Craley, a quaint figure in the old-fashioned clothes that had served him for Sunday best for the last twenty years, started for Washington.

Five days later he returned. He looked pale and worn and tired as he alighted from the train. He returned mechanically the greetings of the townpeople, some of whom were at the station, and seemed rather to shrink from having any conversation with them.

A neighbor of Solomon's stepped forward and stopped him.

"Solomon," he said, "do you know that your old friend, John Maphis, be a-dyin'?"

Solomon stopped and lifted his hand bewilderedly to his brow.

"What's that ye say, man?" he murmured, dazedly. "John a-dyin'?"

"Yes, he be a-dyin'," was the reply. "He was took down with paralysis the day arter you went away. The doctor said as there wasn't any hope from the first. I reckon you'd better step lively if you wants to see him alive."

Solomon did not "step very lively," but he walked slowly away, his head bowed on his breast. They looked after him curiously, some with sympathy and pity.

"I reckon it'll go right hard with Solomon," said the man who had imparted the news. "Him and old John Maphis has been friends this many a long year."

A strange brooding silence seemed to hang over the low yellow farmhouse as Solomon pushed open the little white gate and entered the yard. He passed into the kitchen. There was no one there. Solomon put down his old-fashioned carpetbag, then walked slowly

through the kitchen and pushed open the door of John's bedroom in the little hall outside.

The room seemed full of people. Solomon glanced slowly around at them all,—Mary, pale and red-eyed, the minister, the doctor and several neighbors. Then his eyes wandered to the bed and rested upon the motionless form stretched there, the white face among the pillows. He moved slowly forward and stood beside the bed.

"John," he murmured, laying his hand upon the still one outside the coverlet, "you ain't a-goin' without givin' me one word, one look, are ye?"

The dying man turned his head and into the dimming eyes there sprung a sudden light. No one but Solomon, the man who had been his friend for fifty long years, understood the question those dying eyes asked. That mute, passionate question.

Solomon Craley leaned forward.

"It's all right, John," he said. "It's all right, man. They all said as it was a grand idee and there ain't no trouble in the world about gittin' the patent."

A smile quivered over the white face; then the light went out from the eyes resting upon Solomon's face and John Maphis was dead.

"It's all over," said the doctor, and Mary fell upon her knees beside the bed and began to sob.

Solomon Craley followed the others from the room into the kitchen. The minister had taken up his hat, preparatory to departing, when Solomon stopped him with a gesture.

"Wait a bit, sir," he said, "there's somethin' as I want to say; say befo' ye all," looking slowly around from one face to the other.

Then he turned again towards the minister.

"Do you reckon that the Almighty Father'll forgive me the lie I jest done told to John?" he said, pointing towards the room where the dead lay and the living wept.

"What do you mean, Solomon?" asked the minister. "I do not understand you."

"I am a-goin' to tell ye all about it," said Solomon. "Friends and neighbors, ye all know that Solomon Craley ain't givin' to lyin'. But it was a lie I done told to him, to John. It warn't all right about that there patent. I couldn't git no patent on the reaper, for there'd been one almost 'zackly like it patented about five years ago. The lawyer said it often happened that two persons hit upon the same thing who had never seen or heard of each other. Well, I came back sad enough, I can tell ye, jest a-wonderin' how I was goin' to break the bad news to John. Ye all know how long he'd been a-workin' on that there reaper and how his heart was set on it. I found him a-dyin'. But when he looked at me with them dyin' eyes, with his soul a-questionin' of me, I jest couldn't tell him the truth, I jest felt a longin' to make that last dyin' moment of his'n happy, and—and I lied to him. He died happy, did John, but what's a-worryin' of me now is—will the good Lord hold that lie agin me?"

He paused. No one spoke, but Solomon Craley read no condemnation upon the faces about him as his sad eyes searched one after the other wistfully. Even the minister of God could find no words of censure for that untruth of Solomon Craley.

MARVELS OF MEMORY

By George H. Youngman

AN old lady in a remote country district in Scotland was locally famous for the strength of her memory. She could on Monday repeat verbatim the sermon she had heard the day before.

A minister who had occupied the pulpit one Sunday, having heard the fame of this attentive hearer, called on her next day and put her memory to the test.

She stood it well, but during the delivery of his discourse the preacher had been annoyed by a restless canine that caused disturbance. Parenthetically he instructed the church officer to "put out that dog." The old lady with the retentive memory repeated the passage about the dog as if it had been an integral portion of the discourse.

An itinerant lecturer assured his audiences that he could teach the art of remembering everything; but some doubt was thrown on his assertion when he went away and forgot his umbrella!

The important part which the eye plays in memory must not mislead us as to the seat of the faculty, which is in the brain.

Persons born blind never have a true notion of light and colors, and never dream about them; but John Milton, having once seen a beautiful world, can describe it after he becomes blind, having the recollections stored in his brain.

What is the brain like in its capacity of storehouse? and what should we see if we could reduce our stature to infinitesimal proportions and travel along the corridors of the brain?

Does it contain galleries of pictures? Is it furnished with shelves and pigeonholes for the classification and care of records and messages? It is impossible to conceive what kind of apparatus or fittings can at once be suitable for storing up pictures and sounds and all varieties of impressions received from all the senses.

Nor can we discover any curious machinery, even with the microscope, for the structure of the gray matter is so minute as to defy the powers of the lens, and all that we can detect is an agglomeration of minute cells.

A calculation has been made regarding the number of these brain cells.

The cells vary in size from one three-hundredth of an inch in diameter to one three-thousandth, and this being known, it is not difficult to estimate the entire number of them in the brain.

Dr. Hooke, the mathematician, said 3,155,760,000; but according to Maynert's calculation the number of cerebral cells is only 600,000,000.

If all the cells were one three-hundredth of an inch in diameter there would be room for 27,000,000 of them in one cubic inch, and therefore for 3,618,000,000 in the whole; but since many of the cells are smaller, the total number must be greater. Let us, however, be content with the 3,618,000,000.

What is a million? The Bible, Old and New Testament together, is said to contain about three and a quarter millions of letters; we should, therefore, have to pile up 1113 copies of the scriptures to get a heap containing as many letters as the brain contains cells.

As each cell may accommodate one idea or thought, probably even a smaller storehouse would suffice for the wants of the average human creature. On the other hand, when great thinkers require more accommodation they may perhaps be able to grow more

brain cells; and Webster did tell a great American scholar that he had to change the size of his hat every few years.

The next question is, on what principle of arrangement our ideas are stored away. How are they grouped together?

Do all the scientific thoughts congregate in one region, all literary ideas in another, all notions of morals in a third? There is an admitted law of the association of ideas. It is common to say that in desultory conversation "one thing leads to another," and this is also true of our solitary musings; the thoughts ramble on, and we are very soon far away from our starting point.

If a man on getting up in the morning says to his wife, "My dear, I see the stable door is open—what was it our minister said on Sunday about the Sadduces?" the wife may not see the connection of thought. Yet, probably, there was a chain of ideas, and the links may have been the following: "Stable open—horse stolen—I'll track the thief by the impressions of the horse's hoofs printed on the soft soil—printed, a wonderful art; when Dr. Faust invented printing he was charged with having dealings with the devil—but the Sadduces can hardly have believed in a devil if they denied the existence of angels and spirits; and what was it our minister said on Sunday?"

To fix a thing in the mind we must get it linked on to something we know already. Hence, the more we know the easier it is to add to our knowledge; because so many old ideas stretch out their hands to take hold of the new ones and give them welcome.

Memories tend to fade.

Montaigne's memory was so bad that he thought he ought to be celebrated for its imperfection. At the same time he consoled himself with the reflection that, therefore, he never could venture to tell lies.

Dr. C. B. Ratcliffe tells us of a French lady, who had lived in France until she reached her 16th year, and up to that time spoke only French. Then she came to England, and began to speak English.

When about 20 years of age, she married an American gentleman, and from that time, for about twenty years, she lived sometimes in America, sometimes in England, speaking English habitually and French scarcely ever.

When Dr. Ratcliffe saw her her mind was feeble, and that was all, but, about two years afterward, he found she had forgotten everything connected with her married life, her English not excepted; and if asked who she was and where she was, she gave her maiden name, and mentioned the street where she had lived in Paris when a girl.

Among those who have performed great feats of memory may be mentioned Dr. Fuller, author of the "Worthies of England." He could repeat another man's sermon after hearing it once, and could repeat 500 words in an unknown language after hearing them twice.

He one day undertook to walk from Temple Bar to the farthest end of Cheapside, and to repeat on his return every sign on either side of the way, in the order of their occurrence—and he did it easily.

In such feats as this the eye plays a chief part, yet blind people also have good memories. Rev. B. J. Johns, Chaplain to the blind asylum, London, testifies that a large number of pupils learned the Psalter, and that one young man was there who could repeat not only the whole of the 150 Prayer Book Psalms and a large number of metrical psalms and hymns, as well as a considerable amount of modern poetry, including Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," but the whole of Milton's "Paradise Lost," with marginal notes and a biography.

Lord Macaulay on one ocasion re-

peated to himself the whole of "Paradise Lost" while crossing the Irish channel.

At another time, waiting in a Cambridge coffee house for a postchaise, he picked up a country newspaper containing two poetical pieces—one, the "Reflections of an Exile," and the other a "Parody on a Welsh Ballad"—looked them once through, never gave them a further thought for forty years, and then repeated them without the change of a single word.

Macaulay's mind, some one has said, was like a dredging net, which took up all that it encountered, both good and bad, nor ever seemed to feel the burden. Very much unlike a dredging net, and more like a strainer, are the minds of some other persons, who carefully select what they will retain or have a natural facility for remembering special classes of facts, George Bidder for figures, Sir W. Scott for verses, Mezzofanti for languages.

Sir W. Scott, quoting the old Borderer, who had no command of his memory, and only retained what hit his fancy, says that his own memory was of precisely the same kind; it seldom failed to preserve most tenaciously a favorite passage of poetry, a playhouse ditty, or, above all, a border-raid ballad, "but names, dates and other technicalities of history escaped me (he says) in a most melancholy degree."

There are a hundred different varieties of memory; and perhaps we cannot altogether choose which we will possess, though every sort, when we have the germs of it, may be cultivated.

The most useful memory is one which makes a discriminating selection, winnowing out the chaff; which stores up principles, typical facts and illustrative cases; which arranges its stores in methodical order, and is able to fetch out the right thing without hesitation.

To learn anything by heart the best plan is to read a sentence and repeat it without a book; then read the next sentence and repeat the two, and so on. Repetition is of great importance, "line upon line." More is learned and remembered by reading through one book twice than by reading two books once.

After a thing has been learned it must be recalled and gone over at intervals, or the impression will fade away. Dr. M. Granville says we should take out our ideas and dust them sometimes.

THE OLD MEERSCHAUM

Horse Car Conductor to intoxicated man — "You must throw away that cigar or leave the front end of the car."

Intoxicated individual's soliloquy after casting the cigar into the street — "I—I hat-ed ter throw that away, it's one I've smoked for years."

EVOLUTION OF THE FAMILY

By Ellen Battelle Dietrick

AMONGST the Primates two interesting pictures of pre-human family life are represented by the orang-outang and the chimpanzee. The former doubtless depicts in germ that state of primitive society which developed into what is called the matriarchal system, a system under which all the great nations of antiquity were evolved with the mother as head of her family. Travelers in the forest describe the orang-outangs as being almost invariably found in groups led by a female who is attended—and when necessary defended—by her sons and brothers or other young males of the tribe, evidently her subordinates. Family life, with masculine and feminine members, exists amongst the orang-outangs, but it is the matriarchal and not the patriarchal system. Primitive man's inheritance was not a patrimony, but a matrimony! a word which gradually lost its original significance. His city was a metropolis—the city of the mother. The cultured inhabitant of Egypt, learned in all the wisdom of Isis, —that great "I am" of the Nile—traced his ancestry back through a long line of glorious maternal ancestors; the names of his paternal progenitors were to him a matter of comparative indifference. "Why is it," muses the Greek of the succeeding patriarchal age, "that there are three names for the earth, and yet these three are all names of women?" As we now know, it was because of the primacy of women when humanity first began to apply names to the earth. Along this line, led and ruled by the mother, traveled that branch of the human race which established the great civilization of Egypt, Babylonia, India. These were civilizations which worshipped a Great Mother, a Creatress of the world, a Generatress of mankind. Under a thousand names to this parent mankind lifted his first prayers. To her the ancient Acadian prayed, "May Bahu, the Great Mother, the Generatress of mankind, restore the blessing of health to the body." To this Great Mother he sang in praise:

"Thou art the mighty fortress of the mountains,
Thou art their mighty bolt, O my glory!"

And to this hymn of worship the temple choir of female and male singers responded for the divinity:

"As Queen of heaven above and earth below
May my glory be addressed;
My glory sweeps away the mountains."

She was not only the heavenly mother, who loved, pitied and protected her children. She was also the "Lady of Battles," who guided warriors to success.

Such was the outcome of the family life following the example of the queen bee and the orang-outang.

The chimpanzee, on the other hand, is, as it were, a case of arrested development of the monogamic family, a type which had appeared ages earlier amongst the birds, and in which equality of power and interest in the family is possessed by both parents. Together the male and female chimpanzee build their dwelling-place in the forked branches of a strong tree, Monsieur and Madame working together intelligently and carefully, walling it about and roofing it over to protect their offspring from the wind and rain, little villages of such huts being found in neighboring trees. On a sunny day the adults may

be seen lazily sitting on the grass, watching the gambols of the juveniles as they swing themselves from branch to branch in trapeze performance, chasing and pelting each other or catching at gnats and butterflies, as if there were no such thing as poverty and pessimism in existence.

The prototype of the patriarchal family is found in the brutal and polygamous gorilla, a family which elevates brute force above intelligence. It first appears in history in those savage and perpetually quarrelling tribes issuing from the Arabian desert,—the Semites, a jealous, sensuous race, which is late in attaining civilization, owing its literature and culture to the great monarchies evolved from the Matriarchate. In the contact of the savage Semites with Egypt, Babylonia and India (the latter not occurring until the eleventh century of our era) began a duel between the sexes, a struggle in which man sought to subordinate woman in the family,—a mushroom stage of human experience whose longest duration is scarce more than 2500 years, and in whose declining days we are living, the modern friendly compact between husband and wife, recognizing two heads in council, now gradually displacing the notion of "*Baron et feme*—the master and his woman," as expressed in the old Gaulish law phrase quoted by Blackstone.

Man played a very insignificant part in the family in every branch of the human race until long after women ceased to act as warriors. While part of the female sex, as Amazons, represented the whole in battle, there was no chance for man, purely as man, to attain superiority either in home, church or State so long as the ruling power was militant. The Amazons were not only magnificent warriors, but superb huntresses, and in times of peace they ruled as priestesses and judges. The star of man, in a still warlike period, rose only as woman became too refined and civilized to fight. Sarah commands and is obeyed by Abraham in an age when a Deborah acts as commander-in-chief of the Israelitish army. The situation in the family is reversed when delicate Esthers are wearing veils in luxurious harems,—the extreme of reaction from woman on the battlefield. The patriarchate was the natural recoil from the matriarchate. But action and reaction are followed by equilibrium, and the idea of equilibrium of all rights, duties and privileges (public or domestic) between man and woman is now succeeding the first and second despotisms of the race. One of these two systems of family was no whit higher than the other. Considering the sole interest of woman, as a sex, the matriarchate was certainly most to her advantage. Considering the interest of man alone the patriarchate undoubtedly redounded most to his glory. But considering the human race as a whole, equality of power is beyond question the safest, wisest and altogether fairest adjustment of human relations. This full equality of opportunities and equal freedom from either's control is the goal towards which both sexes are surely marching as the climax of evolution.

There has been a good deal of boasting done by man during the patriarchal age, but the present rapid accumulation of knowledge of those marvellous civilizations created under the matriarchate has already shown him of considerable conceit. We have learned from the recently recovered histories of those mother-worshipping peoples that the world went just about as well under the mother's despotism as under the father's, and that neither was anything to boast of. In short, we have had enough of despotism. Filial duty reached its apex under the matriarchate, but, beautiful as "filial duty" sounds in the ears of parents, the era of the most perfect filial duty was an age of absolute slavery for the child. The mother

might legally put her new-born infant to death, sell her children into bondage or dispose of them in marriage. Against the mother's wishes children had no individual rights which anyone was bound to respect. The compensation of the daughter was that she, too, acquired power over her children when she became a parent, but this compensation was long, long denied to the son.

Woman finally led the world to civilization by herself ceasing to fight—by becoming non-resisting. This was the method for establishing universal peace of which Christ became so persistent an advocate. Peacefulness begat peacefulness, just as resistance had prolonged resistance. Thus the voluntary subjection of woman to man was a passing world-drama in which "she stooped to conquer." Every arbitration between nations to-day, every settlement by mutual concession of the quarrels of the commercial world, is a sign of the growth of civilized femininity in man. This is "Das Ewig-Weibliche" of Goethe,—the true wisdom of the world which leads us.

AUTHORS AND BOOKS

Poems by John Keats. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Arlo Bates. Athenæum Press Series. Ginn & Co.: Boston and London.

This series is intended to furnish a library of the best English literature from Chaucer to the present time in a form adapted to the needs of both the student and the lay-reader. In the editing of the present volume, Mr. Arlo Bates has shown not a little appreciation and considerable felicity of adaptation. It is true he has discarded several conventionalities that have hitherto been held sacred in the editing of Keats, but it is safe to assert that the poet has lost nothing thereby. The editor believes deeply in treating the work of the masters with reverence; but he believes also that the truest reverence is shown when devotion is guided by common sense. Hence it is that he has allowed himself the liberty of altering the usual arrangement of the poems, and of modifying to some extent the spelling and punctuation.

In his introduction he treats at length of several of the open questions that have gathered about Keats and his work —namely, the influence of Leigh Hunt's friendship, the effect of the poet's association with the "Cockney School," the result upon Keats's sensitive nature of the vehement adverse criticism from *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Quarterly Review,* and the familiar comment that Keats was essentially a Greek. An attempt was made also to mark wherein the poet's power lay and wherein also lay his limitations. Concerning the first the answer is made in his "thrilling sensitiveness to sensuous beauty," as summed up in the oft-quoted lines:

" 'Beauty is truth, truth is beauty,' that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know." Concerning his faults, we find that they are termed the faults of youth and a lavishly gifted genius. Of his lack of the moral sense, no vindication is offered; his poetry must be judged for what it is, and not for what might have been had Keats lived to develop a moral sense, or to acquire an ethical fibre.

Of the selected poems there are forty-one in number, these of course including "Samia," "Endymion," "Sleep and Poetry," "Isabella," "Hyperion," "The Odes," and "The Eve of St. Agnes." These in the main represent the poet's greatest work, and the highest flights of his genius. For the leading notes of his life, we may sum up, as Lord Houghton put it: "The publication of three small volumes of verse, some earnest friendships, one profound passion, and a premature death, are the only incidents of his career."

Familiar Trees and Their Leaves. By F. Schuyler Mathews. D. Appleton & Company. New York.

A book treating of technical subjects in an untechnical way. Aside from its value to the botanist, it appeals directly to the lover of nature, opening up for his appreciation a new world of absorbing interest in objects that are often too familiar to receive any depth of consideration. The book stands as a notably successful attempt to give to trees and their foliage an individuality wholly aside from their name and classification, and botanical technicalities. To the unobservant eye, leaves, together with not a few of the other common objects of our lives, are prone to be regarded as though they were the worth-

less, homely and uninteresting things in an otherwise beautiful creation. We use the expression, "Nothing but leaves," regardless of a possible anomaly. We do not pause to consider the part that foliage plays in the realm of nature's handiwork. Were such the case we should allot to the woods about us a hitherto unheeded significance.

The book itself, besides containing a remarkably intelligent text, is supplemented with some two hundred and odd sketches taken by the author from nature. The treatment of the subject is a happy one. It affords an easy and personal method of apprehending the verdure and the sublimeness of the woods. No effort is made to discover or record scientific facts. It is not an analytical study for merely the botanist's eye. The method of treatment is rather one which invites and interests the lay reader. In these crowded days of materialistic tendences such books as the one under note, that attempt to draw our appreciation towards healthier sources, cannot fail to serve a commendable purpose. It is not to be supposed with all our progress that we are even now above learning a lesson or two from nature.

White Jacket; or, The World in a Man-Of-War. By Herman Melville. 50 cents; cloth, $1.00. New York: American Publishers Corporation.

This is the first issue in paper covers of this valuable book. "White Jacket; Or. Life in a Man-of-War," is by many considered to be Herman Melville's best book. In 1843 this delightfully interesting author shipped as ordinary seaman on board a United States frigate, then lying in a harbor of the Pacific Ocean. After remaining in this frigate for more than a year, he was discharged from the service upon the vessel ariving home. His man-of-war experiences and observations are incorporated in the present volume. His pictures of life in the forecastle, and his description of what takes place in the various sections of a man-of-war are not only instructive, but are as captivating as they are true. As one would expect, withal the discipline and essential routine of the service, the book teems with startling incidents and accidents, boils over with fun, and presents, in its 374 beautifully printed pages, facts for philosophers, "pointers" for ethologists, and fascinating reading for everybody.

Moby Dick; or, The White Whale. By Herman Melville. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1 00. New York. American Publishers Corporation.

This is a good time to read Herman Melville's delightful books, and "Moby Dick; Or. The White Whale," is one of intense interest. It is now, for the first time, issued in paper covers. It verifies the truth of the old song:

"Oh, the rare old Whale, 'mid storm and gale,
In his ocean home will be
A giant in might, where might is right,
And King of the boundless sea."

The habits, life history, and sensational death of the great white whale, whose skeleton was found to measure seventy-two feet, are told in an absorbing manner in this excellent volume, whose literary merits are of the highest order. One of the many interesting features of the book is the faithful representation it affords of seafaring men of different nationalities. In one instance we find, working together in the same night watch, sailors from France, Spain, Denmark, England, China, Iceland and—Long Island. Their sea chants and ship parlance are given in English and afford the reader a study in rhetoric.

The book is printed in large type, on excellent paper, and is enjoyable, with equal relish, by both old and young readers. Its interest is increased by its excellent full-page illustrations. At the close of the book are several pages of extracts from the writings of various authors having reference to the whale.

Omoo; A Narrative of Adventures in the South Sea. By Herman Melville. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00. New York. American Publishers Corporation.

This book, now for the first time, issued in paper covers, as well as in cloth, supplies a sequel to the author's famous "Typee." It necessarily begins where "Typee" concludes, but has no further connection with the latter work. All that is necessary for the reader to learn, who has not read "Typee," is given in the introduction to "Omoo." While it is justly said of "Typee" that the book is as valuable ethnologically as it is interesting to the lover of the strange and thrilling, the same comment will, with equal veracity, apply to "Omoo." The typography, the illustrations, the paper, and the bindings, are all of the first class, and no lover of the strange and true, of travel and adventure told in classic fiction and adapted for enjoyment by readers of all ages and classes, should fail to read each one of Herman Melville's four books: "Typee," "Omoo," 'White Jacket," and "Moby Dick." There are no better sea stories or narratives of adventure than these supply.

A New Issue of Old South Leaflets. Directors of the Old South Work. Old South Meeting House, Boston.

Eight Old South Leaflets have just been published by the directors of the Old South work in Boston, bringing the number of leaflets in this invaluable series up to 73. The new leaflets are those which have been prepared week by week during the summer in connection with the Old South lectures for young people on the American Historians. The first of these leaflets, No. 66, is a reprint of Winthrop's famous "Little Speech" on Liberty, as given in the old Governor's Journal; No. 67 is Cotton Mather's "Bostonian Ebenezer," from the "Magnalia"; No. 68, Governor Hutchinson's account of the Boston Tea Party, from his "History of Massachusetts Bay"; 69, Adrian Van der Donck's Description of New Netherlands in 1655; 70, The Debate in the Constitutional Convention of 1787 on the Rules of Suffrage in Congress; 71, Columbus's Memorial to Ferdinand and Isabella, on his Second Voyage; 72. The Dutch Declaration of Independence in 1581; 73, Captain John Knox's Account of the Battle of Quebec. These leaflets, it is interesting to know, are finding their way by thousands into the schools, immensely stimulating the habit of studying history in its original sources. Furnished at five cents a copy, the mere cost of printing, placing in the hands of the people papers of the highest value and importance otherwise almost inaccessible to most, they are a boon to all students and to the public.

Lincoln's Campaign, or The Political Revolution of 1860. By Osborn H. Oldroyd. Laird & Lee, Publishers. Chicago.

A book belonging to the class of literature that becomes especially timely on the eve of political struggles. It is prompted from the consideration that in many respects the canvass of 1860 was analogous to that of the present year. The obvious inference is that from lessons of the past we may learn how to act in the future. Whether this maxim is to be generally honored and adhered to in the approaching election is as yet an open question. It is to be hoped, however, that the one who is to be placed at the helm of this country will have the welfare of all the people at heart, as did Abraham Lincoln, the nominee of 1860. The book contains fourteen portraits and biographies of the presidential possibilities of 1896.

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From a painting by H. Le Rolle

The Nativity.—"This stable was not a part of the Inn, or Khan, but was one of the numerous lime-stone caves of Bethlehem attached to a private house"

THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. V. NOVEMBER, 1896. NO. 2

CHRIST AND HIS TIME

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

INFANCY

The Annunciation to Zacharias — The Annunciation to Mary — The Birth at Bethlehem

From a painting by H. Lauenstein

Cradle Song

AS the dawn faintly kindled on the summit of distant Hermon, then burst into flame from the highest pinnacle of the Temple, the priests, with a threefold blast of silver trumpets, woke Jerusalem to the life of a new day.

It was an October day, in the year 748 from the building of Rome, or toward the close of the sixth year before the Christian era. The course of Abia officiated this day in the Temple. The priests, according to the ancient order established by David, were divided into twenty-four courses or relays, and each course was on duty in the Temple, a week at a time, twice a year. Abia was the name of the eighth of these courses, whose duties fell this year in April and October.

The trumpet blast at daybreak was the signal for morning worship. All was ready in the Temple; the lots were cast to mark those of the priests who were to take part in the sacrifice itself; the courts inspected; the gates swung open; the lamb led out and placed in mystic fashion on the altar; the Holy Place made ready for the incense offering; and now priests and people are assembled as the superintending priest sprinkles the sacrificial blood, from the golden bowl, upon the altar.

Once more the lot is cast, to indicate him who is to pass within the Holy Place and make the incense offering—the highest and solemnest part of the day's services. Among the probable fifty priests about the altar the lot marks Zacharias.

Zacharias was an old man and well-known in the Temple. He had the double distinction of being a priest and having for his wife the daughter of a priest. His long life had been spent in the Temple, but the honor of incensing had never fallen to him before. It could come to a priest only once in his lifetime, for it brought him so much nearer the Divine Presence than any other priestly act, and was so fraught with blessing, that every one was thus given the greatest possible chance to obtain it.

Instead of living in the Ophel quarter in Jerusalem or in Jericho, the other priest centre, Zacharias dwelt in a city of Juda, in the hill country, probably at Hebron. Both the priest and his wife Elizabeth were now well stricken in years, and were known by their neighbors as righteous and blameless.

During all these years, however, a cloud had hung over the home of Zacharias, an unsatisfied longing had eaten at his heart, a growing desire had burdened all his prayers—his home was childless.

A deep grief this to the old priest, a bitter reproach to Elizabeth, his wife!

But the glowing coals from the burnt sacrifice are spread upon the golden altar that stands before the heavy veil of the Holy of Holies, the helping priest withdraws, and Zacharias with the censor is alone within the Holy Place.

The people in the courts have drawn away from the altar and with the priests are prostrate before the Lord. A hush broods over the Temple. It is the hour of prayer. Every devout Jew the world over is kneeling before Jehovah in supplication for the redemption of Israel.

Zacharias in the Temple. "At the right side of the altar stands an angel"
From a painting by Giotto di Bondone

From a painting by Guido Reni

The Annunciation.—"It was in the sacred privacy of her own chamber at the hour of prayer that the angel came with the peace-greeting from on high"

Girlhood of Mary
From a painting by Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Zacharias waits before the altar for the signal to spread the incense. It comes, and seeing the offering kindle, the perfume clouds arise that symbol Israel's ascending prayers, he bows in worship to withdraw, when, suddenly, a shining light fills all the place and a wondrous vision holds him.

On the right side of the altar stands an angel. Fear falls on the priest. The heavenly messenger speaks: "Fear not, Zacharias, for thy prayer is heard." "Thy prayer"—the one long prayer of his life, the one passionate yearning of his heart for a son—is heard! Elizabeth shall bear him a son, whose name the angel says shall be John ("the Lord is gracious"). This is to be no common child, for not only will his parents rejoice at his birth but many shall hear and rejoice. And he shall be great in the sight of the Lord, a Nazarite for life

and a prophet and teacher of such power in Israel that to him will be given the great commission of preparing a way and making ready the people for the coming of their Lord.

So long had Zacharias offered his prayer that he now had almost ceased to expect an answer, and, as the angel announces not only the fulfillment of his petitions, but the abounding promises that no father would have dreamed of asking, the old priest's faith entirely fails, and, instead of thanking God, he, doubting, asks a sign that he may believe.

He asks, and receives at once a sign

The Angel's Greeting.—"Mary was probably fourteen or fifteen year's old"
From a painting by A. Seifert

and a punishment for his lack of faith. "Thou shalt be silent and not able to speak until the day that these things shall come to pass." And with this the Angel Gabriel vanished.

Meanwhile the people without wondered at the unusual delay. Their prayers were said and they waited the priest's return, for his benediction and dismissal. Anxiety and fear took possession of them as he lingered longer and longer in the Holy Place. Had anything happened to him? Had he approached God unworthily and been struck dead by the Almighty?

At last he comes forth and standing on the top of the steps stretches out his hands to pronounce the benediction. His lips move but the deep silence is unbroken, for he is dumb. He has received the sign, and the people, wondering and awe-struck, disperse, knowing he has seen a vision.

THE ANNUNCIATION TO MARY

Six months had not yet passed when the angel once more appeared. He brought the same strange message this time that he brought to Zacharias, only this was still more wonderful.

He came this second time, not in answer to the prayers of one priest, but to the life-long cry of a world. He appeared not in Jerusalem of Judea in the Holy Place of the Temple, between the golden altar and the seven-branched candlestick, while an aged priest offered incense, but in the little village of de-

The Angel Gabriel
From a painting by Paul Delaroche

From a painting by Raphael

Marriage of Mary and Joseph

spised Nazareth, in the land of Galilee, at the humblest of the homes of the poor, to Mary, the espoused wife of the village carpenter.

Mary was at her parents home. She was not yet married to Joseph, only betrothed to him. But a betrothal in Galilee was as sacred and its obligations as binding as marriage. It could not be dissolved except by a legal writ of divorce. The betrothal took place in the presence of the maiden's parents,

at her home, and though a second ceremony was necessary before they were really married, any breach of the betrothal vows was considered adultery.

Mary was probably fourteen or fifteen years old. It is still the custom in the East to marry at this and even an earlier age, and tradition is almost unanimous in making the virgin mother young as well as beautiful. It is impossible for us to see her in any other light than through the halo of her divine motherhood. And why not beautiful? Could the mother of Jesus, as we know Him, have been other than of the purest loveliness? But she was poor and a peasant? Yes, but the blood of kings coursed through her veins and an eternal kingdom had been promised to her family. Mary was of the royal lineage of David, king of Israel. She was doubtless the cousin of Joseph, who was a direct descendant of David and the legal heir to his throne. Mary, on her mother's side, could also claim kinship with the priesthood, being a cousin of Elizabeth, the wife of Zacharias.

It was in the sacred privacy of her own chamber, at the hour of prayer, that the angel came with the peace-greeting from on high, and with the marvelous revelation of God's great favor and untold blessings for her. In the simplicity of her religious and child-like nature she was not startled by the heavenly visitor. Angels had visited earth before; they had come with tidings from Jehovah, they had come to the help of Israel, and it is not strange that she, who had always lived in the Old Testament atmosphere, whose very breath was prayer, should see visions and dream dreams.

Place of Appearance to the Shepherds
From a photograph

But the bright stranger spoke and the dream was no longer a dream. His words filled her heart with awe and dread questioning. "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God," and thus reassuring her, Gabriel tells her that she, among all women, is most

She to be the mother of the Messiah! She to be the mother of Him for whom all waited and prayed! In the dawn of her bewildering hope, as the first waves of the great new joy sweep over her, she asks what she shall do. She does not doubt the message

Holy Night
From a painting by H. Grass

blessed, for God, the Father, has chosen her to be the mother of His Son, whose name shall be Jesus. He is to be the Saviour of His people, the promised king of David's line. His the greatness; His the glory; His the kingdom, forever and ever. He is to be the Chosen One of Israel, the long-looked-for Messiah.

of the angel—every woman in Israel cherished a faint hope of the great honor—she only asks, as she accepts the favor, "how?"—teach me what to do.

In familiar words the angel reveals to her the full truth and tells her how God has also blessed Elizabeth, her own kinswoman. In reverent and humble submission Mary joyfully exclaims,

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to Thy word." And the angel departed from her.

Left alone with her mysterious secret, what should she do? It was too great to be kept. She must have sympathy and advice. There were none in Nazareth in whom she could confide; but had not the angel told her of Elizabeth? Had not the Lord blessed her in like manner? Surely she would understand; and to her she could open her heart. She determines to visit Elizabeth, and with haste departs for Hebron, nearly a hundred miles to the south—a long and dangerous journey for a maiden, who, being poor, perhaps traveled every mile of the way on foot. But her exalted spirit carries her along until she and Elizabeth meet, when her fervor breaks forth in one of the loftiest and grandest of hymns.

What greetings they were between the two mothers—the mother of "the preparer" to the mother of Him for whom he would prepare.

Mary lingered at Hebron nearly three months. Soon the joyful event would take place in the priest's home and Mary must now return to Nazareth. We can understand the dread with which she thought of breaking the news of her condition to her parents, and especially to her betrothed. She was conscious of her own purity, but she feared, and not without reason, that they would not understand. Joseph was a just man and was troubled at her words. He would not make a public example of her, but "was minded to put her away privily." While he hesitates between hope and fear, the truth is made plain to him in a dream. He hesitates no longer, but conscious of his duty, immediately takes Mary as his wife.

But now there is great rejoicing in the far-off hills of Hebron. The promise is fulfilled and to Zacharias and Elizabeth a boy is born. It was at the circumcision on the eighth day—the day of days in a Jewish household—that the

At Bethlehem
From a painting by W. C. T. Dobson

From a painting by M. Feuerstein

Holy Night—"She wrapped Him in swaddling cloths and laid Him in a manger."

The Appiration to the Shepherds.—"Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy"
From a painting by B Plockhorst

child received his name. During the closing prayer of the ceremony, in which the name was inserted, the priest called him Zacharias, after his father, but Elizabeth interrupts the prayer and says not Zacharias, but John.

For explanation, they turn to the father, who, calling for a slate, writes, "John." With astonishment they read the name; but, when, as the word is written, the father's tongue is loosed and he breaks forth in praises to God, they are struck with fear. Now they depart to their own homes and spread the strange news abroad until all in the hill country have heard, and wonder what manner of child this shall be.

THE BIRTH AT BETHLEHEM

It was in April that Mary visited

From a painting by L. Oliver Merson

The Arrival at Bethlehem.—"The inns were crowded, every available place occupied and no better shelter to be had than a stable."

Elizabeth. Now winter was come and one day in December, Mary, in company with Joseph, again starts from Nazareth on a long journey—to Bethlehem.

The occasion for this winter pilgrimage is far different from that which took her along these roads in spring on her way to Hebron. Then she was carried along by a wondrous secret in her heart; now she is driven forth by mandates of a hated foreign ruler.

Caesar Augustus had sent forth a decree from Rome "that all the world should be enrolled," and it is in answer to this summons, given to Herod or some Roman governor of Syria to execute, that Joseph and Mary are making their way to Bethlehem.

Palestine had paid tribute to Rome ever since Pompey encamped on the hills around Jerusalem, and though Herod was now king over the country, he was king only at the pleasure of Augustus, a mere vassal to the Roman emperor.

Augustus ordered this enrollment or census of the people that he might get a correct basis for taxation, "looking toward a complete estimate of property and population for the Roman world." It was a dangerous undertaking, however cautiously enforced, and needed time and wisdom for its accomplishment. So the list was made, the emperor did not care how it was made, and instead of forcing any distasteful foreign methods upon his subjects, he respected the peculiarities of every province and allowed each to make the census after its own custom.

Every Roman countryman went into his own city to be registered—that is, the city to which his birthplace was attached; but, by Jewish law, every one must be enrolled according to tribal or family relations, and so each returned to the "house of his fathers."

The Nativity
From painting by H. J. Sinkel

From a painting by Prof. E. Deger

"Ave Maria Gratia Plena"

Adoration of the Kings
From a painting by C. C. Pfannschmidt

Joseph and Mary, belonging to the house of David, were obliged, then, to return for registration to Bethlehem, their common ancestral home. The capitation tax may have been levied on all alike, male and female, and thus made it impossible for Mary to remain behind at Nazareth, but other and deeper reasons, perhaps, led her to desire a new home, and of all places, a home in Bethlehem. She could not have been ignorant of the prophecies and rabbinic teachings pointing to Bethlehem as the birthplace of the Messiah.

From Nazareth to Bethlehem was a slow and painful journey of eighty-five miles. Tradition is probably right in picturing Joseph, with leading-string and staff in hand, walking beside an ass on which Mary rides. They would

naturally choose the eastern route, both from a desire to avoid Samaria and because this way was the more traveled.

It led from Nazareth over the hills to the ford of the Jordan at Scythopolis, and, then following the eastern bank of the river along through Paraea, recrossed the Jordan at the fords near Jericho. Three days, at least, they must have been on the road and at this season of the year nothing could have been more cheerless than such slow traveling. The winter rains had set in, the fords were high, the roads were wet, and, though the grass was green and flowers could be seen here and there among the grey limestone rocks, still the whole landscape was as dreary as our own New England in the dark, wet days of November.

The winter sun had already gone down behind the peaks of Hebron as the two travelers wearily climbed the steep, ledgy road to the ancient town of Bethlehem. Here they were in the midst of all that, to them, was most hallowed and dear. In the deepening twilight they could see below them the very fields where Ruth gleaned behind the reapers of Boaz. Here, on the heights around them, David tended his father's sheep. Hither, over the road beneath their feet, came Samuel to annoint the youth king.

Wherever their eyes might fall were shrines of past power and glory that woke mingled feelings of pride and shame, of hope and despair, for here, a thousand years before, David was crowned King of Israel, while now, in dim outline against the dull evening sky, towering from the high head of *Jebel Fureidis* they could see the palace fortress of Herod.

Bethlehem was full of strangers, who, like Joseph and Mary, had come to be enrolled. The inns were crowded, every available place occupied, and no better shelter to be had than a stable. This stable was not a part of the inn, or *khan,* but was one of the numerous limestone caves of Bethlehem attached to a private house.

Over this cave now stands the Church of the Nativity, the oldest Christian church in the world. To this cave, as the birthplace of our Lord, the most ancient and trustworthy traditions point, and we have no reason whatever to doubt but that this is the very spot in which the world's greatest event took place.

Here, that night, the twenty-fifth of December, 749 A. U. C. in the soft gloom, Mary brought forth her first-born son; and she wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger.

On the hills, beyond the sleeping village, near *Migdal Eder,* or "Tower of the Flock," priest-shepherds were watching the flocks intended for Temple sacrifices. These sheep were pastured on the hills the year round, as they had to be in the fields thirty days before the passover, which occurred in February.

It was a clear and beautiful night, under the star-lit Syrian sky. The hills lay wrapped in shadows and the ancient pastures slept in silence, broken only by the bleating of the sheep or the far-off cry of a mountain wolf.

Suddenly, unannounced and unexpected, an angel stands before the shepherds; the glory of the Lord enwraps them, and terror overcomes them. But their fears dissolve in joy when the herald angel says, "Be not afraid: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people; for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this is the sign unto you; ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger."

Then the heavens opened, the starry skies rolled back, and, from beyond the lifted curtains of the night swept down

the angel hosts of heaven, singing:

Glory to God in the highest—
And upon earth peace—
Among men good pleasure!

Clearly, sweetly, the wondrous words fall on their ears; plainly, rapturously, the wondrous vision passes before their eyes; then, faintly fading, the sight and singing vanish, and the stars watch over all.

The shepherds, without waiting for the morning, leave their flocks and make their way rapidly into Bethlehem. The long-delayed, the long-prayed-for announcement has come, and they must see the new King. By the feeble light of a hostelry lantern they find the cave, and here, according to the angels' words, is the babe wrapped in the swaddling clothes lying in the manger.

It was a night of exultant rejoicing on the hills of Hebron, and the shepherds spread the good news till all that heard it wondered at the "things which were spoken unto them."

(To be continued)

HIS TRENCHANT PEN

By Mary E. Cardwill

GODFREY WARNER closed the door of the office and ran down stairs whistling gaily until he reached the sidewalk, when he ceased his tune and gave vent to his exuberance of spirits by swinging his cane vigorously as he walked rapidly up the street.

Godfrey was a rising young journalist. For several years he had been connected, in various capacities, with the Waterville Express, and six months before this time had received the promotion his soul coveted, to the position of literary editor.

Waterville was a town of strong intellectual ambitions and literary inclinations, and abounded in literary clubs, which, each and all, made much of the young journalist. He had become also the lion of the most exclusive social circles. Naturally this appreciation pleased him and increased his self-esteem, and no doubt had something to do with the somewhat rapid growth of his literary reputation. However that may be, his reputation was certainly growing. Metropolitan newspapers now quite frequently quoted his opinions and commended their author. That very morning he had clipped a half dozen or more complimentary references to himself from as many journals, and had modestly appended them to the matter prepared for his Saturday page of book reviews and literary news. One phrase in particular, which he placed as conspicuously as possible, had tickled his palate and all day he had rolled it as a sweet morsel under his tongue—"his trenchant pen."

These three little words gave zest to his day's work—reviews of several books which, in one instance at least, seemed to furnish unusual scope for his critical faculties. Moreover, he had accomplished more that day than he had ever done before in the same length of time. His stint for the week was disposed of, and he proposed to spend the following morning, the half holiday he had earned, in the country.

These combined causes accounted for his blithe mood. It so engrossed him that he scarcely saw anything or anybody in his walk, and as he turned a corner he started in surprise at the sound of a voice calling to him in most friendly tones, "Why, Warner, old fellow, how are you? You are the very man I am looking for."

"Herbert Brown, as I live," responded Godfrey, grasping the outstretched hand of his friend. "What are you doing here? I thought you were hundreds of miles away, in the South."

"I was called back suddenly a few days ago," replied Mr. Brown, a stalwart young man apparently a little older than Godfrey. "But come, let us take a turn in the park and I will tell you all about it."

The two young men crossed the street and entered the little park. They soon found seats in a retired spot, and Herbert began his story.

"You have heard of Miss Bertram of Arlington Heights, I presume. Perhaps you know her."

"Yes," answered Godfrey; "a bright girl, isn't she?"

"I think so," said Herbert, laconically, but with a gratified air. "It isn't strange that I do," he added, after a slight pause, "since I am engaged to her."

"Indeed," and Godfrey held out his

hand, "allow me to congratulate you."

"Thank you," said Herbert, soberly. "She is ill and that is why I returned. It is the reason also that I am here to see you. She is not strong," he continued, with what appeared irrelevance to his listener, "and is as sensitive as a flower to every adverse influence. Probably you are aware of her literary aspirations."

"I recall something to that effect," assented Godfrey, with an effort suppressing a smile as a witty remark by a sarcastic friend in reference to Miss Bertram inopportunely flashed upon his mind.

"She has recently written a book," resumed her betrothed, "and now her suspense in regard to its reception is proving too much for her. She is suffering from nervous prostration and her physician gives small hope for her recovery unless she can be aroused from her mental depression by some happy stimulus. She rallied when I came, but almost the first question she asked me was, 'Have you seen any review of my book?' She thinks and talks of nothing else.

"But to come to the point," he went on. "I sent you one of the books this morning, with a letter asking you to give it a notice in the Monday Times. I know it is too late for this week's Express, and next week's issue might be too late for her. I have come to forestall my letter you see with a personal interview. There is no telling the good a fair and kindly review from your pen may do her. It is a remarkable book; you cannot fail to admire it," he added, before Godfrey had time to reply.

"I will do the best I can for it," promised the latter, touched by his friend's story as well as pleased by the confidence shown in him.

The promise weighed on him, however, and early next morning he went, somewhat reluctantly it must be owned, to the office. He had forgotten the expected half-holiday. The review upon which a life might hang absorbed all other thoughts. No sense of absurdity in the situation came to him. Yet if the matter had been a responsibility devolving upon some one else he would have laughed at the idea of any author being killed by an unfavorable review. Now nothing moved him but an exaggerated consciousness of the importance of what he might say, and a fear lest he would be compelled to be false either to himself or to his friend.

"That awful book! Why did she write it? Why does fate compel me to review it?"

The first thing that met his eye when he reached his desk was Herbert's letter and near it the book. He removed the wrapper, and to his amazement and alarm the volume seemed familiar to him. Opening it at the title-page he found it to be the victim against which he had yesterday wielded his "trenchant pen." What should he do? Might there not be some mistake? He bethought him of the author. The name was certainly not Bertram, but, as he now saw very clearly, Allison Wallace.

"That is a man's name," he said to himself, with a sigh of relief, turning for confirmation to the letter. It was very brief:

"Dear Godfrey:

I send with this a book written by one very dear to me, Allison Wallace Bertram, of Arlington Heights. Will you kindly give it a notice in Monday's Times? The author is seriously ill, and it is thought a word of praise from your pen may be life-giving to her.

Very truly yours,

Herbert Brown."

Godfrey's heart sank within him. The review of the day before could not be recalled, and in spite of his dilemma, he did not want it recalled. Then suddenly the thought dawned upon him that a book worth the criticism he had lavished on the one in question must have some merit. He began to remember that it had appealed to him as an

unusual book. His conscience lashed him as he recollected words of praise that had thrust themselves into his mind and had been put aside for the sake of his reputation as a caustic critic. He had desired to see flaws only and had played the contemptible role of a mere fault-finder. Humbled more than he had ever been before, he again examined the volume. He became interested anew in the story. The blemishes were there, but seemed fewer, and the originality and beauty, of which he had before caught glimpses, now forcibly presented themselves. By evening he had written and sent to the Times a notice that would have caused any new writer's heart to sing for joy. And he felt confident his judgment was more honored by it than by his previous criticism. If Saturday's Express would only fail to reach Miss Bertram!

A week, two weeks, a month passed, and Godfrey heard nothing from Herbert and the outcome of the reviews. Uncontrollable anxiety finally took possession of him. To allay it he boarded the train one Sunday morning and rode to Arlington Heights, a village forty or fifty miles away. He walked out to the Bertram homestead in the suburbs. It seemed deserted. His heart sank within him. A servant came to the door and in response to his inquiry said the family had gone South. "You know," she added, "Miss Bertram died about a month ago from heart failure and——"

Godfrey did not stop to hear more, but turned hastily and in a semi-dazed condition of mind made his way back to the station and took the next train for home.

"That awful review!" he repeated again and again to himself. "I am a murderer."

The day following Godfrey received a letter in a black-bordered envelope addressed to him in Herbert's handwriting. When he had summoned sufficient courage to open it he read:

"My dear friend:

Pardon our delay in thanking you for your fine and appreciative notice in the Times of Allison's book. She denies that she is so weak as to be affected by such a thing, but I know your review gave her strength enough to meet the terrible shock of her invalid sister's death the next day. You probably heard of our marriage immediately after that sad event and of our coming here. Allison is improving rapidly in this genial clime, and an hour or two ago I ventured to show her your criticism in the Express. It piqued her a little at first, but soon she laughed heartily over it, saying how pleased Mr. Warner evidently was to find so many faults to attack with his trenchant pen.

With our cordial thanks and regards,

Very truly your friends,

Herbert and Allison Wallace Brown."

Condition of Armor Plate from the S.S. Indiana after the First Shot

THE NAVAL ORDNANCE PROVING GROUND

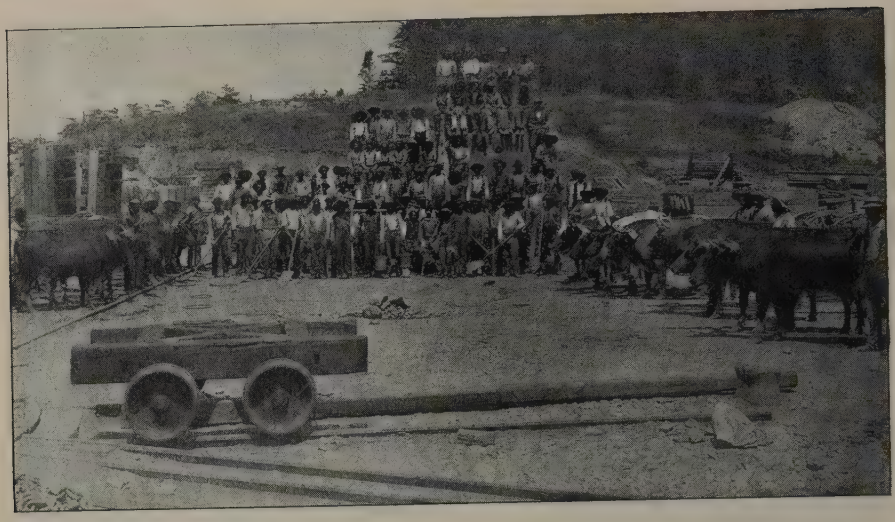
By Philip Andrews, U. S. N.

THE guns for our men-of-war, and the mounts on which they are installed on board ship, are all tested after manufacture at the Washington Navy Yard, at the Naval Proving Ground at Indian Head, Maryland, and their strength and efficiency made certain before they are issued to the service.

Indian Head is about twenty-five miles below Washington, on the Potomac River, and consists of a government reservation of about 800 acres of land. It is right on the river, and, as its name indicates, a bluff overlooking it. About fifty acres of this tract furnish fodder for stock and vegetables for the colony.

The colony consists of four officers, usually, including a doctor, their families, and about one hundred skilled workmen and laborers. Most of the men are negroes recruited from the near neighborhood, and are the ordinary Southern farm hand; some of them, however, have become quite skilled in the handling of guns and mounts. It is believed that they are the only collection of negroes who habitually move about at their business on the run. They learned this unusual habit when the proving ground was first started, and have never forgotten it. Even the oxen share this hustling spirit, and always move on the run.

It was the custom Saturday afternoons when no work was going on to gather the hands and oxen in a large field, and hold oxen races and foot races, which were intensely exciting and



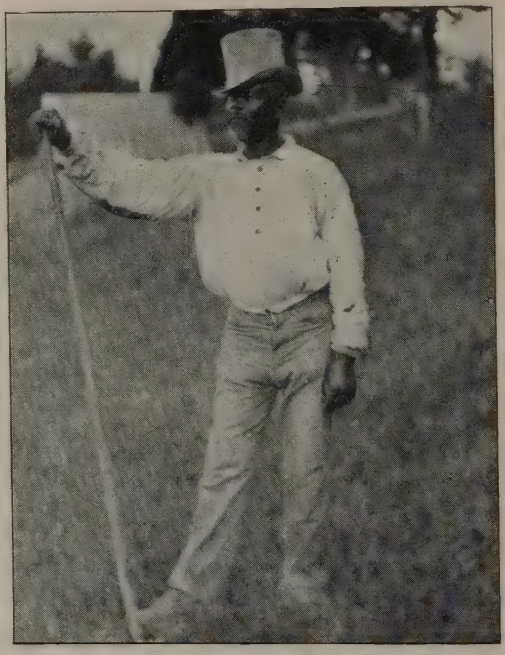
The Negro Employees and Oxen

amusing, and which produced that celerity of movement so seldom seen in oxen and negroes. The interest of the oxen in the races was very apparent in breakneck speed across the field. their eagerness to start and their

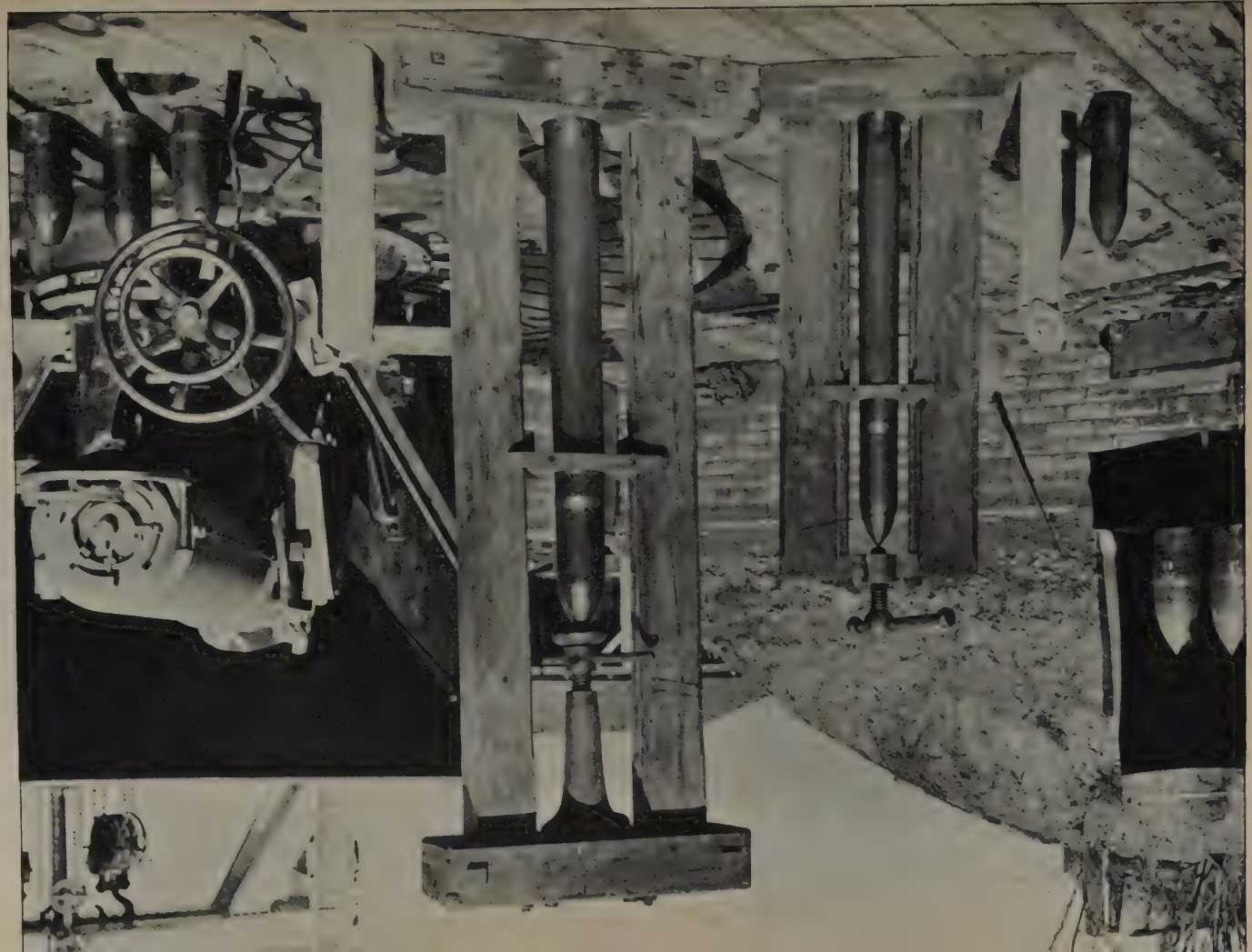
Quarters for officers and men, and barns or stables for stock, give part of the Proving Ground the appearance of a huge farm, but when one walks down off the bluff into the little valley where the testing of armor, guns and projectiles takes place, the scene changes.

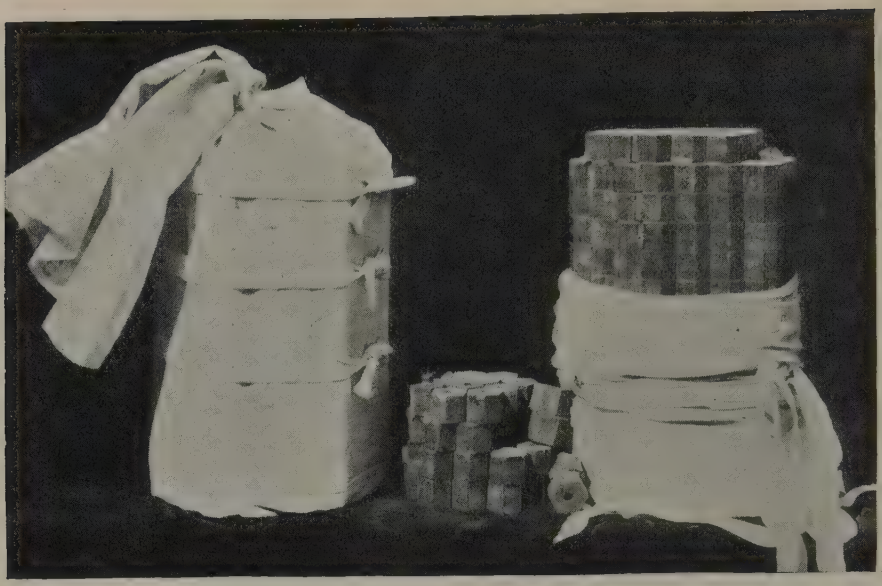
A wharf, built like a ferry-slip, makes a landing to which guns and mounts and armor plates are brought on a huge barge, towed down from the Washington Navy Yard. A crane takes the guns and heavy mounts, and moves on railroad tracks to any part of the valley, placing them where they are needed for test; the smaller guns and mounts are on flat cars from the time they leave the gun shops in Washington till they are placed in position for test at the Proving Ground.

On each side of the valley are platforms on which guns of any calibre may be mounted, and opposite each battery are firing butts or structures used in the tests of armor plates.



OLD UNCLE YUBE
The Oldest Employee at the Proving Ground





Powder Charges for Large Guns

A bomb proof, which insures safety for all who enter it, is conveniently at hand, and is much used. Farther up the valley, beyond the batteries, is a high explosive chamber in which the destructive effects of different shell are noted, or the force of different high explosives determined. People are inventing new explosives, and as each stands a chance of being better than the last, they must be tested.

The attitude toward inventions which might be useful is extremely liberal; in consequence, there are always a great variety of tests going on, no opportunity being lost to assist in the development of a useful engine of warfare.

Each gun and mount, before being issued to service, is tested by firing a number of rounds; and armor, shell and powder are likewise tested for their necessary qualities. The guns are fired at increasing pressures up to the limit, and carefully star-gauged or measured to the thousandth part of an inch, to see if any deformation has resulted.

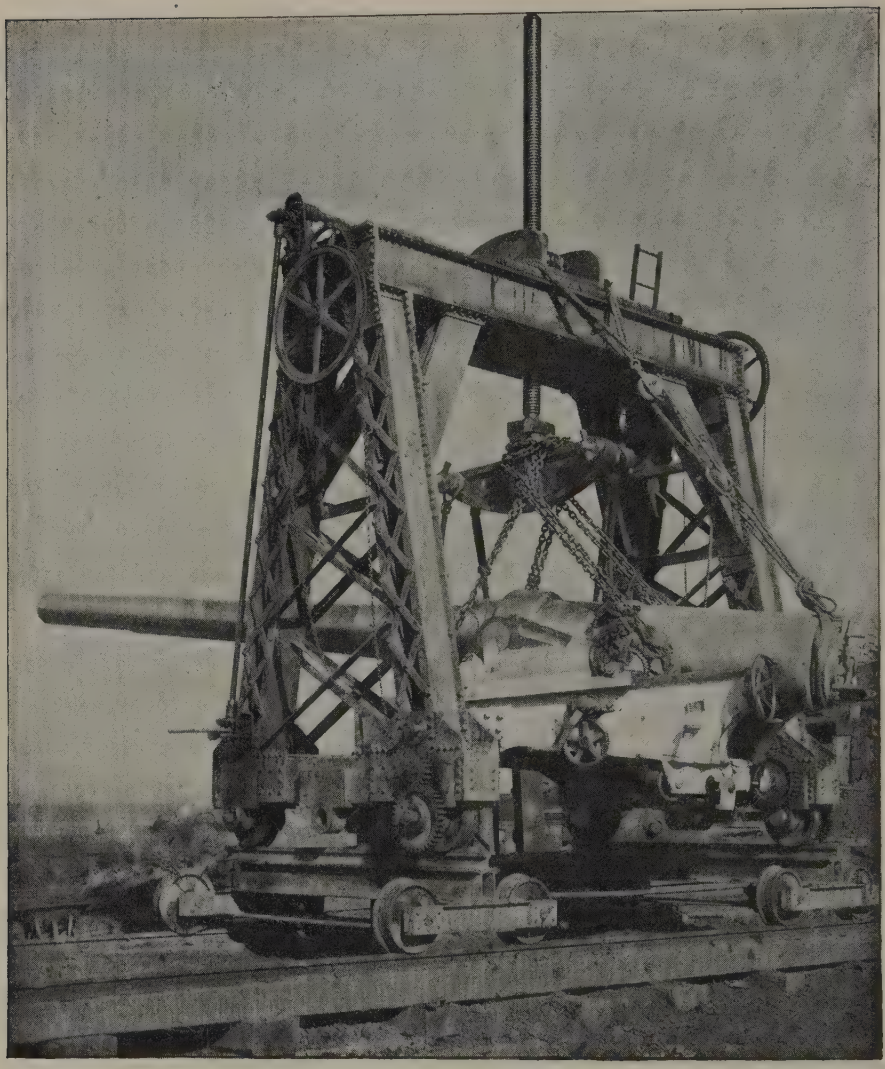
Advantage is taken of gun proof to test mounts, and powder and shell, at the same time, when possible; and mounts are carefully examined for any signs of weakness or failure to come up to the highest standard of efficiency.

Different lots of powder, made at different times or by different manufacturers, vary considerably in the pressure and velocity they produce, so that a sample of each lot is sent to the Proving Ground to determine whether it fulfils the requirements for acceptance.

Pressure gauges, depending for their principle on the compression of copper discs, placed in the gun, give the pressure, while the muzzle velocity is computed back from that found at several wire screens through which the projectile passes.

The velocity is found there by delicate electric chronographs, and its amount, together with the pressure produced by this powder with the proper weight of charge for that particular gun, determines whether the lot of powder is to be accepted or rejected, and also the amount of that particular lot of powder to give the required muzzle velocity for that gun.

The Naval Ordnance Proving Ground — A Hotchkiss Battery of Small Guns in the Foreground



An Immense Crane Lifting an 8-inch Gun and Mount

The powder still in use is the brown prismatic powder, put up in different shapes and weights for the different guns. While good results have been obtained with smokeless powder, it has not yet been such an unqualified success that any nation has been able to use it in the heavier guns.

The great object of all makers of weapons is to produce whatever will fire accurately the greatest number of shots in a given time. To this end rapid-fire guns have been introduced. The term rapid-fire really means a combination of a breech mechanism which opens by a single movement of a lever, and such a disposition of the shell and the powder, in a brass case, as will secure the quickest loading. In our four-inch and five-inch guns, and all small

6-inch Gun Firing Smokeless Powder

secondary battery guns, the shell and the brass case containing the powder charge, are all in one piece, exactly like a rifle or pistol cartridge. The five-inch charge complete weighs close to 100 pounds, which is as much as can be easily handled, so that in our rapid-fire, six-inch we find the shell weighing 100 pounds, and the powder in its brass case separate.

All ordnance material used in the navy undergoes oft-repeated inspection at its place of manufacture, and a final test under severe conditions at the Proving Ground. Shell, for example, are measured in all details, the strength of the metal from which each is made found, and finally after each shell has passed for its size at all points, a sample number are taken at random from the lot and shipped to Indian Head for test. There, according

12-inch Armor Piercing Shells Recovered After Having been Fired Against a 17-inch Armor Plate

Method of Transporting 12-inch Guns on Railroad Trucks

to their size they are fired through armor plates and otherwise maltreated to see how they would acquit themselves in time of actual need. Armor-piercing shell, which are almost solid and of the which are almost solid and of the hardest, finest steel, must penetrate an armor plate of thickness proportioned to their size; and now all common shell are made of forged steel, so that they will penetrate thin armor and then burst into destructive fragments.

Armor-piercing shell have been fired through an armor plate, recovered from the butt and fired again. Indeed, the success attained by American manufacturers in making these shell is little short of marvellous, when it is considered that they entered on an unknown field about five years ago, when only foreign shell makers could furnish good armor-piercing shell.

In the same way that guns and other war material are tested at Indian Head, so torpedoes and their equipments are tested at the Newport Torpedo Station, and when the final ordnance outfit of guns and torpedoes are installed on board ship, and she is in commission, a board of commission takes the ship to sea, and all are tested under service conditions, to see that everything works as it is meant to work in its proper place.

WHICH WAS THE PRINCESS?

By Minnie Moffat

He was Anglo-mad, and it seems almost unnecessary to mention the fact that he was very young. His reading was all English, or American imitations, and they flattered his mania to that extent, mentally, he was English. When he talked he assumed the broad accent of the cockney, as the Anglo-maniac invariably and mistakenly does. He walked with an English trot, and, of course, dressed English and went on little English expeditions, some of which were gratifyingly successful, but most of them distressingly disastrous. He planned a tour of Europe, determined that the titled world should have the benefit of his existence.

He had an incumbrance he would willingly have left behind him; it was his name. Certainly there was no denying that Jeremiah Jones was unmistakably plebeian. The name had brought him a fortune; it had been the name of a dead uncle who had taken a father's place; it had been the name of his grandfather, and both grandfather and uncle had devoted a lifetime in accumulating the fortune he was benefiting by.

But this did not reconcile "Jerry" to it in the least. He would have given much to have been able to have stored it away in the safe of the warehouse, with other family effects, until his return to his native land. Once he thought seriously of applying for a legal change, but the thought of his indulgent dead uncle brought a revulsion of feeling, and he was appalled at his ingratitude. Soon after, another youth had the temerity to suggest this expedient and he thrashd him unmercifully and felt better for it afterwards.

His inheritance had only come to him a few months before, consequently he was in his twenty-first year. He had always been a conscientious boy, and there was every reason to suppose that he would die an honest man. But lately, it must be confessed, he had lost his head a bit. His uncle's sudden death occurring shortly before he reached his majority gave him liberty and fortune so unexpectedly it was little to be wondered that he was at a loss to know what to do first. Then he read "Van Blank," that boon to the uninitiated American boy with a fortune to spend.

A few days after he had embarked for Europe his ardor for a royal episode was greatly spent in the vicissitudes of *mal de mer*. And by the time he actually planted his feet in the dominion of Her Royal Highness Queen Victoria the spirit of '76 was as rampant in him as it had ever been in his revolutionary forefather. His stay was short in England. With all the intolerance of an American abroad, and there was never a nation more intolerant of other customs, he sneered at British institutions in a way that made many an honest Briton's hair bristle with indignation. Undoubtedly, it would have gone hard with the boy if he had not been so unquestionably youthful. To his credit the Briton is ever indulgent to the vagaries of youth.

He left England without getting so much as a peep at royalty. The people he concluded to be titled were more often than not, good middle-class Englishmen who had a mighty scorn of titles. Once he mistook a valet for a duke, and rode twenty miles with him, only to find at the end of the journey

that the man was but the valet of a duke! What a distinction the addition of one letter can make. But "r" in history has been a letter of gravest import. Many is the worthy whose head has suddenly left his shoulders without his consent for the vain desire of having it tacked to his Christian name. Jerry's next titled incognito proved to be a noted pickpocket, and it required his best credentials, and a good many others to save him from being imprisoned as "Shifty Dick's" pal. He gave up his title hunt in disgust, and embarked on a steamer for the continent.

The steamer was plunging through the channel. Jerry came up on deck, feeling queer and giddy. Miserably anticipating a return of his old enemy the *mal de mer*, he threw himself into a steamer chair in a sheltered corner. It was growing dark. He was just settling into an unneasy sleep when he was aroused by voices. He sat up and bent forward, and looked out of his nook. Two women had taken possession of neighboring chairs during his brief slumber. They were talking in low tones of distress. Jerry sat very quiet, not wishing to disturb them, or be disturbed.

He was dropping to sleep again. Suddenly he was awakened by a slight touch on his shoulder. It was one of the women. He sprang to his feet.

"I am sorry to disturb you," she said in a modulated, cultivated voice, "but I am compelled to do so. My companion has been taken very ill, and insists that I shall not leave her alone. She needs assistance at once, I fear. Will you see if there is a surgeon on board?"

He went below, and in a few moments returned with a doctor. Jerry aided the doctor in supporting the invalid to the salon. It was lighted. He saw that it was a tall, very beautiful young girl that was leaning so heavily against him. They conducted her to a couch. She sank on the pillows limp and faint, and closed her eyes. Her regular features, white and set with the pallor of illness, looked more like Greek marble than a living human face. Her dress was black, simply made in the prevailing style, and perfectly modeled to her slender figure. Her companion was young also. She was rather plain than otherwise. She was short, and looked like a good-natured, comfortable girl. She was dressed in deep mourning.

After executing several trifling commissions, and further service being declined, he left the salon and threw himself on the first bench that offered.

He intended only to rest a bit, but he soon fell asleep. Less than an hour had passed when an officer of the boat awakened him. He came with a message from the young lady in the salon, begging him to come to her. He went to her immediately. The short young woman met him at the door. The other girl was still lying on the couch he had assisted her to with the doctor's help. Her eyes were closed, but from the nervous twitching of her body he could see that she was not asleep. The doctor was not with them.

"The doctor was called away," she said, apologetically, "and I must confess that I am afraid to be alone. ———," she hesitated, "is so ill I have grown nervous. I am so unaccustomed to sickness that I would not know in the least what to do in case of an emergency. Is it asking too much of you to ask you to remain here until the doctor returns?"

Jerry hastened to assure her that it was not asking too much, that he was entirely at her command now. (If young people only did not have the habit of extravagant protestation how much easier it would be to write about them!) Jerry's curiosity was thoroughly aroused by this time, for he could not but notice that she studiously avoided mentioning her companion's

name. He was just telling himself that nothing short of a shipwreck should prevent his seeing the thing out when his attention was called to the sick girl, who rose suddenly from the couch and staggered to the door.

"I shall die if I stay in this close place any longer! I am stifled!"

She moaned, and tried to open the door. Remonstrance proving useless, they assisted her on deck. And indeed she seemed remarkably restored by the air after she had been in it a few moments. She curled herself into her steamer chair and petulantly refused to talk. In a short time they saw that she was asleep.

"She is homesick as well as seasick," explained the older girl. "Are you comfortable, Mr. ——"

She paused for him to fill the blank.

"J—Jones," answered Jerry, glad that the night covered his increase of color.

"Jones," she repeated with a little elevation of the voice there was no mistaking the meaning of.

"She thinks I am not giving my own name," he thought, and was vexed with her for the doubt.

He said nothing, however, and she knowing intuitively that something was wrong became silent.

"You are an American, I see," she said later, having nothing better to say.

"Jove! How did you guess that!" he exclaimed.

She laughed.

"That word 'guess' would inform me if nothing else did. But there are a great many things that stamp you an American. There is a certain twang—"

"You don't mean to say that I talk with a nasal—that I talk through my nose?" he demanded indignantly.

She laughed heartily at his heat.

"To a certain degree, yes," she answered coolly.

Jerry was too exasperated to continue the conversation. He jumped to his feet and walked away, but only for a short distance. He returned, and sank into his chair again.

"I thought you had deserted us in our strait," she said demurely.

"Oh, no! I wouldn't do that, you know," he answered with a manly air of condescending protection.

"You were angry with me for saying what I did," she said self reproachfully. "Come, be frank; confess that you did not like it."

"No, I was not particularly angry with you. I am at odds with myself. I was thinking what asses Americans were to leave their own country and subject themselves to the ridicule of another."

"It was so good of you to assure me you were not angry just now."

She laughed significantly.

"You are English, I suppose," he said, to change the subject.

There was a sound of conviction in his voice.

"No, I am not," she answered promptly.

"What then—Irish?"

"No, no," she contradicted. "Neither am I Scotch: I am a Russian."

"Why, how well you speak English!" he exclaimed with admiration.

"We are a nation of linguists, you know, Mr. J—Jones."

"She no more believes my name is Jones than I believe it is Potts," he groaned mentally.

She became thoughtful.

"Will you think it very strange if I do not tell you who we are," she said suddenly, "if I should conclude it would be wiser if I did not—after all your kindness, too?"

She paused.

He hastened to declare himself subject to her wishes.

The sick girl was sleeping profoundly. Jerry suspected that the physician had administered an opiate.

The moon rose and he could see groups of people scattered over the

deck who, like themselves, had come up for air.

Moonlight certainly has a powerful influence over us poor mortals. Jerry looked at his companion, and fell under its subtle spell. She was looking out over the dark water, and to his surprise the plain girl of the cabin light looked positively beautiful here in the moonlight. It was a lofty, unexplainable beauty,—very unlike that of the sleeping girl.

"We ought never to come on this journey so unprotected," she said suddenly, as if following her thought aloud. "But it is absolutely necessary for—" she hesitated, "us to be in Paris to-morrow. There was no one we could very well ask to accompany us, and we were obliged to come without an escort."

"Have you ever traveled alone before?"

There was a shade of disapproval in Jerry's voice.

"Never, Monsieur," she answered with mock gravity.

Jerry was silent.

"You do not approve it, I see."

"W—ell, no; I do not."

There was an unmistakable drawl in Jerry's voice when he said that "well."

"A fellow wouldn't like his sister or wife doing it, you know."

Possessing neither sister nor wife, it was clearly not possible for Jerry to speak of the emotion such a departure might excite in a man from experience, he therefore drew on his imagination.

The girl was silent.

"After all, it is a matter of the custom of a country," he hastened to say, fearing he had offended her.

Dead sil nce.

"It is all right on this side of the ocean, no doubt," he said soothingly. "They think differently of such things over here."

"Why, you miserable boy, they do nothing of the sort! We are a great deal more particular than you Americans about that sort of thing!" she cried indignantly.

"Boy!" he ejaculated; "I will bet my head I am older than you are!"

"How old are you?" she asked with curiosity. "twenty?"

"No; twenty-two my next birthday."

"When will that be?"

He hesitated.

"June," he answered briefly.

She laughed.

"And this is September."

"But that is not saying that I am not the eldest," he persisted.

"You are the eldest," she confessed.

"I knew it!" he cried triumphantly.

"I was twenty-one last July," she confirmed demurely.

"Only one month!" he exclaimed, deeply chagrined.

They chatted in the most amiable fashion after this. Jerry grew confidential and told her of himself, his prospects, his projects, and a great many other things, and never suspected he was doing it.

He asked her if she had read the "Princess Aline." She had; in one of the magazines. Didn't she think the hero was a good deal of a duffer not to speak to the princess when he had such golden opportunities? Couldn't say, not being a man. Would he have done differently? Wouldn't he! Would have spoken to her every time he had the chance. Fortunately all men were not alike! Then he lost his temper, and told her she was chaffing him. Of course she denied the allegation.

They were coming into port. The sick girl was awakened, and they assisted her below. Jerry proffered his services on land. They were declined. Friends were expected to meet them at the wharf.

Jerry bade them adieu, and hastened away to look after his own effects, promising himself, however, to see them again, and assure himself that they were not in need of his protection.

But when he looked for them he found that they had been among the first to leave the boat. When he stepped from the gangway a servant in livery broke through the chattering crowd, handed him a card, and hurried away. Jerry put it in his pocket, and —forgot it.

He resurrected it a night or two after in his hotel in Paris. He read it in the reading room.

"By Jove!" he ejaculated.

Two Frenchmen present looked at him in astonishment.

Jerry read the card again.

"And I didn't know it!" he exclaimed.

The Frenchmen rose from their chairs.

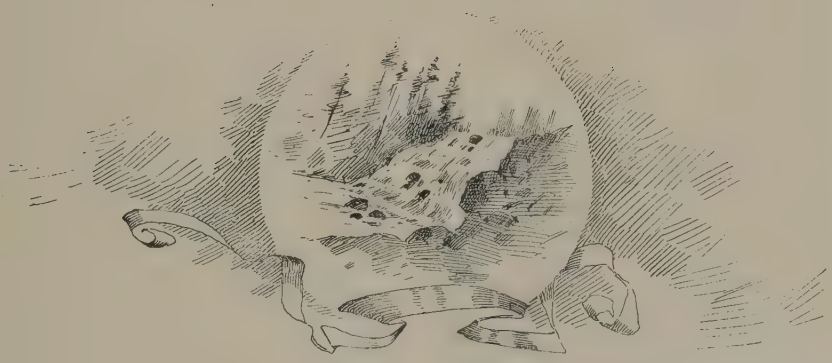
Jerry sprang to his feet.

The Frenchmen waited no longer, they left the room precipitately.

And Jerry, perfectly unconscious of anything but his astonishment, stood staring at the card.

It read:

"Little boy, go home; you have had your adventure with a princess. One of us is the Princess de E——. The other is her companion. Which of us is the princess? Many thanks for your kindness!"



A MONOCHROME

By Ella Hicks Johnson

OVER a handful of dying embers an old man crouched, and stretched his palsied hands above their feeble glow.

The night wind howled and raged about the crazy tenement. It whistled in through gaping crevices with icy mockery, and chilled the woful figure by the waning fire.

Pinched and wan, his wrinkled face looked out through scant gray locks, with faded bloodshot eyes.

Sin and want had aged him far beyond his threescore years, and warped his wasted form out of all semblance to the faultless physique that had once been his.

Ah, God! how the wind blew! How the sleet beat against the window! With its ghostly tappings it seemed the fingers of other days.

The old man shivered and glanced about him.

Alone, alone, alone—always alone. Alienated from kindred, forgotten by friends, with scarce a fellow creature to bid him "good-morrow," he sat alone with his bitter memories.

Slowly the panorama of his life passed before him.

What had he not possessed—wealth, intellect, health and station. All the gifts the gods provide for favored sons of men. How had he used the talents given into his keeping?

With power to make himself a force for good or ill, he chose the evil part, and now his life lay far behind him, with naught of good in it save fitful good resolves.

A selfish childhood, an idle youth, a vicious manhood and a degraded age.

What wonder is it that memory burned and blistered as it touched his brain, and showed him in the silent watches of the night how fair a thing he might have been, how vile a thing he was.

Gone, all gone—friends and fortune, health and mind.

Dreary days followed desolate nights, his feeble strength scarce serving him to gather, here and there, the wherewithal to keep the failing spark of life agleam within his shrunken frame.

Black lay the shadows on the past, black on the present, black on the future.

The sleet had ceased to fall, but oh! the fury of the wind, the cruel coldness of the night.

The old man roused himself. With trembling steps he sought his wretched bed and fell upon it in an agony of grief—remorse—regret.

Lost! lost! lost! Golden opportunities rudely cast aside and trampled under foot with reckless wantonness. And now—the anguish of despair.

Is there on God's fair earth a sadder thing than a man bereft of hope?

Ponder it well.

We make or mar our lives. "Whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap."

Silently Death and Time entered the cheerless room, but paused at sight of the prostrate figure shaken by convulsive sobs. Could they grant him yet a respite?

Time held up the glass. Alas, too late! The sands of life are almost run. From Nature's law there is no appeal.

Death placed his hand upon the poor, gray head and stilled the grievous weeping.

And the night wind moaned and wailed a requiem for a wasted life.

ONLY AN ARMY BABY

By Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods

"A little babe, and that was all,
Yet men came at the baby's call."

THE house was very still. The door-bell was muffled, and tan was spread up and down the street to deaden the noise of passing vehicles. Two barrels, at either end of this strange carpet, were spanned with long boards, and these mute objects made a special plea to every passer-by; even the newsboys respected them, and ceased their calls until far beyond the temporary barrier.

Yes, there was sickness within; and the new life just beginning had for days been of little moment, while another life trembled in the balance.

In an upper room, a grey-haired nurse moved softly about, with now and then an anxious glance toward the bed, where a round head, covered with a mass of rippling curls, rested upon a pillow scarcely whiter than the face above it. It was a youthful face one could see; and yet pain had already set its seal upon it. The patient's eyes were closed; indeed they opened but seldom now, and the nurse often bent over the bed listening intently for the respiration which was too feeble to be discerned at times, even by an experienced ear. Once or twice the nurse had resorted to a test, by holding a small hand-mirror before the patient's lips to learn if she were still breathing. The battle with death had been so fierce that effort on the part of the patient seemed impossible, and yet she was conscious of all that went on about her. The wisest attendant is frequently mistaken concerning the intellectual activity of one physically unable to speak; many a sufferer has experienced something akin to despair when the active brain which contradicted a statement as to "unconsciousness" found no response in words from sheer lack of physical power. Many a patient reported to be "out of their head" has inwardly rebelled at the opinion, and yet felt powerless to prove the statement false. This superior mental strength, even in one case, should lead us to be wary about comments in the presence of those who are ill or who are passing from us into the unknown world.

Our finite minds cannot measure the infinite, or fathom the unseen. The slight and fragile patient had already suffered much from the heedless words of those about her; she was keenly alive to the gentlest whisper, spiritually responsive to every kind word, and yet, if they would only stop talking about her "narrow chance for life," of the "baby's terrible loss if she should be taken," of "the possibility of word reaching the dear ones far away," and of her "bad spells and great weakness." Only the healthiest nerves could stand the strain; only the bravest heart could fight the living, while battling with the grim messenger. This mental friction increased the danger, and yet the attendants were deeply anxious. It was their one desire to see that girlish form moving about once more with elastic step; and their earnest prayer that the young mother might yet clasp her baby to her heart.

Twice during the morning the nurse had gone out of the room, and in answer to questions said: "I really do not know; she is still in that stupor, and I cannot tell whether it means rest or something worse."

The patient was saying to that inner self, where words and an effort for them is unnecessary, "If they would not all talk and act as if there were no hope I could get on; I *must* get on. There is baby and baby's papa; if he were here he would understand; he would know every touch of my hand, and he could tell them. But, oh! I can't, I can't; try as I may, the bed seems to be slipping away. I am so tired, so very tired, and I cannot sleep. If *he* would come, *he* would understand." Over and over these words were uttered mentally, and the vitality so sorely needed was wasted in the process. Unseen, unspoken friction in the sick room is undoubtedly the cause of many a fever, if not of actual death.

While these thoughts were in the patient's mind the door of the room opened and the doctor came in. He was an elderly man, with a face as bright and cheerful as the morning without. His anxiety concerning the patient never crept into his smiling face. "Well," he said in clear tones, invigorating by reason of contrast with the funereal utterances of the attendants, "well, how is my brave young patient this morning, quite ready for a short drive?" A small hand moved upon the white covering of the bed, but fell down from sheer weakness. With ready tact the doctor saw the effort and ignored the failure. "Oho! so you want to shake hands? Well, that is good; I knew you would soon thank me for my care of that big boy of yours. Think of it, the rascal actually weighs twelve pounds—almost as big as his mother. The first day you are able to hold him I shall put him in your arms myself; we old fellows must have our share of the honors when our duties are so heavy."

The doctor observed a little movement about the lips, and well knew how great an effort speech would require. "I must not let you talk yet," he said; "you see this neuralgia has kept you down a bit, and when you get a little stronger I am coming to give you a long, long sermon on bringing up boys. I don't know the least thing about it; but the people who tell how to do things seldom do. Why, little woman, you are much better this morning, eyes bright (too bright, he said mentally), pulse better, and good color—positively good color." The eyes half closed and an expression of sadness stole into the face. This, too, did not escape the doctor, who went on making a diagnosis while he talked.

"Do you know, I have a fancy that you have something on your mind, something you want to talk about, only I am such a tyrant you dare not. Let us have a code of signals; if I am right shut your eyes."

The young mother closed them at once.

"You want to know if I kept my word and telegraphed your husband?"

The eyes said "yes."

"I did, and he answered 'Thank God, and be careful of her.' You think you can gain faster when he comes?"

Again the eyes said "yes."

"Well, child, you might; but I think it is well he is not here, for at times, you see, he would defy all my rules. And then I want to have a tableau all arranged when he comes—you in that pretty blue tea gown. It is blue, is it not?"

The eyes responded in the affirmative.

"You in that gown and the boy in your arms, just over there, near the portiere, and seated in your antique arm-chair. If he does not think he is the happiest man in the world I shall be ashamed of him."

There was the faintest tremor about the lips. The doctor had accomplished his purpose. The patient had been thinking busily and was troubled about her absent husband; the doctor must use another tonic, and little by little

he would see this young mother coming back to the world and her new responsibilities.

"You must not worry about letters, or anything," said the doctor, "for the storms in the West have been terrible—lines down, trains stopped, and havoc generally. Just the moment you can hear, the letter will come, or perhaps the papa himself. I know how it is. A business man thinks he can leave at a certain hour, but something turns up; then he names another day and plans for his train and is again defeated; so we will not think of what might be, and will get ready for my tableau. I shall be greatly disappointed if you are not coddling that boy in a few more days. Nourishment? Certainly, nurse, all she will take; and it will be your fault if I cannot take her driving before her husband comes. He would be sure to go too far; these strong young men never understand the delicate organism of plucky little women."

The doctor gave explicit directions to the nurse, patted the sleeping baby, and went out with a smile on his face. Just outside the door he paused to say, "Absolute prostration. Watch her well, and remember that she is conscious of all that is going on. This worry about her husband keeps her back."

"And the baby, doctor?" asked the nurse.

"Oh, that young giant is all right; feed him, and let him sleep. He will be able to shoulder a musket before other youngsters are done shaking their rattles."

All day the young mother lived on the doctor's words; she was too weak to think of any world save the small one of her own trinity—papa, baby and herself. It was all so strange, so sad, so marvelous; how solemn it was to be a mother. And if she should make mistakes about baby what could be done? The mistakes would go on and on forever. The very thought of it made her cheeks burn and her heart flutter painfully. If she should die, why then Claude would have baby to comfort him. But perhaps she would do as the doctor said, sit over there with the boy in her arms when his papa came. She would like to raise her head to look at baby in his crib, but it was too heavy; it did not seem like her head, and it did nothing as she wished. When he came, the one dearest in all the world, he would take her head on his arm as he had done before, and it would rest her. She felt like a baby herself, and so weak, so very weak and tired. She took the nourishment the nurse brought, and like her own baby fell asleep. It was nature's climax; in her brief dreams she saw before her the picture which the doctor had given her, and gradually her mind rested as it had not done since the bitter sorrow and agony she had endured without the presence of her husband. That precious sleep was the beginning of better days. There was a little pleading of the large eyes when the doctor came, the same eager listening for the step on the stair, she still believed must come; the same hungry longing for a few words from the baby's papa about baby, but still she gained in strength.

It came at last—the written word; and when they asked her if they should read it to her, she shook her head and kept it beneath her pillow until strength came in response to praying and striving, and she could see the bold, clear lines. They gave her more light, as she wished, and thought how pitiful it was to see her so weak that other hands must open it for her, but no one watched her as she read. When the nurse came back from the baby's side she saw that her cheeks had paled, that her breathing was rapid, and yet no word escaped her. When the parents came, asking eagerly for the absent one, she gave the letter into their keeping and closed her eyes. She had waited

long weeks for his coming, and now it was ended. She had fought with death and conquered, now she must fight the battle of life for herself and boy. In her weak way she realized the other battle for principles which was now taking place in the world outside; the shot which was hurled at Fort Sumter had found an echo in her sick-room, but it seemed in her weakness a horror far away; now it had come to her like a shock of personal pain. They brought her letter back and said something of "the wrong step to leave one so young," something, too, of the needlessness of war; and then they kissed her and left her holding the letter in her hand. They did not know, they could not understand; even in her weakness she was proud of him; even in her pain, she said "He is quite right." Over and over she read the words while the household slept; over and over she said "I am proud of my patriot."

This was the letter which brought the news into the sick-room:

"My precious Darling:

"Forgive me before I begin. I tried to send you a message, but the storm prevented; I tried to write, but my heart failed me until I knew you were safe. It was cruel to disappoint you, but harder to rob myself. When we parted in the old home because they told me you could not stand this severe climate, it seemed to me that life without you was simply impossible. Business duties kept me from you, although I labored night and day to be free to join you before your illness. When the doctor's telegram came I was half crazed between joy and a mad desire to leave everything and fly to you. All I could say was 'Thank God!' Get well as fast as possible, for we have a busy life before us, and our boy to labor for.

"I have taken a very important step since I last wrote you, and my courage fails me as I try to write, lest you may not approve, but my inmost thought is that you will do so, as soon as you consider the question as I have done. Do you remember the tall, gaunt lawyer, who took such a fancy to me in Illinois? Do you know what this land has done for him? Do you remember how we boys of the Lincoln Guards worked? Of course you do; and now, this same guant, plain, honest, and unselfish man, Abraham Lincoln, calls for men to put down the Rebellion. I walked my office floor for hours when the call came, and I asked myself over and over again where was my duty. I thought of you first, with a dear little helpless baby to care for, perhaps, and you so young and so unfitted to cope with the world, because you are so constituted that all evil seems impossible to you. I thought I was quite willing to give ten years out of my life to know what you would say about it, and yet I must decide alone. The morning was breaking when my decision was made. I believed that my country called me, and as a patriot my first duty was to my native land. As soon as I had resolved what to do I went out and began to raise a company, and you would be just a little proud of me could you have seen the men respond to my call. They were willing to follow if I would lead. Was I right or wrong? Can you forgive me for not coming first to you? I know some would oppose me, many of our relatives, perhaps, as so many are in the South, but I feel almost sure that my little wife will say 'Go, and God bless you.' We are to be ordered to Washington and may possibly meet soon. My command is now here in garrison, and I want you always to remember that our boy was born on the day when his papa, who had not yet seen him, was sworn into the service of the United States. Let us call him for some brave man, some true patriot, and when we meet, which please God will soon be, you shall bring him to me with your own dear hands and tell me the

name you have chosen. I fear it will be uncomfortable for you to face the opposition to my going, all alone; but be brave, little woman, as you have ever been, and when this war is over we will look back and thank our Father above for all his mercies. Some day you will say, my husband was a true patriot, he enlisted for the war, let it be long or short, and left behind him wife and child, lands, and business prospects, because he thought it a duty. As soon as we reach Washington you shall come to me, or I will come to you. Until then, dear love, be patient and pray for me, as I pray for you. The best news I can possibly hear will be that you and our 'little Major' are strong and well."

Yes, the opposition was strong and constant, and it was long weeks before the young wife once more felt the earth under her feet.

A healthy mind is ever looking up, not down; forward, not back; so it was that the days glided by with the care of the little one, with news from the front. with letters that were read until worn to shreds, and newspapers torn in parts, for readier reading; with scraping of lint and bandage making, with prayers, and hopes, and not a few hidden tears. Those were the days when women lived a life from sunrise to sunset, when men grew gray in their youth, when mothers heard the groans of the wounded in their dreams, and fathers went up and down the land seeking for their lost boys. The heroes at the front were sustained and cheered by the heroines at home. The old schoolmates and lovers were laid away in unmarked tombs, brave boys found patriots' graves before they had attained to manhood, and everywhere the mother-hearts were mourning for their slain. So the weeks wore on and the little Major grew in strength and beauty. He knew no other name; he was waiting for the father's blessing before his baptism, and the father had already been baptized by smoke, and fire, and blood. It was weary waiting, but the brave heart works and waits. The summons came at last. The gallant regiment which had undergone fierce struggles without flinching was ordered to change its position, and with the speed of lightning this message came: "Come to Washington at once and bring the Major." Everything was in readiness; in less than ten hours the order to march was obeyed. The little Major, wrapped by loving hands until the chill outer air could not reach him, smiled serenely, and even slept, all unconscious of his march "to Washington."

It was a night of storm; great flakes of snow fell thick and fast, but the little mother and little Major were not dismayed. Delays everywhere—on the trains, at the ferry, and no chance for bed or sleep.

"A soldier's wife never complains." That proverb had been handed down from generation to generation, and the young mother repeated it, when, cold and faint, she found herself at midnight on a crowded train. What a long train it was, and full of soldiers—rough men, making rude jokes, but ever with respectful glances toward the mother and child. Bravado ruled the night; the German soldiers going to meet the foes of their adopted country, sighed neither for home nor friends. At Baltimore the snow flakes had changed to rain, copious, unstinted rain, made none the less bitter when word came, that owing to some mistake or accident, all must leave the train and walk across the city, there to take other cars.

The men used round German oaths, their officers asked the reason why, and the one woman with her baby trudged out bravely, bearing bags and bundles, while a stalwart German soldier was ordered to take the little Major. Down came the pelting rain, while the slimy mud made walking almost impossible; but hope was there to give strength,

and courage was the birthright of the little mother. At last the cars were reached, and a tall man wearing the uniform of a brigadier general said in loud tones and peculiar English. "Poys, ven you talks, keep some quiet, for dis lady, she hav coom to her husband, as like von brave lady, an schist you not make her trubbles." The little Major slept through all.

Washington at last—Washington, in the early morning, unkempt, and untidy with soldiers everywhere. No kind face greeted the travelers and the brief orders read, "Go direct to the National Hotel; will join you there as soon as duty will permit." A genial clerk, acting under special instructions, led the way to a large room where a cheerful fire was burning and a maid in cap and apron stood ready to do loyal service. A good bath, while baby slept, and then came a springing step, the clank of spurs, and months of thanksgiving in two words, "at last;" and baby, rosy, and smiling was thrust into the arms of his proud young papa.

Close the door gently; let the fire and the sunlight alone witness the happiness borne of sorrow, this joy, after mourning.

The "little Major" never knew that his fingers were measured, that his hair was tried in various lights to get the exact shade, that a tape line described his marvelous length, which was duly recorded in his papa's note-book, that he was kissed, and hugged, and kissed again, until he rebelled and seized the intruder by the beard; and he never knew that in one short hour duty called away the dear one whose coming had been anticipated for weary months. Into a quiet, home-like nest the little Major went, sharing his mother's loving care, with the sick and wounded soldiers in their hospital, not far away. Little by little the child grew to know them all—those who could walk about, or sit in the sun upon the porch, and the horrors of war were softened by his gentle presence. The soldiers were his adoring friends. When he rode they followed; when he was in the arms of his nurse they claimed him for their own; and more than one homesick father hugged him for the sake of his blue-eyed darling he might never see again. Sometimes a poor, pale soldier, just staggering out into God's sweet air after weeks of suffering, would walk up and down behind the child's carriage, like one on guard. "Bring him nearer, nurse, nearer," said one old man whose crutches were not yet fully trusted; "the little Major is better than quinine, for his eyes are like one I laid away, and his skin is like a ripe peach."

On sunny days the low steps before the house became a throne, where the child held court and seemed to know every individual face and voice. Here the crippled and convalescent brought him toys, or sang little ballads, which made his eyes sparkle and his cheeks glow, although no word had any meaning for him, save the music which was part of his life, and the charm of his blue-coated friends. As he grew older a tiny musket was his pet toy, and the music of the passing regiments his lullaby. Drums and bugles were part of his existence, and the first word his lips framed was, "march." Every blue-coat was greeted with it, and every officer came to know the clear bugle-like call of the little Major, as he waved his flag to them in passing and shouted "March, march, march." It was curious to note how soon he caught the trick of a military salute, and how gracefully the arm was curved.

When music was heard approaching he cried aloud in glee and would not rest until he could see the passing troops. Once, when a tall gallant officer, strange, and yet kindred through duty and danger, rode by at the head of his men, something in the baby's face touched him, or perchance the baby call

seemed like a benediction. I know not; but, with a quick movement he brought his horse near the child, sprang from his saddle, caught him in his arms, kissed him, and returned him to the nurse, while he rode away amid the cheers of his follow rs, waving his hat to the little man, who joined the men in shouting, "Hurrah."

Sunday was the Major's carnival; then, the soldiers who could get out went to church and were sure to see the child upon the porch, or in his carriage, waiting for them. If it chanced to rain, they looked for him at a certain window. In his imperious baby way, he conquered them all; and whatever he chose to ask for, was given him.

When the hot days of summer came, when the air was heavy with the groans of the sick and wounded martyrs, when the hospitals, despite all care, sent forth a sickening odor from open doors and windows, duty called the mother away, and tender good-byes were said. "He will soon forget us," said the soldiers; but they little knew the depth of that warm baby heart, and the elasticity of a child's memory. He never forgot.

When the men who had carried him in their arms over the first pontoon bridge ever thrown across the Potomac came to say good-bye and called him their "dear little Commodore," he seemed to feel that his joyous days with them were ended, for he patted their cheeks as never before, and repeated again and again their own "good-bye." When two young generals called to give him a last caress, the boy said vaguely, "Way off, good-bye, a big good-bye." He uttered the words like one who had known their saddest meaning, and was not content until he had seen all who had been kind to him. For two days he was saying his farewells. To the men whose children were thousands of miles away; to the boy, whose right arm would never more beat taps; to old Sandy, the sergeant, whose halting step told of an eternal rest ere long; to the gallant young captain who would never see home and mother again; to the grim commander, who smiled on the lad as no one had ever seen him smile before; to the doctors, who gave him sugar pills and a "God bless you, laddie;" to the nurses and stewards, who had found odd moments in which to refresh themseives with his childish pranks; to the boats, and the river, the white tents, and the sentinels; good-bye, good-bye to all. Blessings followed his sunny head and choking voices murmured the prayers unspoken to mortal ears but recorded by the watchful, waiting angels who divine man's best and noblest thought.

Northward and still northward went the little Major, until the western winds touched his broad brow, and the voices of new friends greeted him. As the days went by he grew taller and more loquacious. He was constantly talking of his army friends, of "Sandy," and "Tom" and the "Gen'l." His own peculiar names for each were household words, and in his dreams the old familiar order to "march" was often heard.

He was never as buoyant as in the old days at the front; a sadness crept into his face, and sometimes the overburdened heart would cry out for those he had left behind. Every day, with sticks or toy musket over his shoulder, he would march up and down the garden paths or on the broad piazzas, issuing the orders so dear to him. Every day he listened for the music he so sadly missed, and every night the flag the "boys" had given him was pressed close to his heart while he slept. His whole being seemed filled with the loftiest patriotism, and he longed for the notes of the morning bugle.

How much he missed the martial music and the activity of military life we learned one day when up from the

distant fort came the old familiar strains of "Glory Hallelujah.' There had been an Indian raid, and some change was being planned in the disposition of the mere handful of troops on our frontier; a company was ordered to report at once for duty, and in marching to their posts they must pass the home of the little Major. The child was frantic with joy as soon as the fife and drum were heard. He seized his flag, ran out into the street, and there, amid smiles and tears, stood to welcome his friends, not strangers to him, for they wore the beloved uniform. Some one recognized the straight figure and called a halt; the fame of the "little Major" had gone before him and cheer on cheer went up.

He flew like a lithe spirit among them, shaking hands and accepting the kisses showered upon him, although for months he had refused to let any stranger caress him. His excitement reached its height when the servants brought out some hot coffee for the tired men, as they rested under the trees, while the officers went within, to accept the hospitality so gladly offered by one whose entire family, even to remotest cousins, were fighting for the Union. The child, with his own small hands, took their cups, or presented them with the biscuit which had been brought from New England for his own refreshment.

Not once since he had left the scene of strife, and the busy life of overcrowded Washington, had the boy shown so much delight. He was with his own—his "boys," his people; and his cheeks glowed and his blue eyes danced with pleasure.

The order came to march. One by one the men fell into line and kept their eyes upon the child. A few words from the officer in charge, too modestly uttered to reach our ears, resulted in deafening cheers which filled the air and rang over the waters of the Mississippi.

The Major, with a quickness peculiar to him, threw his small arms about a tree upon the lawn, and reaching its low branches waved the flag he loved until the last man had disappeared. He came back to us then, and threw himself upon the floor, sobbing aloud. His homesick heart must have its way.

The summer is gone at last, and autumn is once more upon us. Still white tents are the shelter of our dearest ones, or the sky their only roof; still the land echoes with the cry of "war, war," until we dare not breathe lest new disaster should come to us. Victory for the country means individual sorrow and loss. Already several dear ones have been buried in patriots' graves; already desolation is written on hundreds of lives, vacant chairs are found in all our homes.

One day, in the chill November, which winter sends as his courier to tell us that he is near at hand, there came a letter to the little Major. It was misspelled, blotted, and untidy; it was written on the battlefield, when "Sandy" knew that life was ebbing away for him. "Dear little man," he wrote, "we all missed you; any of us would have lost a day's rations for a sight of your bonnie face, but it was not to be. When you grow up, do your best to keep the country from forgetting those we left behind, and never forget poor old Sandy Gregg."

Another letter came also, from the brave papa. "It is strange how every one loves that boy, with his dear, bright, happy face. Last night, when the remnant of our staff rallied after the fiercest battle we have yet had, one of the boys gave as a toast with his muddy coffee, "The 'little Major;' may he live to command an army, and we be there to see." I could not echo their cheers, for I am sick of this horrible butchery, and pray every day that this cruel war may soon end; but no one could withstand the enthusiasm which the boys expressed for our dar-

ling. They actually forgot fatigue and hardships talking of him; and those who had never seen him were delighted to get a peep at the poor photograph which Colonel Harley carries in his breast pocket; he insists that it is his 'mascot,' and no bullet can strike him while he holds it there next his heart. As soon as it can be arranged you must return to Washington, or some point in Virginia, where I can see you now and then. If our officers and men are so fond of the 'Major,' what must they think of his proud papa who thinks of you both constantly, and prays for you day and night?"

Oh, mysterious fate, that crushes us with even love!

The letters find their way into a large room, where no sunlight can dispel the gloom. The little Major is lying upon a broad couch, struggling for breath. Kind friends are there—the skilled physician, the priestly godfather, who has traveled in hot haste to see the dear child so lately consecrated in his arms; the tender mothers of other boys, the saddened fathers, who mourn for the other father so far away.

Everything that love and sympathy can do is done; but the Major is slowly growing weaker. "There is no hope," they say, and the hearts of more than one seemed turned to stone. The child alone is calm; he smiles and tries to thank his attendants for every kindness. Message after message is sent flying over the wires to that drear, uncertain, and unknown locality called "the front." The army is moving; no word comes back.

Alone, at the end, as at the beginning of this dear life, sits the girlish mother. No tear, no moan escapes her, and every moment is precious. Every movement of the boy is understood by her, every breath is pain to her. Again her agony, now intensified by the rich experiences of motherhood, leaves her only strength to cry as before, "If he would only come." The poor human heart turns to its human helpers, but none can comfort, none protect, save the loving Father of all.

Slowly the sweet pure life fades out, and the anxious watchers grow ill with dread, but stand like faithful sentinels at their post. Suddenly a bugle note is heard; some new movement of troops to protect the harassed settlers thirty miles away, men and women and babies, tortured by cruel Indians. Some of these hunted souls are even now taking needed rest and shelter in the next room, while the Major struggles on. The sound of a bugle reaches his ears; he rallies, raises his dear head with an almost superhuman effort, and smiles, as his lips move to utter the familiar "march, march." The head with its golden crown falls upon the breast where it has so often been pillowed, and the little Major has passed from the visible pain to the invisible glory.

All the bitterness of that bitter word "alone" is left for the young mother. With ministering friends, so gracious that gratitude is too small a word to compass their loving deeds, the sorrowing one is still alone. For months no word comes back from the seat of war, letters go astray, telegrams miscarry, and the hungry-hearted mourner goes about tearless and heartbroken.

After weary days and sleepless nights there comes a fluttering, tear-stained note telling of the sad tidings and where they were at last received. Long, long before the note came, under the trees which nod their heads in sunlight and storm as they overlook the great father of waters, the boy had been laid to rest. His work was done. Brief and beautiful as his life had been, hundreds mourned when it went out; he had come to earth amid the tramp of martial step and the sound of inspiring music and he went from us with the sound of the bugle he loved in his ears. From first to last he was an army baby,

and he wrought out his mission on earth.

Strong men mourned for him as they mourn for heroes; and many a mother in her lonely home wept for the one who was desolate.

In the coming years, when the webs of fancy have been thrust aside and truth stands revealed concerning the great civil conflict in our land, we shall learn how much we owe to the mothers of America, and how much to the unknown little children, who played well their part.

"No truth was ever yet believed,
That had not struggled long."

THE SECRET OF HINDOO JUGGLERY

By A. Edwin Rood

Conductor and interpreter for the famous Hindoo fakirs (jugglers), recently seen in this country

THOSE who visited the little Hindoo bungalow at the eastern end of the Midway Plaisance during the recent World's Fair at Chicago saw, much to their amazement, an exhibition of some of the famous tricks performed by native jugglers. It is with great pleasure that, as an American, I can tender on this occasion some authentic information on the subject of "India's Occultism," together with an *expose* of most of the tricks performed by a race of people who have for centuries mystified the world, and who are even today considered by many supernatural. I am the more able to do this by reason of my long sojourn in the Orient and because of my painstaking and exhaustive study of the lives, habits and superstitions of the much-talked-of Sons of the East. The information and insight which follows may, in every case, be regarded to that degree trustworthy as would only be possible to acquire by years of patient and intimate associations with a none too communicative people.

The so-called Hindoo juggler of India is a Mohammedan of extremely low caste, and is rarely found among the Hindoos, but this race of people has been called Hindoo jugglers by Europeans for so many years that the public have been led to consider them Hindoos. The race consists of perhaps five thousand people who have followed this weird life for centuries, and the tricks I describe have been handed down from father to son for thousands of years—in fact, there is no record of their origin. The caste is called the snake charmer and juggler caste, and are in my mind similar to the Hebrews in their living and habits, as they seem to take care of each other and do not intermarry with other castes unless they wish to be disowned by their people. So far in their history there has been no such occurrence, as they have a dread that to incur the enmity of the race would mean death. They travel from town to town on foot, giving their exhibitions as the opportunities present themselves, their earnings hardly averaging more than two or three cents per day all the year round. As a religion their profession is not considered, but their superstitions are so strong that if certain ceremonies are not performed over the articles used in their exhibitions they feel that an evil will smite them. During my three years as conductor and interpreter for these mystery workers I was obliged to help fight more imaginary "shytons," or devils, than any Don Quixote of old. Among this caste to snore means that the old gentleman below is near, so my reader can readily imagine my being obliged to go at all hours of the night to make peace for one of the band who may have given vent to a stray snore during his seance with Morpheus. Another superstition that I think originated during the World's Fair was that a failure to drink a certain amount of "American whiskey" before retiring was a sure sign of poor exhibitions on the morrow, which superstition, I may add, was usually found to be true, although too much of

Hindoos Performing the Turban Trick

the article named proved, strange to say, to have the same effect. I would venture to assert that most of the Orientals who visited the Fair returned to their native shores with more or less of a good idea of their new-born superstition, though a Mohammedan's religion prohibits the drinking of liquor.

I will endeavor to explain the manifestations performed by these beings who have created so much comment from the people of two hemispheres.

As snake charmers they are nothing amazing, for they merely catch snakes in the jungles and exhibit them. However, the catching and removing the fangs of the deadly Cobra-de-Capello, the most poisonous snake in the world, is in itself well worth recording and may perhaps prove interesting. Their mode of securing this reptile involves the aid of a cool head and a thorough

knowledge of his habits. When out for a cobra-catch, two or three snake-charmers arm themselves with sticks, enter the jungles and at the sight of a cobra (they are plentiful in India) holds it writhing in the air, another of the party breaks out its fangs with a stone or some other blunt instrument, after which operation the deadly cobra is forever rendered harmless and can

Suspending of Heavy Weight by the Eyes

quickly pinion it to the ground, holding it here while one of the party slips his hand along the body of the snake until it is directly back of the jaws. Then the reptile is released from under the sticks, and while one of the charmers be handled by a child, even though it may make a few ineffectual attempts to bite.

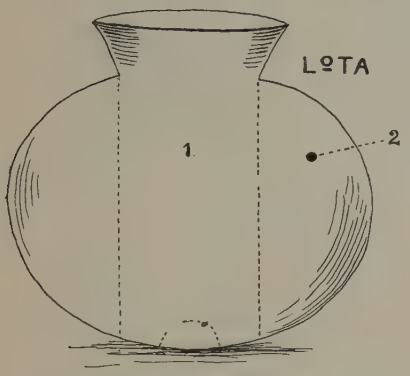
It is as jugglers, however, that these dusky natives show their dexterity to the best advantage. The manipulating

The Vânishing Ball Trick

of coins, cups and balls is always clever palming, but I fully believe that these men are the most wonderful palmsters in the world. The reason their palming is not detected is that their hands are formed unlike any other human beings'. At the base of the thumb there is a rising which will hold any article (from a pea to an egg) in the palm without contracting a muscle, so that when the back of their hand is turned towards you it is impossible to detect anything out of the ordinary.

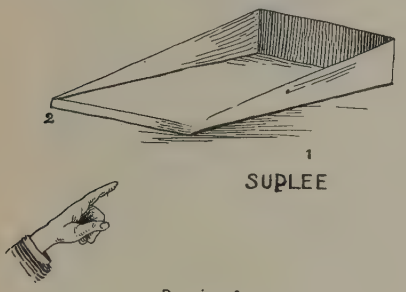
Their first trick, and one which always causes much wonderment, is the turban trick, a long piece of cloth or turban being apparently cut and burned up and then restored intact. This is a clever deception, yet easily explained. The cloth is a long strip, the juggler first cutting several small pieces from one end, after which he proceeds to cut it into two or three or four parts, but in reality only removing a small portion from the end at each cut of the knife, although to accomplish this he gives the turban a twist which places the end in the desired position to be removed.

As the small pieces are cut off they are secured by a knot, which gives the turban the appearance of being cut into three or four distinct parts. Some ask,



Drawing 2

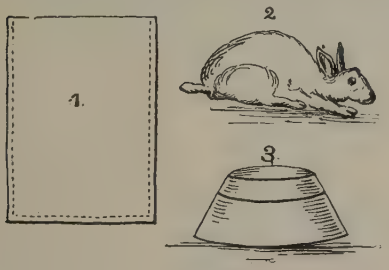
what becomes of the pieces? They are rolled up into a ball, palmed and finally dropped into the juggler's bag at a



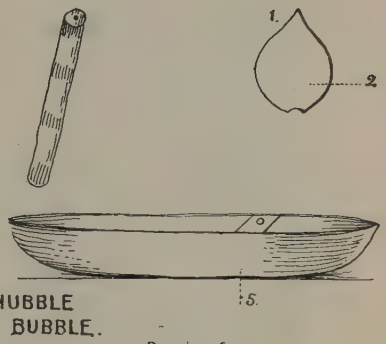
Drawing 3

moment when the spectators' attention is attracted elsewhere.

A great many people were much perplexed at the "Lota" trick (Drawing

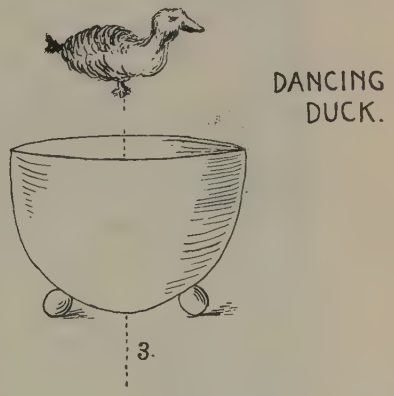


Drawing 4



Drawing 5

2) in which a small metal vessel seems to contain an endless amount of water. This is caused by a partition around the inside centre of the "lota" (1) which has a small hole at the bottom to allow the water to pass through, so that when the vessel is upside down the water remains around the side. The juggler then blows in a small hole drilled in the side (2) which causes a fountain-like flow from the mouth of the vessel.



Drawing 6

Simple as is the device of this little vessel, when illustrated, yet to the uninitiated observer the sight of a steady stream of water flowing from a vase that a second ago was turned bottom-side up and proved empty, is always amazing.

Then there is the popcorn trick.

Hindoos Performing the Famous Basket Mystery. Fig. 1. Disappearance of Man from Net

(Drawing 3.) I have seen hundreds of people sitting within four feet of the jugglers and yet being unable to discover how the performance was accomplished, a fact which certainly goes to show that the jugglers are masters of their art. To do the popcorn trick two assistants hold an ordinary sheet at the four ends, and into this sheet the juggler places some dried raw corn, after which he places in the sheet the "suplee" (1). After a few incantations on the part of the juggler he grasps the suplee and appears to pop corn right before you, but owing to the fact that the suplee has a double bottom (2), where some nice popped corn had been placed a few minutes before, it is hard for one to believe that he is aided by a supernatural power in the case.

It will also be remembered how they produced the rabbits from a small empty basket. This is also a good specimen of the snake-charmer's quick-

ness. (Drawing 4.) Two live rabbits are placed in a small cloth bag (1), loosely tied therein and placed on the ground or table near the juggler who is for a moment, he removes the basket with his left hand with the cloth still over it, and while calling the attention to the fact that the "Rahmsamee" is

The Famous Basket Mystery. Fig. 2. The Accomplice Sitting in the Basket to Show that it is Empty

performing the trick. The small basket (3) is then placed before the juggler, who places upon the basket his "Rahmsamee," or god, and spreads a small cloth over both. After an incantation still there, deftly picks up the bag containing the rabbits with the hand which holds the basket, bringing them around in front of him, quickly removes the rabbits from the bag, places under

The Famous Basket Mystery. Fig. 3. The Sword Thrust to Prove that no one is in the Basket

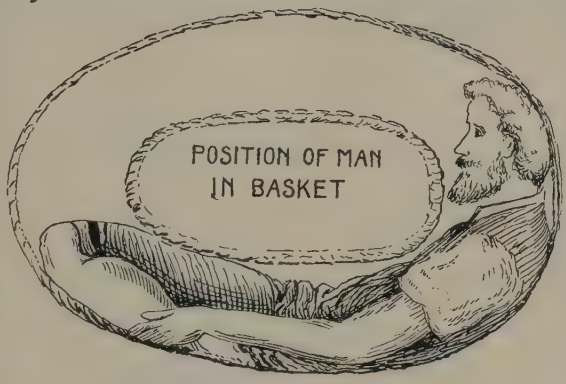
the basket, throws aside the cloth in which is concealed the bag, lifts the basket, and astonishes his audience.

I am well aware that from this crude explanation the trick itself may seem bald enough, but one has only to witness the marvelous degree of dexterity displayed by the operators to be completely nonplussed.

I will next explain that perplexing manifestation, the "hubble bubble" or boat trick. This is not exactly a trick, but a very good though old example of the natural action of air and water. (Drawingn 5.) In this figure I show an ordinary cocoanut hollowed out from a small aperture at the eye end and having a very small hole, about a sixteenth of an inch in diameter and about two inches from the aperture mentioned. (Fig. 2.) Figure 3 represents a chair rung about two inches in circumference and eight inches long, with a hole one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter drilled lengthwise through the center. Figure 4 is a small boat eighteen inches long, about five inches in width, and about two inches deep,

with a small hole bored through the side near the bottom (5). A small seat bar is at one end, in which is drilled a hole large enough to allow the chair rung to fit tightly. The cocoanut is then filled with water, it being necessary for a finger to be kept over the hole in the side. Insert one end of the rung tightly, fill the boat full of water and gently place the rung with cocoanut attached into the seat aperture. At intervals of a few seconds the action of the water and the air will throw a stream from the small hole in the side of the cocoanut into the boat. It appears to flow and stop at the will of the juggler, but in reality he times his commands to the intervals.

The "Dancing Duck" (Drawing 6) is considered very amusing and defies detection. Figure 1 shows a half cocoanut supported by three stones. This is filled with water by the juggler, and when full, a small duck (2) appears on the surface of the water, and at the request of the juggler the duck will bow and dance to the beating of the small "tom-tom" by the juggler a short distance from the cocoanut. But a horse-hair fastened with wax to the breast of the duck and passing down through a pin-hole in the bottom of the cocoanut (3) convinces me that the duck had no idea of working without some one's friendly aid, which was rendered by the juggler, who deftly grasped the end of the horse-hair with the hand that holds the "tom-tom." The beating of the instrument produces the hilarious movements of the duck.



Drawing 7

The most clever display of their ability I have reserved for the last. It is the famous "basket mystery."

This trick consists in putting a man into a net, in which he is tightly tied and then laid across the top of a basket, about three feet long, eighteen inches wide and two feet deep. A sheet is then placed over all, and within ten seconds the net is thrown out from underneath the sheet, in which is enclosed the turban of the juggler, who has apparently disappeared from the basket. A moment later the cover of the basket is removed by the conjuror who is performing the trick, and who, after arranging the sheet loosely over the basket, stamps on it and sits down in it. After this he gets up, places the lid on the basket, binds it tightly with ropes, and then with a sharp stick or swort pierees the basket viciously on all sides, through a small hole in the center of the top.

This always convinces the spectators that the basket is empty, and greatly puzzles them, for previous inspection has satisfied all that no trap door or secret passages are used.

When the man is placed in the net he immediately loosens the cord which runs from top to bottom, and when it is loosened it allows him to get out through the side, leaving his headgear in the net. He laces this together again with the cord attached, so that it may be examined after it is thrown out, leaving no trace of his escape from the net.

Then, while the cover is being removed, the juggler in the basket curls

himself around the edge, with his feet folded closely backward against his body (7), which allows ample room for the assistant to stand and sit in the basket. During the sword thrusts he lies with his knees drawn tightly against his chest, changing position so as to allow the sword or stick to strike the four sides of the basket. After this ordeal of dodging swords or sticks, and after the mysterious incantations by the chief juggler, the basket seems to take life and rolls about, and after the cover is removed the occupant is pulled out, none the worse for his experience.

The Engines Ready to Take Positions for the Combat

RAILWAY COLLISIONS TO ORDER

By Clarence Metters

PROGRESSIVE Americans are in the habit of ordering everything conceivable and many things inconceivable, with the firm belief that their orders will be obeyed, and that with a speed which is the source of wonder to all foreigners. But when a person talks about ordering a railway collision and having that seemingly unattainable desire fulfilled, thinking people will admit that progress in America is indeed a wonder even to the most enlightened. With railway collisions to order it seems that the climax has been reached in the expression of a wish and its subsequent fulfilment.

It is possible that the craze for this exciting amusement will grow until foreign countries will take up the collision idea, and then we may look for international contests between locomotives representing rival principalities.

The idea of giving a railway collision to order originated with Mr. A. L. Streeter in 1892, it being his intention to have this feature as one of the attractions for the great crowds which flocked to the city of Chicago during the years of 1892 and 1893. He unfolded his plan to prominent railway officials of that city, but they looked askance at the proposition.

Mr. Streeter was not to be discouraged and so he kept talking the collision scheme to his railroad friends. At last he secured the co-operation of the officials of an Ohio road, and arrangements were made for giving the exhibition in Canton, O. July 20, 1895, was the date set for the most novel and thrilling amusement enterprise ever placed before the American public. The details of the arrangements were watched with consuming interest by railroad men throughout the State. In fact, the collision was talked of thousands of miles from the place set for the first test of the scheme.

Two monster engines were purchased, one christened "Protection" and the

other "Free Trade," both being liberally decorated with the national colors. They were to come together within an enclosure, and 25,000 people were present to witness the novel sight. Owing to the fact that sufficient police protection was not given the managers, the people persisted in crowding in upon people persisted in crowding at the point at which the engines were to meet. Mr. Streeter did not care to take any chances of injuring a single spectator, and much to the regret of those present the collision was declared off.

General Passenger Agent W. H. Fisher of the Columbus, Hocking & Toledo Railroad, decided to try the collision scheme for attracting a large crowd to Buckeye Park, the beautiful spot owned by the company, twenty-five miles southeast of Columbus, O. Memorial day, 1896, was the date selected, and in honor of the occasion excursions were run to the park from all parts of the State. The crowd was estimated at 20,000, and had it not been for the heavy rain which fell up to the time for the collision, the crowd might have been more than doubled.

Mr. Streeter had personal supervision of the exhibition, and every detail was arranged with care. One of the engines was called "W. H. Fisher," in honor of the general passenger agent of the road, and the other was christened "A. L. Streeter," out of compliment to the man who originated the collision idea. The two engines, each followed by three coal cars and a caboose, were started together, a mile and a half apart. To add to the realism of the collision, dummy engineers were placed in the cabs of the fated engines, and after the throttles had been opened wide by the engineers who started the respective engines, those gentlemen swung out of the cabs and from safety points on the ground watched the race of the engines towards each other.

Twenty-five thousand pairs of eyes were riveted upon one engine or the other as they rushed together, and so

View of the First Made to Order Railway Collision. The Moment the Locomotives Struck

critical was the moment that scarcely a word was spoken. On and on sped the two iron monsters at the rate of over 40 miles an hour, and when the crash came it was terrific, both trains being practically destroyed. One thrilling feature of the collision was the presence of the dummies. They were dressed in the regulation enginemen's garb, and more than one woman covered her eyes, dreading to see the monsters come together, feeling that the trainmen had failed to get off in time, and that they

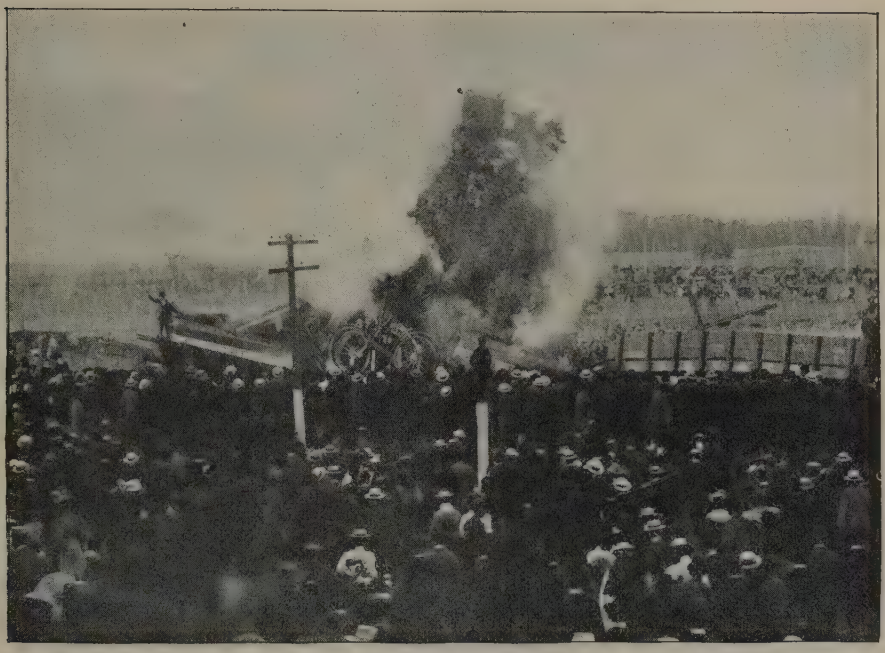
Hocking Valley road. The collision and incidents connected therewith furnished the theme of many discussions among all who witnessed the thrilling event, or even read of it. So great was the interest that a large party of New York newspaper men made the trip to Buckeye Park, for the purpose of witnessing the initial test of the new amusement scheme, and some of the leading photographers of the country, including the eidoscope managers, were on the ground and secured photographs of the

One Second After the Crash

were being carried to a certain and swift destruction.

From a wreck standpoint the Buckeye Park collision was an unqualified success. Unfortunately, however, one man was hurt by a flying missile from the wreck. He, however, was a railroad man and was assisting in the management of the affair. He neglected to keep back of the safety line, and as a result he received a very painful injury. He was hurried to Columbus on a special train, and was given such skillful medical attention that his life was saved and he is now back on duty for the wreck. The photographs here shown of the engines the instant that they came together is one of the best taken. At this collision the engines came together in one minute and nineteen seconds after they had been put in motion from a dead start, and so nicely had the speed of the engines been figured that they struck within ninety feet of the point arranged.

The reports of the Hocking collision spread rapidly all over the country, and soon Mr. Streeter received propositions from other railroad managers for a similar exhibition. The next was



Two Minutes After the Wreck

given at Chicago on July 4 following, on the line of the Chicago & Northern Pacific. Twenty-eight thousand people crowded into the exhibition grounds near Ringland Avenue and Sixteenth Street, and had it not been for the inclement weather there would have been about 75,000 persons present. The engines each made a run of four thousand feet and came together twenty-five feet from the point arranged.

The story of the former collision in Chicago had spread all over that city and the surrounding country, and every indication pointed to an assemblage, on July 18, of about 100,000 to witness the exhibition at Pullman, on the line of the Illinois Central. The rain fell in torrents all that day, but so intent were the people upon seeing the collision that it is estimated that fully 18,000 persons applied in the rain for tickets, and showed their disappointment when told that the collision had been postponed until one week later.

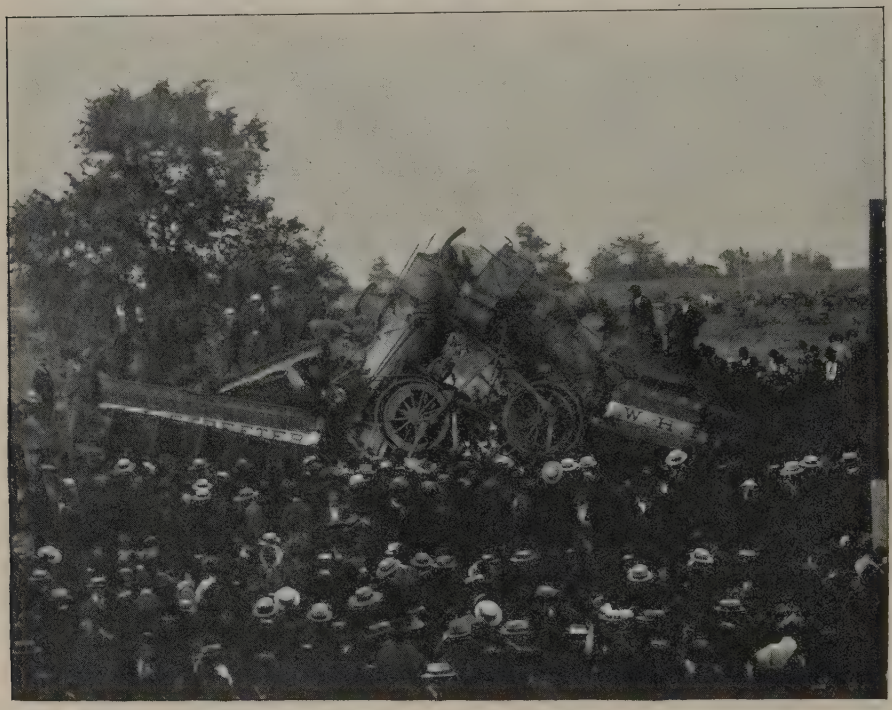
The next combat of the iron monsters took place August 26 at the old capital of Indiana, Coryden. But the top notch in successful collisions was reached at Columbus, O., on the 3d of September. The spot selected was on the line of the Columbus, Sandusky & Hocking, just east of the city limits, and arrangements were made for the accommodation of over 100,000 people. A piece of level ground half a mile in extent along the track, and a quarter of a mile deep, was staked off and surrounded by a fourteen foot wall of canvas, the sides of circus tents being used for the purpose of surrounding the exhibition.

A grand stand, seating 10,000, was erected and all arrangements made for handling an immense crowd. But Jupiter Pluvius seems to have a grudge against Mr. Streeter, and the rain de-

scended in torrents nearly up to the time for the collision to take place. About five thousand people were present, however, when the engines came together, and they were amply repaid for their trouble.

One of the engines was named "Gold Standard," and on the side of the cab and on the end of the tender was the name of McKinley. In the cab windows there were excellent likenesses of the apostle of protection. The opposing iron monster was christened "Free Silver," and was labeled "Bryan," pictures of the "Boy orator of the Platte" being in the cab windows. The plan of having dummy engineers in the cabs was abandoned, owing to the excitement they would cause among certain of the timid spectators. It was found that women as a rule felt certain that the engineers had failed to get out and their impending fate caused a convulsive shudder to sweep through the feminine frames. In order not to offend these the dummies were omitted, but one of the most realistic features of the collision was thus removed.

The locomotives were of the regulation fifty-ton passenger type, and each headed a train of three gondolas and a caboose. The engines were in very good condition, having recently been taken off the road. Thev were started towards each other at a distance of 3700 feet from the point set for the collision, and when they struck they were going at the rate of nearly a mile a minute. The few seconds during which the engines were within the enclosure and headed towards each other at lightning speed were moments of suspense and



Condition of the Locomotive Five Minutes Later

anxiety to every person present. Old-time railroad men, who had been through wrecks and were noted for their bravery in trying times, were completely unnerved by the thrilling sight, and in reality held their breath waiting for the crash. They and the thousands of others did not have long to wait, however. The crash was terrific, and the destruction of the two engines complete. The cars were telescoped and wrecked, but neither of the cabooses was damaged in the least.

Debris from the wrecked engines and cars was hurled many feet from the point of the collision, but the crowd had been kept back of the safety lines and not a person was injured. As soon as the engines met there was a moment of hesitation on the part of the vast assemblage and then all classes of men, women and children rushed to the scene of the wreck. The relic hunters were soon mounted on the engines and the cars, two boys took great delight in ringing the engine bells, which, strange to say, were not stripped from the engine by the force of the collision. All manner of relics were carried away, from the steam whistles to small splinters of wood, to serve as mementoes of the event.

In speaking of the cost of these exhibitions, Mr. Streeter said that they ranged from $5500 to $9000, the average in the large cities being about $7500. He has quite a large amount of paraphernalia, including tents, walls, seats and the like, which he carries from place to place, where the collision exhibitions are given. Since the ready-made collisions have proven successful in amassing crowds, and are free from all danger if proper care is exercised in the management, they have increased in popularity. Mr. Streeter is receiving almost daily propositions to give an exhibition collision, the inquiries being from every part of the United States.

STYLISH WINTER FURS

DESPITE the fact that every summer witnesses something new in the way of dress, whether it be of cut or of material, yet the return of each winter never fails to find the use of furs as much in vogue as ever. Fur, as a regular winter accessory, is the one thing that survives, while all other materials must be content to have their day and then cease to be. The woman who can count among her wardrobe possessions a goodly store of skins and furs is never in danger of wanting the wherewithal to be in style. The mink or the seal garment of last season, if out of true with the more recent modish dictums, is readily susceptible to any change for this season. One were a poor improvisor indeed, who, with a variety of the previous winter's skins at their command, could not by alteration keep in touch with the times. It is for this reason that a really good sealskin coat has always been regarded as a safer investment than any to be found at the stock exchange; it is good for at least ten seasons. Some persons, it would seem, have been known to make it last a lifetime, but we cannot regard such persons as critically correct. Alterations from year to year seemingly only add to its charm; "age cannot wither, nor custom stale its infinite variety." The various subterfuges resorted to in order to produce in the garment an eternal youth are as manifold in number as they are generally successful in results. And when all else is lost, and the day of its utility as a whole is over, one has still the alternative of cutting the fur up for trimmings. And so on, *ad infinitum*.

The changes that it is decreed must be made in the fur garments of this season are not fortunately as radical as heretofore. Concerning the cut of the garment proper there is indeed little to be noticed in the way of a difference. It is the sleeves that bid fair to suffer most. The pendulum has at last begun to swing the other way and

Design 1. Sacque of English Seal

is now swinging fast. It is scarcely to be wondered at that the wife of a year ago, who coaxingly persuaded her "hubby" to so far forget himself as to expend a hundred odd dollars on the enlargement of her seal-skin sleeves, is not at present over-buoyant with the prospect of broaching a similar request directed to an exactly opposite end.

The body piece of the garment itself, however, is, with but little variation, cut along the same lines as last season. In seals there is still the short jacket and the three-quarter coat, cut a trifle loose in the front and snug in the back, both having the possibility of revers and a wide flaring collar. The very darkest sealskin remains as usual the most popular fur for coats and wraps, although the time is fast approaching when the demand will far exceed the supply. The United States census of 1874 estimates the number of seals at 4,700,000 animals; in 1890 the quantity was placed at 900,000; while last year, in 1895, the number was given at only 172,000. At this rate of extermination a seal garment will be almost priceless in the near future.

But, as above stated, it is the seal that still retains prestige and preference over all furs. Very often the seal garment is trimmed with a contrasting fur, but wise women in buying a new coat elect that it shall be untrimmed the first year or so, in order that it may be freshened the following seasons by a decoration. For mourning wear a dark seal, used in conjunction with crepe, is beyond question a proper material, although there are many who still consider the black Persian lamb to be the only correct wear.

The sacque shown in illustration 1 is a style that has much to commend it, and one which will undoubtedly be considered the most fashionable. It is an Alaska seal, London dyed, made from whole skins, and reaches down to a point just below the hips. It is fitted in at the back to the waist and then flares out in umbrella fashion, while the front is single breasted with fly effect. The collar is a broad flaring one, standing high up on the shoulders, and the sleeves are shaped in accordance with the latest decrees. This sacque is lined throughout with a rich brocade. The muff belonging to the garment is decidedly larger than heretofore, and can with propriety be suspended from the neck either by a slight gold chain or a wide ribbon. The fullness at the bottom of the garment permits an easy adjustment and hang of the skirt beneath on the hips. Women who know how to take care of their furs strongly advise wearing under the fur coat a silk bodice, a plain one that cannot be injured in any way by the weight of the fur garment, and which does not injure the lining, by cutting it with elaborate trimmings, as perhaps the bodice of the skirt itself would. Of course, this

Designs 2, 3 and 4. Capes of English Seal and Astrachan, Lined with Brocades. Number 4 is more Properly a Collarette

Designs in this article furnished by Jordan, Marsh & Co., Boston.

Design 5. Fancy Collarettes of Fur

is cut after no one fixed design. It may in length be anything from a scrap of a collarette to a wrap that falls a trifle below the waist line. Further than this it should in no case hang, else bodice can only be worn when it is not intended to remove one's outer wrap.

The fur cape of the present season one in their appearance becomes strongly suggestive of the old Irish woman with the serve-for-everything shawl on. In every instance considerable fullness is allowed for the shoulders, giving the broad effect which most wearers so eagerly covet. Capes made entirely of fur or of some rich material trimmed with fur after this style are invariably pretty for evening wear, being easily thrown on without damage to any bodice, however elaborate in its creation it may be.

The capes shown in illustrations 2, 3 and 4, are of the finest quality English seal, all of them lined with brocades of the richest designs. Figure 4 is, however, more properly a collarette, with measurements of twelve by eighty-six inches. It makes, beyond dispute, one of the most stylish garments for early fall and late spring service, with the additional merit of being entirely in vogue with a coat for winter wear. Illustrations 3 and 4 are of the same quality seal, the former measuring 16 by 100, the latter 20 by 120 inches. They

are in every sense practical and stylish and are made up either plain or combination yoke and edge of contrasting furs. The cheaper imitations are, of course, made out of electric seal and plush.

The designs given in the next illustration (5) display a variety of fancy collarettes. They are made of every cut and material imaginable. Seal, mink, sable, black, silver, blue and red fox, gray krimmer, astrachan, Persian lamb and even skunk are all pressed into service indiscriminately. Concerning the latter it is always best to remember, for the sake of one's nasal perceptibilities, that it must never be worn in damp weather. Unless the skin is cured with the utmost care this disagreeable odor is likely at best to remain with the fur at all times.

And now a word about fur as a trimming. It is in this capacity that it finds its greatest utility, and in the majority of cases its greatest effectiveness and beauty. The use of fur upon a gown, wrap or coat invariably gives to it an air of luxury. The full, soft effect of a fur decoration is always becoming, and tends to make the complexion look clearer and whiter as well as to give an artistic air to the costume. It is not surprising, therefore, that great painters in the past, and in the present, are prone to portray beautiful women robed in rich velvets and brocades, with collars and trimmings of fur. It is because they understand fully the artistic and setting-off qualities of this material. Titian's idea of a rich gown—one which he designed for his wife—was a semi-loose crimson velvet elaborately trimmed with sable, and having the waist-line defined by girdle of gold set with precious stones. Today such luxury is almost unknown, but the appreciation of the value of fur for such purposes still remains.

The fur coat, the coat lined and trimmed with fur, or the coat simply decorated with fur, each has its special use and each is chosen according to the style of the wearer and the climate in

Dosign 6. Seal Plush Jacket, Ripple Back and Flaring Collar. Design 7. Liserine Plush Sacque, Waterproof Quality

which it will be worn. The fancy of late years for golden brown has made Russian and Hudson Bay sable of even greater value than ever. The latter will be the fur most worn, as the real sable is worth considerably more than its weight in gold and consequently is within the reach of the few rather than the many. Mink, that very effective brown fur, is also liked, and some fine harmonies in brown shadings are achieved by the joining together of the mink tails to form collars, muffs, or flat band decorations.

Cloth and brocade coats are very extensively trimmed and lined with fur, or if they are not to be worn in a very cold climate, the fur lining is omitted and the decorations are only suggestion of fur. But when one says decorations in regard to a coat it is generally meant that they include the muff, perhaps the cuffs and collar, and also a little fur on the hat or bonnet. Very often long revers start from the waist-line, where they are quite narrow, and extend until they flare out broadly on the sleeves, achieving the effect of the Empire revers. Meeting as they do, just in the center, where the closing is invisibly performed by hooks, it seems as if the entire corsage part was of fur. Somewhat simpler coats are of plain black brocade with Russian collars of sealskin, Persian lamb, fox, mink, or astrachan.

In the way of trimmings it is the golden-brown furs, as might be expected, that are given the vogue again this season, mink and its many imitators being especially fancied. This fur is one that cuts desirably into pipings, allowing sufficient skin to be sewed by, and yet the line of fur, though narrow, looks full and produces the desired effect.

There are no hard and fast rules governing the mode of decorating. On coats, deep collars that curve in and stand up high on the shoulders are

Design 10. Double-breasted Kersey Jacket

generally liked, and if no fur trimming is put upon them, then the deep cuffs are the proper finish. Quite often, however, a piping will outline the jacket, and then several rows of the fur in

Designs 8 and 9. Seal Plush Capes, Trimmed with Thibet Edging

pipings will decorate the sleeves. On silk or brocade coats the collar is usually of fur with a lace frill over it, while a lace jabot extends to the waist, and pipings of fur and frills of lace are on the cuffs. On gowns fur trimming is very simply applied; sometimes it is about the skirt in one broad band; again, narrow bands of it will be arranged with spaces between, or if an elaborate effect is desired, these spaces will be overlaid with passementerie of gold, silver, beads or silk. On cloth the contrast of lace and fur is seldom seen, and the fur itself, after trimming the skirt, is usually arranged in collar and cuffs, with perhaps an outlining to the coat.

The long, fur-lined, fur-trimmed wrap permits little ingenuity in the arrangement of the fur upon it. That it is the inner lining, that it is about the throat, down each side of the front, and where there are sleeves, constitutes the cuffs, describes the only disposition possible on the long garments. Of course, they are most artistic looking, and by the choice of a becoming fur are made to give the wearer an air of magnificence. On the short coats fur is very generally used, and many odd and unique arrangements are possible. One of the smartest is an Eton jacket. The regulation, close-fitting shape is enveloped in some rich smooth cloth of kersey or other material, having a high shawl collar of black fox and flaring revers that come far down on the corsage at each side. These, of course, tend to make the shoulders look broader and the waist smaller.

In the train of all of the above described garments there follows, very naturally in this inventive and subterfuge age, a host of imitations. Some are really clever, and, to the person of limited means, in every way practical, while there are others that are too cheap to be worthy of consideration.

In illustration 6 is shown a fine quality seal plush jacket that is lined throughout with satin rhadame. A fly-front, flaring storm collar, ripple back and correct sleeves complete its description. Design 7 is a Liserine plush sacque, of the best waterproof quality. It is lined with the same material as the above garment. A full skirt, some forty inches in length, four loops, new sleeves and deep cuffs form the necessary finish.

Of the capes, those illustrated in designs 8 and 9 are seal plush, trimmed with thibet. Their length and cut gives them the umbrella effect, while their general utility as an outer wrap commends them to many who are unable to acquire more costly articles. They are both lined with satin rhadame.

The one illustration (10) of a jacket that is shown in this issue is an all-wool kersey, double-breasted and tailor made, finished with fancy lapels and pockets, and having at the neck and wrists inlaid velvet collar and cuffs. It has for a lining fancy designed black and white silk. A more stylish or more jaunty appearing coat is not easy to find. It invariably gives to its wearer the all-to-be-desired smart effect.

Silver Medallion Presented to Chief Albertson by President Andrew Jackson

A SURVIVOR OF THE RED MAN'S DAY

By Frank Andrews

WHILE making a trip through the Indian Territory it was recently my good fortune to meet one of the most remarkable women then living. Aside from being one hundred and eleven years old, she was the possessor of a medallion that is the only one of its kind in existence. The name of this venerable dame was Sarah Albertson, and she lived near the pretty village of Colbert just within the southern border of the Red Man's Land. She was a half-breed Chickasaw, the daughter of a chief, her people having always held high places in the Territorial government.

Upon my visit to the home of Daniel Collins, where Mrs. Albertson lived, the old lady sat in her easy chair on the front porch and related the interesting story of her eventful life, beginning with her girlhood in the beautiful valleys of the Blackhorn river in Mississippi. She told of the old life when she was so happy around the hut of her father, and how in after years the white man drove her family away from those happy scenes into a new and strange land. Her old eyes kindled with animation as she spoke of the wrongs to her race, and there was a trace of bitterness in her voice when she spoke of her forced farewell to her old home.

According to her statement, substantiated by the family Bible, Mrs. Albertson was born in 1785 in the Blackhorn Valley, Mississippi. Her father was Chief Philip Oxberry, known in his tribe as a wise counsellor rather than an aggressive warrior. He gave to his daughter what education it was possible for her to obtain near her home in those primitive days, and she was often with him at tribal councils and other meetings of her people. It was at one of these tribal meetings that Chief Isaac Albertson met and loved

Sarah, then a comely Indian girl. They were married, and Chief Albertson was afterward highly honored by his tribe, and at a gathering of the Chickasaws in the Blackhorn Valley in 1829 he was presented with a silver medallion by President Andrew Jackson, the presentation being made to evidence a treaty of peace between the government and the Chickasaws, that has not yet been broken. Chief Albertson was instructed that he should at his death bequeath the medallion to the oldest living member of his tribe, and in this manner his wife became its possessor when he was assassinated near his home several years ago. Mrs. Albertson highly prized this silver token, and although she had handsome offers for it she refused to allow it to leave her possession.

Looking at this venerable dame and realizing her great age, one feels somewhat as he does when he looks upon a relic of antiquity. Her face was deeply seamed with the lines of age and her eyes were losing their lustre. She formerly read a great deal, but during the last ten years, strange to say, the meaning of printed words had left

Mrs. Sarah Albertson, Aged 111

her, while she retained her other faculties to a degree remarkable in one of her great age, and could minutely describe occurrences of eighty years ago.

Loved and honored by all Chickasaws, this remarkable woman of five score and ten years, was passing her last years in the land of her forced adoption among relatives who kindly cared for her.

As I walked away to the station on that day the rays of the descending sun fell on a pretty picture. Little Annie Collins, the great-granddaughter of Mrs. Albertson, led her aged relative toward the house, the strong young arms supporting the tottering form, thus linking the departing day of life with its bright and joyous morning.

Events, however, since the day of my visit have lately transpired that will forever render the recurrence of this picture impossible. On one of the golden autumn mornings of late September the long life of Mrs. Albertson, a life so full of sad experiences, was finally brought to a close. During her last illness there were gathered about her more than a hundred of her descendants, people who were led to believe that a life which had been so long with them would still be spared yet longer. It was hard for them to realize that the hereafter had any claims on one who had known this earth for so many years. Her death, that from the nature of things might have been daily anticipated, was for this reason in some respects a surprise. The burial occurred in the little cemetery near Colbert, where scores of relatives and a vast throng of cherishing friends followed the body to the grave.

Silver Medallion Presented to Chief Albertson by President Andrew Jackson. (Reverse)

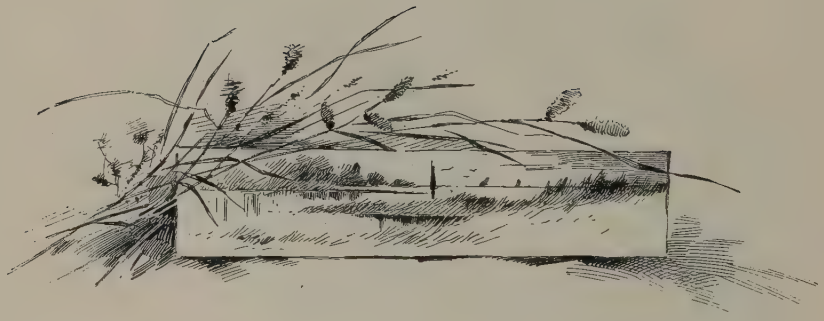
For some time prior to her death Mrs. Albertson had been rather dispirited. She talked more of former times and had wished them back again. She had been greatly worried by the encroachments of the white man, and often said to Mrs. Collins: "You don't know, child, how it was. They came and took our lands from us and sent us

Home of Daniel Collins, where Mrs. Albertson Lived

wandering to new homes, and it now seems that they are not yet satisfied." She often cried while talking about the suffering of her people in this way.

Although having spent the past fifty years of her life in a quiet home, she died holding fast to the early traditions of her people. She had embraced and was a firm believer in the religion of the white man, but in all things else she was true to the spirit of her fathers. When recounting their deeds of war her eyes would glow with admiration, and to the last she cherished many relics of the time the red man was free to roam at his will. Among these was a highly-prized tomahawk. When the treaty of 1832 was concluded at Pontitock, Miss., the signature of Chief Albertson, husband of Sarah Albertson, was attached to it with the signatures of other prominent Chickasaws. President Jackson, as a mark of friendship toward Chief Albertson, presented him with the tomahawk in question, which is now a unique and highly-prized relic. Above the blade of the weapon is the bowl of a pipe. The handle is hollow and has a mouthpiece for the smoker, thus constituting the pipe of peace and tomahawk of war.

A monument will be reared to her memory, and when the record of her years is put upon the stone it will read: "Born in 1784; died in 1896."



STORIES FROM THE PERSIAN

ABDULLA AND HIS MONEY

IN a sequestered vale of the fruitful province of Khorassan there lived a peasant called Abdulla. He had married a person in his own rank of life, who, though very plain in her appearance, had received from her fond father the fine name of Zeeba, or the beautiful; to which act of parental folly the good woman owed the few seeds of vanity that mixed in her homely character. It was this feeling that led her to name her two children Yusuph and Fatima,—conceiving, no doubt, that the fortunate name of the son of Yacoob, the vizier of Far'oun and fascinator of Zuleikha, would aid the boy in his progress through life; while there could be no doubt of her little girl receiving equal advantages from being named after the daughter of the Prophet and the wife of the renowned Ali.

With all these family pretensions from high names, no man's means could be more limited than those of Abdulla; but he was content and happy. He was strong and healthy, and labored for the reis, or squire, who owned the land on which his cottage stood; he had done so from youth, and had never left, nor ever desired to leave, his native valley. The wages of his labor were paid in grain and cloth, sufficient for the food and clothing of his family and himself; with money he was unacquainted except by name.

It happened, however, one day, that the reis was so well pleased with Abdulla's exertions that he made him a present of ten piastres. Abdulla could hardly express his thanks, he was so surprised and overjoyed at this sudden influx of wealth. The moment he could get away from his daily labor he ran home to his wife. "There, my Zeeba," said he, "there are riches for you!" and he spread the money before her. The astonishment and delight of the good woman was little less than that of her husband, and the children were called to share in the joy of their parents. "Well," said Abdulla, still looking at the money, "the next thing to consider is, what is to be done with this vast sum. The reis has given me tomorrow as a holiday; and I do think, my dear wife, if you approve, I will go to the famous city of Meshed: I never saw it, but it is not above six or seven fersekhs distant. I will pay my devotions at the shrine of the holy Imam Mehdee, upon whom be God's blessing, and like a good Mahometan deposit there two piastres,—one-fifth of my wealth,—and then I will go to the great bazaar, of which I have heard so much, and purchase with the remainder everything you, my dear wife and children, can wish; tell me what you would like best."

"I will be moderate," said Zeeba; "I want nothing but a piece of handsome silk for a dress; I think it would be becoming;" and as she said so, all the associations to which her father had given birth when he gave her a name shot across her mind. "Bring me," said the sturdy little Yusuph, "a nice horse and a sword." "And me," said his sister, in a softer tone, "an Indian handkerchief and a pair of golden slippers." "Every one of these articles shall be here tomorrow evening," said Abdulla, as he kissed his happy family; and early next morning, taking a stout staff in his hand, he commenced his journey towards Meshed.

When Abdulla approached the holy city, his attention was first attracted by the cluster of splendid domes and minarets which encircled the tomb of the

holy Imam Mehdee, whose roofs glittered with gold. He gazed with wonder at a sight which appeared to him more like those which the faithful are promised in heaven than anything he expected to see on this earth. Passing through the streets which led to such magnificent buildings, he could look at nothing but them. When arrived at the gate of the sacred shrine, he stopped for a moment in silent awe, and asked a venerable priest, who was reading the Koran, if he might proceed, explaining at the same time his object. "Enter, my brother," said the old man. "Bestow your alms, and you shall be rewarded; for one of the most pious of the caliphs has said, 'Prayer takes a man half way to paradise; fasting brings him to its portals; but these are only opened to him who is charitable.'"

Having deposited, like a good and pious Mussulman, the fifth of his treasure on the shrine of the holy Imam, Abdulla went to the great bazaar; on entering which his senses were quite confounded by the novel sight of the pedestrian crowd hurrying to and fro, the richly caparisoned horses, the splendid trains of the nobles, and the loaded camels and mules, which filled the space between rich shops, where every ware of Europe, India, China, Tartary, and Persia were displayed. He gazed with open mouth at everything he saw, and felt for the first time what an ignorant and insignificant being he had hitherto been. Though pushed from side to side by those on foot, and often nearly run over by those on horseback, it was some time before he became aware of the dangers to which his wonder exposed him. These accidents, however, soon put him out of humor with the bustle he had at first so much admired, and determined him to finish his business and return to his quiet home.

Entering a shop where there was a number of silks such as he had seen worn by the family of the reis, he inquired for their finest pieces. The shopman looked at him, and observing from his dress that he was from the country, concluded he was one of those rich farmers who, notwithstanding the wealth they have acquired, maintain the plain habits of the peasantry to whom they have a pride in belonging. He consequently thought he had a good customer; that is, a man who added to riches but little knowledge of the article he desired to purchase. With this impression he tossed and tumbled over every piece of silk in his shop. Abdulla was so bewildered by their beauty and variety, that it was long before he could decide; at last he fixed upon one, which was purple, with a rich embroidered border. "I will take this," he said, wrapping it up and putting it under his arm; "what is the price?"

"I shall only ask you, who are a new customer, two hundred piastres; I should ask any one else three or four hundred for so exquisite a specimen of manufacture, but I wish to tempt you back again, when you leave your beautiful lands in the country to honor our busy town with your presence." Abdulla stared, replaced the silk, and repeated in amazement, "Two—hundred—piastres! you must be mistaken; do you mean such piastres as these?" taking one out of the eight he had left in his pocket, and holding it up to the gaze of the astonished shopkeeper. "Certainly I do," said the latter; "and it is very cheap at that price." "Poor Zeeba!" said Abdulla, with a sigh, at the thought of her disappointment. "Poor who?" said the silk-mercer. "My wife," said Abdulla. "What have I to do with your wife?" said the man, whose tone altered as his chance of sale diminished. "Why," said Abdulla, "I will tell you all: I have worked hard for the reis of our village ever since I was a boy; I never saw money till yesterday, when he gave me ten piastres. I came to Meshed, where I had never

been before. I have given, like a good Mussulman, a fifth of my wealth to the Imam Mehdee, the holy descendant of our blessed Prophet, and with the eight remaining piastres I intend to buy a piece of embroidered silk for my good wife, a horse and sword for my little boy, and an Indian handkerchief and a pair of golden slippers for my darling daughter; and here you ask me two hundred piastres for one piece of silk! How am I to pay you, and with what money am I to buy the other articles,—tell me that!" said Abdulla, in a reproachful tone. "Get out of my shop!" said the enraged vender of silks; "here have I been wasting my valuable time, and rumpling my choicest goods, for a fool and a madman! Go along to your Zeeba and your booby children; buy stale cakes and black sugar for them, and do not trouble me any more." So saying, he thrust his new and valued customer out of the door.

Abdulla muttered to himself as he went away, "No doubt this is a rascal, but there may be honest men in Meshed; I will try amongst the horse-dealers; and having inquired where these were to be found, he hastened to get a handsome pony for Yusuph. No sooner had he arrived at the horse market, and made his wishes known, than twenty were exhibited. As he was admiring one that pranced along delightfully, a friend, whom he had never seen before, whispered him to beware; that the animal, though he went very well when heated, was dead lame when cool. He had nearly made up his mind to purchase another, when the same man significantly pointed to the hand of the owner, which was one finger short, and then champing with his mouth and looking at the admired horse, gave Abdulla to understand that his beloved boy might incur some hazard from such a purchase. The very thought alarmed him; and he turned to his kind friend and asked if he could not recommend a suitable animal. The man said his brother had one, which, if he could be prevailed upon to part with, would just answer, but he doubted whether he would sell him; yet as his son, who used to ride this horse, was gone to school, he thought he might. Abdulla was all gratitude, and begged him to exert his influence. This was promised and done; and in a few minutes a smart little gray horse, with head and tail in the air, cantered up. The delighted peasant conceived Yusuph on his back, and in a hurry to realize his vision, demanded the price. "Any other person but yourself," said the man, "should not have him one piastre less than two hundred; but as I trust to make a friend as well as a bargain, I have persuaded my brother to take only one hundred and fifty." The astonished Abdulla stepped back. "Why, you horse-dealers," said he, "whom I thought were such good men, are as bad as the silk-mercers!" He then recapitulated to his friend the rise of his present fortune, and all that had occurred since he entered Meshed. The man had hardly patience to hear him to a close. "And have I," said he, "been throwing away my friendship, and hazarding a quarrel with my brethren, by an over-zealous honesty to please a fool of a bumpkin? Get along to your Zeeba, and your Yusuph, and your Fatima, and buy for your young hopeful the sixteenth share of a jackass! The smallest portion of that animal is more suited to your means and your mind than a hair of the tail of the fine horses you have presumed to look at."

So saying, he went away in a rage, leaving Abdulla in perfect dismay. He thought, however, he might still succeed in obtaining some of the lesser articles; he, however, met with nothing but disappointment: the lowest-priced sword was thirty piastres, the golden slippers were twenty, and a small Indian handkerchief was twelve, being four piasters more than all he possessed.

Disgusted with the whole scene, the

good man turned his steps toward home. As he was passing through the suburbs he met a holy mendicant exclaiming, "Charity, charity! He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord; and he that lendeth to the Lord shall be repaid a hundred-fold. "What is that you say?" said Abdulla. The beggar repeated his exclamation. "You are the only person I can deal with," said the good but simple peasant; "there are eight piastres,—all I possess; take them, and use them in the name of the Almighty, but take care that I am hereafter paid a hundred-fold, for without it I shall never be able to gratify my dear wife and children." And in the simplicity of his heart he repeated to the mendicant all which had occurred, that he might exactly understand the situation in which he was placed.

The holy man, scarcely able to suppress a smile as he carefully folded up the eight piastres, bade Abdulla to be of good heart and rely upon a sure return. He then left him, exclaiming as before, "Charity, charity! He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord; and he that lendeth to the Lord shall be repaid a hundred-fold."

When Abdulla came within sight of his cottage, they all ran to meet him. The breathless Yusuph was the first who reached his father: "Where is my horse and my sword?" "And my Indian handkerchief and golden slippers?" said little Fatima, who had now come up. "And my silk vest?" said Zeeba, who was close behind her daughter. "But wealth has changed your disposition, my dear Abdulla!" said the good woman. "You have become grave, and, no doubt," she added with a smile, "so dignified that you could not be burdened, but have hired a servant to bring home the horse and to carry the presents for your family. Well, children, be patient; we shall see everything in a few minutes." Abdulla shook his head, but would not speak a word till he entered his dwelling. He then seated himself on his coarse mat, and repeated all his adventures, every part of which was heard with temper till his last act,—that of giving his piastres to the mendicant. Zeeba, who had a little more knowledge of the world than her husband, and whose mind was ruffled by disappointment, loudly reproached him with his stupidity and folly in thus throwing away the money he had obtained by the liberality of the reis, to whom she immediately went and gave information of all that had occurred The enraged squire sent for Abdulla. "You blockhead," said he, "what have you been about? I, who am a man of substance, never give more than a copper coin to these vagabond rascals who go about asking charity; and here you have given one of them eight piastres, —enough to spoil the whole generation: but he promised you a hundred-fold, and you shall have it to prevent future folly. Here," said he to the servants near him, "seize the fellow, and give him a hundred stripes!" The order was obeyed as soon as given, and poor Abdulla went home on the night of the day following that which had dawned upon his wealth, sore from a beating, without a coin in his pocket, out of temper with silk-mercers, horse-dealers, cutlers, slipper-makers, mendicants, squires, wives, himself, and all the world.

Early next morning Abdulla was awakened by a message that the reis wanted him. Before he went he had forgiven his wife, who was much grieved at the punishment which her indiscretion had brought upon her husband. He also kissed his children, and bid them be of good heart, for he might yet, through God's favor, make amends for the disappointment he had caused them. When he came to the reis, the latter said. "I have found a job for you, Abdulla, that will bring you to your senses; here, in this dry soil, I mean to dig for water, and you must toil day after day till it

is found." So saying, he went away, leaving Abdulla to his own sad reflections and hard labor. He made little progress the first two days; but on the the third, when about six cubits below the surface, he came upon a brass vessel; on looking into which he found it full of round white stones, which were beautiful from their smoothness and fine lustre. He tried to break one with his teeth, but could not. "Well," said he, "this is no doubt some of the rice belonging to the squire, which has been turned into stones. I am glad of it; he is a cruel master; I will, however, take them home; they are very pretty; and now I recollect I saw some very like them at Meshed for sale. But what can this be?" said Abdulla to himself, disengaging another pot from the earth. "Oho! these are darker, they must have been wheat; but they are very beautiful; and here!" cried he, "these shining pieces of glass are finer and brighter than all the rest; but I will try if they are glass;" and he put one of them between two stones, but could not break it.

Pleased with this discovery, and believing he had got something valuable, but ignorant what it was, he dug out all he could find, and putting them into a bag, carefully concealed it even from his wife. His plan was to obtain a day's leave from his master and go again to Meshed, where he had hopes of selling the pretty stones of various colors for as much money as would purchase the silk vest, the horse, the sword, the slippers, and the handkerchief. His mind dwelt with satisfaction on the pleasing surprise it would be to those he loved to see him return home, mounted on the horse, and loaded with the other articles. But while the pious Abdulla indulged in this dream, he always resolved that the Imam Mehdee should receive a fifth of whatever wealth he obtained.

After some weeks' hard labor at the well, water was found. The reis was in good humor, and the boon of a holiday was granted. Abdulla departed before daylight, that no one might see the bag which he carried; when close to Meshed, he concealed it near the root of a tree, having first taken out two handfuls of the pretty stones, to try what kind of a market he could make of them. He went to a shop where he had seen some like them. He asked the man, pointing to those in the shop, if he would buy any such articles. "Certainly," said the jeweller, for such he was; "have you one to sell?" "One!" said Abdulla, "I have plenty." "Plenty!" repeated the man. "Yes; a bagful." "Common pebbles, I suppose; can you show me any?" "Look here!" said Abdulla, taking out a handful, which so surprised the jeweller that it was some time before he could speak. "Will you remain here, honest man," said he, "for a moment," trembling as he spoke, "and I will return instantly." So saying, he left the shop, but reappeared in a few minutes with the chief magistrate and some of his attendants. "There is the man," said he; "I am innocent of all dealings with him. He has found the long-lost treasure of Khoosroo; his pockets are filled with diamonds, rubies and pearls, in price and lustre far beyond any existing; and he says he has a bagful." The magistrate ordered Abdulla to be searched, and the jewels which had been described were found. He was then desired to show where he had deposited the bag, which he did; all were carefully sealed, and carried with Abdulla to the governor, by whom he was strictly examined. He told his whole history from first to last: the receiving of ten piastres; his charity at the shrine of the Imam; his intended purchases; the conduct of the mercer, the horse-dealer, the cutler, the slipper-maker; the promises of the mendicant; the disappointment and anger of his wife; the cruelty of the reis; the digging of the well; the discovery of the

pretty stones; the plan formed for disposing of them, with the reserve for further charity: all this was narrated with a clearness and simplicity that stamped its truth, which was confirmed by the testimony of his wife and children, who were brought to Meshed. But notwithstanding this, Abdulla, his family, and the treasures he had found were a few days afterwards despatched for Isfahan, under a guard of five hundred horsemen. Express couriers were sent before to advise the ministers of the great Abbas of the discovery which had been made, and of all that had been done.

During these proceedings at Meshed, extraordinary events occurred at Isfahan. Shah Abbas the Great saw one night in a dream the holy Imam Mehdee clothed in green robes. The saint, after looking steadfastly at the monarch, exclaimed, "Abbas, protect and favor my friend!" The king was much troubled at this dream, and desired his astrologers and wise men to expound it; but they could not. On the two following nights the same vision appeared and the same words were pronounced. The monarch lost all temper, and threatened the chief astrologer and others with death unless they relieved the anxiety of his mind before the evening of the same day. While preparations were making for their execution, the couriers from the governor of Meshed arrived, and the visier, after perusing the letters, hastened to the king. "Let the mind of the refuge of the world be at repose," he said, "for the dream of our monarch is explained. The peasant Abdulla of Khorassan, who, though ignorant and poor, is pious and charitable, and who has become the chosen instrument of Providence for discovering the treasures of Khoosroo, is the revealed friend of the holy Imam Mehdee, who has commanded that this good and humble man be honored by the protection and favor of the king of kings."

Shah Abbas listened to the particulars which were written from Meshed with delight; his mind was quite relieved, and he ordered all his nobles and his army to accompany him a day's march from Isfahan to meet the friend of the holy Imam. When the approach of the party was announced, the king walked from his tent a short distance to meet them. First came one hundred horsemen; next Abdulla, with his arms bound, sitting on a camel; after him, on another, his wife Zeeba, and followed by their children, Yusuph and Fatima, riding together on a third. Behind the prisoners was the treasure. A hundred horsemen guarded each flank, and two hundred covered the rear. Shah Abbas made the camels which carried Abdulla and his family kneel close to him, and aided, with his royal hands, to untie the cords by which the good man was bound, while others released his wife and children. A suit of the king's own robes was directed to be put upon Abdulla, and the monarch led him to a seat close to his throne, but before he would consent to be seated, he thus addressed his majesty:—

"O King of the Universe, I am a poor man, but I was contented with my lot, and happy in my family, till I first knew wealth. From that day my life has been a series of misfortunes: folly and ambition have made me entertain wishes out of my sphere, and I have brought disappointment and misfortune on those I loved best; but now that my death is near, and it pleases your majesty to amuse yourself with a mock honor to your slave, he is satisfied, if your royal clemency will only spare the lives of that kind woman and these dear children. Let them be restored to the peace and innocence of their native valley, and deal with me according to your royal pleasure."

On uttering these words, Abdulla, overcome by his feelings, burst into tears. Abbas was himself greatly moved. "Good and pious man," he

said, "I intend to honor, not to slay thee. Thy humble and sincere prayers, and thy charitable offerings at the shrine of the holy Mehdee, have been approved and accepted. He has commanded me to protect and favor thee. Thou shalt stay a few days at my capital, to recover from thy fatigues, and return as governor of that province from which thou hast come a prisoner. A wise minister, versed in the forms of office, shall attend thee; but in thy piety and honesty of character I shall find the best qualities for him who is destined to rule over others. Thy good wife Zeeba has already received the silk vest she so anxiously expected; and it shall be my charge," continued the gracious monarch, with a smile, "to see Yusuph provided with a horse and sword, and that little Fatima shall have her handkerchief and golden slippers."

The manner as well as the expressions of the king dispelled all Abdulla's fears and filled his heart with boundless gratitude. He was soon after nominated governor of Khorassan, and became famous over the country for his humanity and justice. He repaired, beautified, and richly endowed the shrine of the holy Imam, to whose guardian care he ever ascribed his advancement. Yusuph became a favorite of Abbas, and was distinguished by his skill in horsemanship, and by his gallantry. Fatima was married to one of the principal nobles, and the good Zeeba had the satisfaction through life of being sole mistress in her family, and having no rival in the affection of her husband, who continued to cherish, in his exalted situation, those ties and feelings which had formed his happiness in humble life.

IN THE MORNING OF THE VICAR'S LIFE

By Arthur W. Tarbell

THE young probationer who had been called from Oxford to the lonely little parish of Kerndale in the north of England, had arrived that afternoon at the vicarage, and was now sitting alone before the study-fire watching with languid interest the oak logs as they crumbled and glowed on the hearth-stone. The room about him was quiet; no sound reached his ears save the drowsy, rhythmical ticking of the old clock, that from the hall-way broke in upon an otherwise perfect stillness. The light from the fire threw out a soft, mellow glow, giving a ruddy aspect to the gloaming, and causing fantastic shadows to flicker and dance about on the opposite walls; while outside, in the bleak Westmoreland valley of Blacksmoor, the cold, dreary December afternoon was creeping slowly to a close, and the first few flakes of a snowstorm that had been threatening for the past twenty-four hours were beginning to descend like a silent white robe over the cheerless landscape.

The Vicar himself had just left the room. He was failing rapidly, so rapidly, in fact, that the probationer, when he clasped hands with him for the first time that afternoon, saw at a glance why he had been summoned so suddenly from Oxford. The good old churchman could not last much longer; four and fifty years of such work as he had done in the scattered parish of this desolate valley, had finally begun to tell upon him. One wondered even now how he had withstood the advance of years with so little apparent decrease of vitality. In his talk that afternoon the old Vicar, who might be considered as having earned the right to sheathe his sword after the long fight, had shown a far greater amount of enthusiasm and energy of purpose than the younger man considered himself as having who had not even as yet drawn his blade in the good cause. And now it was the body, not the will, that was being forced to succumb. The probationer marvelled at this spirit that could carry a man through so many years of what to most men would appear a dreary and unappreciated toil among a people that lived mainly, if not wholly, upon the most humble and lowest planes of existence. Fifty years of solitary life, preaching the Word of God to the rude dalesmen of this barren valley—what a sacrifice from a worldly standpoint! Ah! but that was not the question, although the situation weighed itself keenly in the young probationer's mind as he sat there before the fire wondering, now that he was about to take his first step, what successive steps the future held for him.

But his thoughts at this point were interrupted by a door opening and the entrance into the room of the decrepit old housekeeper who had come to light the lamps. After watching her for some time the probationer ventured a question.

"The Vicar is poorly, my good woman?"

"Ar, hae is that, God bless 'im. I'm muckle afeared hae's slippin' awa'." The poor creature was so visibly affected by the mere thought of this, that she was obliged to raise one corner of her apron to her eyes to conceal her emotion.

"And the good people here in the valley will miss him sorely when he is gone. I hear they think a deal of the Vicar."

"Ar, sir, yae canna ken hoow mooch. Foor an' fifty years—na woonder the' love 'im. 'Tis a muckle bit hae's doon foor 'em. I dinna ken whut they'll doo widoot th' maister. Ar mae, t'll nat bae lang noo that hae has t' laive, gude man that hae is, God bless 'im. I dinna blaef hae'll aver mak' anoother joorney, an' I dinna thaink theer'll bae any vi'lets on th' foin laidy's pictur', any mair, any mair." This allusion, though not in the least understood by the probationer, was followed by a series of mumbling, half-articulate utterances concerning the "maister's" goodness. Occasionally her remarks, as she moved about the room, were interspersed with disparaging exclamations derogatorv to the Vicar's tidiness.

Whether it was for his especial benefit that she did this, or whether it was her habitual outflow of solicitude for her master, the young churchman could not determine, but before long he found himself listening with considerable interest to what appeared to be a disconnected sketch of the Vicar's life. Much of what she said was unintelligible, owing partly to her confusion of circumstances and places, and partly to her irregular dialect, but by the time the Vicar had entered the room again, and the old dame had hobbled out, the probationer was left with an indistinct impression that the Vicar was a man with a story. Years ago, it seemed, some great disappointment had befallen him, and unable or unwilling to suffer a second one from the world's harsh hands, he had in consequence buried himself in this northern valley to accept the spiritual guardianship of as poor and as lowly a flock of worshippers as could be found anywhere in the length and breadth of all England. Once a a year, in the spring time, he was known to journey southward, but no one knew just where; and each time that he returned he brought back a cluster of violets and a countenance that betrayed a strange mingling of past happiness and present suffering. This little journey, so short and apparently insignificant, was regarded by the dalesmen as the connecting link of the Vicar's past, a past which they reverently respected by never mentioning. But they would have given—ah, how much to know what it meant.

The Vicar had returned to the room, and was seated once more by the fire. The probationer expected that they would resume their talk on church matters, but it was not so. Something had happened in the interval. There was not that vigor nor hopefulness in the Vicar's face that the young man had seen there in the afternoon. He seemed visibly weakened and resigned. Could it be that the presence of his successor had given him an inkling of what was coming? It was possible. The probationer was even afraid it was so, for on glancing down at the Vicar's hands, he noticed that one of them held a cluster of faded violets. He recalled the words of the housekeeper, and wondered if he, a stranger, was to be permitted a glimpse of a past that had hitherto met with no utterance. But he could only wait; he could not at that moment comprehend the Vicar's mood.

For a time both men were silent; nothing was heard but the storm outside that rattled the windows and blew in fierce gusts against the panes. Then the Vicar spoke.

"Draw your chair nearer the fire, my lad; it's scarce warmth enough we can get on a night like this. Ah, they are terrible—these nights—on the poor dalesmen of this wild valley. I shouldn't wonder but old Brobridge up on Scar-Head Ghyll would lose more cattle tonight than he can well afford. They are times when we who are privileged not to be men of the soil, like best to sit by the fire and watch the flames or listen to the wind as it moans in the chimney. They seemed to whisper to us of things gone by."

The Vicar paused, but the younger man knew that it was not the time for him to speak.

"Tell me, my lad, of what were you dreaming here by the fire just now—of the large and wealthy parish you hope to have some few years hence in a distant city?"

The probationer was surprised at the elder churchman's sympathetic insight. "Yes, Vicar, I confess I was indulging in some rather implorable castles in the air."

"Ah, well, don't make the church too big nor the parishioners too wealthy. Things shrink with age, you know. The fates seem to enjoy mocking us by allowing us to have such grand castles when we are young, and then force upon us the bitter contrast of reality when are older."

The Vicar reached forward to replace one of the logs that had crumbled and fallen from the andirons. The probationer thought he saw, by the light of the fire, a tear glistening in the old man's eye.

"Yes, my lad," he presently continued. "I doubt if there is any sadder bit of irony concerning human fate than the fading away of the splendid dreams of our youth as we approach the afternoon and evening of life. We trim our lamps and set them on a pedestal, meaning that they shall shed their light upon a none too happy world and make everything bright and cheerful. And all to what end? Scarcely before we realize it, the light, somehow or other, seems to grow dim, and we find that the wick has not been trimmed and that the oil has not been replenished. Then, almost without any effort on our part, the lamp itself goes out. And so dies many another good intention. Ah—it is sad—Iknow of nothing sadder."

The Vicar paused. But it was only for a moment. Then he began to speak with the manner of a man who was retrospectively thinking of something that deeply concerned his life.

"I knew of a young man once, who while he was in college began to construct air-castles that far exceeded in splendor and magnificence anything that can be found in the Arabian Nights. Each one surpassed in grandeur the one that preceded it, and the last—ah, why need I conceal the fact?—the young man was myself, and on just such a night as this, oh, so many years ago, something happened, and all these beautiful dreams of youth fell at one blow, and the young man was young no longer. He had learnt what it was to live in a world like this.

"I hardly know why I should wish to recall that night—but—well—I must, that is all. And then—strange too as it may seem—I see something in your face—I saw it this afternoon—that carries me, with unaccountable persistency back to that night. Yet it must be my fancy only, for of course there can be no other reason. However, I will tell the story; it may serve its purpose. It now concerns no one but myself, so it can do no harm; the others have long since been dead, and my own lamp is fast flickering out. The old Doctor tells me that I am failing rapidly, and may be called at any moment."

Still the young man did not answer; he knew that none was expected. So he waited. And the storm in the valley seemed to grow fiercer, and the wind rose and fell in the chimney with long, weird moans. The Vicar gave his chair a hitch nearer the fire and settled back in it with a feeble gesture.

"It is not easy for me to speak now, my friend, of anything that goes deeper than the weather or parish affairs, so I scarce know where to begin; but then it's no very great story, after all, and I dare say many a better man has been through the same thing. At any rate, the time when it began was back in the early part of the century when I was a Baliol man—at your own university, it seems—so you'll understand my surroundings. Of course I am well aware that the Oxford of then and the Oxford of today are two vastly different things, and yet I imagine that the dreams a young fellow has there were pretty

much the same then as now. Although I take it as no very great credit, I was particularly fortunate in my undergraduate career. I cleared the "Smalls" and the "Greats" with what seemed to me no terrible amount of work, and not being content to take merely a "pass" degree, I aimed at the highest and secured a "first" in Literae Humaniores. Besides that I made a good many firm friends, was a member of the Union Debating Society, then just started, and was regular on the eleven and at one time a substitute on the crew. So you see, a few years later, when I entered the church, I had as auspicious a start as any young fellow could wish. But ah—the irony of it all, the greatest error of my years at Oxford—was, that my ideals were too high. It may sound strange for a man to be told in this grossly material world of ours, that one's ideals can be too high, but nevertheless as I see it now through the focus years, such was the case. In those days I was like a man climbing a mountain, who kept his eyes so constantly upwards on the summit, that he never saw on the ground beneath him anything of good or of interest; and so many a rich opportunity was passed by, and many a thing that it was his to do was left undone. But the gray hairs of my head, if they have brought nothing else to me, have shown me wherein I then erred; for I have since learned that the one thing demanded of us, the fulfilling of the highest ideal of all, lies in the manner in which a man does his daily work and his daily duty.

"But it was different then. I left Oxford, as a countless number of men before and after me have done, with hopes and expectations that it would never have been in the power of mortal man to accomplish. Why, in those days, nothing less than the pulpit of the biggest church in London was going to satisfy me, and I was always imagining myself in the great cathedrals of the world, swaying the people and bettering their lives by bringing home to them as it had never been brought home before, the truth and beauty of right living. It seemed to me then that the greater half of mankind were travelling on the wrong road when they might just as well have journeyed on the right one if the guide-boards had only been different. I saw everywhere misery and animality where there might have been happiness and divinity; and I encountered at every turn unnatural ugliness where there ought to have been natural beauty. A poor, sodden, wretchedly misguided humanity, as easily moulded as the clay beneath the potter's thumb, waiting for the leaders and the trumpet calls to march them on towards righteousness—such was the spectacle as I then saw it. And all this affected me how? It made me wellnigh restlessly crazy, ambitious, intensely eager for the word and the opportunity to come that I might throw my own heart and life into the struggle. And so I waited and listened, and as I waited and listened, many a light, as Wordsworth says,

'Dawned from the east, but dawned to disappear
And mock me with a sky that ripened not
Into a steady morning.'"

"Do you ever go back to Oxford?" ventured the probationer, thinking that the Vicar's yearly journey had something to do with these early hopes.

"No, no, my lad, it wouldn't do. Nothing makes me so sad as the thought of how I used to dream out such grand Utopias at Oxford. It would be like a stab to me to witness again the scene of those visions. If I went back I should only see in every familiar spot and hear in every familiar sound, faces and voices that would mock me at my failure—if failure it has been. No, no, my lad, it wouldn't do." And the Vicar leaned back with a sigh and let his eyes wander absently over the room.

"Well, about that time I entered into

my first incumbency, a wretched little parish, lost and hidden away in the mining district of southern England. I had to take it; there was no alternative and my poverty admitted of no delay. I was miserably disappointed, but it seemed before long that I was destined to meet with a still greater disappointment. For at the end of my first year I was asked to resign. It was a terrible blow, and at the time I could in nowise reconcile it. But now it is all perfectly clear. I simply overshot their heads. I was drifting so much in the clouds myself then, that I doubt if I spoke more than five words in my sermons that year that an ordinary man with his feet on the ground could in the least understand; much less a man whose daily work it was to wield a pick in a coal mine. Yet time softened the sting of that blow somewhat, but there was another—"

And here the old Vicar's voice faltered, and he stared into the fire with averted face. The younger man knew full well that here, in all probability, the Vicar was about to speak of something that had never before passed his lips.

"During that year I fell in love with a girl—the daughter of the manor-house. I need not tell you that she was good or that she was beautiful; my ideals being what they were, you must know what my choice would have been. It is sufficient to say that that was the *only* year that I ever really lived—a touch of the idealistic, a momentary realization of one's inner dreams, a glimpse of heaven. Near the parish there was a hill from which could be seen beautiful stretches of lowland downs, and beyond, in the far south near the horizon, the dim blue sea. On the summer evenings when the gloaming was deepening over the landscape, we used to wander up that hill, away from the village, and let our eyes gaze far off over the scene and dream out our futures. And on one evening in the spring time, when the violets were purple in the woods, I remember she plucked a cluster of them and held them in her hand. I asked her for them and they became mine. And she said then 'that violets were to her the sweetest flowers that grew, and she hoped when she was dead that they would blossom on her grave.'

"That year was bitter to me afterwards, yet my life would have been unblest indeed without it, for it was all the time I ever had with her. In the end, when I was obliged to resign and journey northwards to a new parish, I had to go without her, for her father would not hear of marriage. I was too poor to be regarded as an equal with aristocracy.

"And then one winter's night in my new parish—on just such a night as this—as I was dreaming of her before my lonely fire, I received a letter. It told me that she had been compelled by her father to marry a man she did not love. And—and she sent as something for me to always hold dear as a remembrance of her (God knows I did not need it) her picture and a cluster of violets."

The Vicar paused. It was evident that every word was drawn from him in agony.

"The next I heard," and here the old man buried his face in his hands, "was—was that she was—dead. Had died in child-birth. Of all the years I have been a humble minister in God's service I have failed on but one Sabbath; and I believe it was the Sunday after that."

The Vicar paused again, but his listener knew that he had not finished. And when he took his hands away he was once more master of himself, and his face bore a strange smile.

"Ah, well, that was all a good many years ago now. Time has done something to help me, though not much. I was a por man then; I am a poor man now. But I was rich then compared to what I am today, for I had the love of a girl and the expectations of a youth; while now I can only look back and

think of what might have been. So you see the call I expected and the opportunity I dreamt of never came; and the masses have never been swayed, the great books I had planned have never been written, and much, if not most, of the unnatural ugliness of the world then, still remains unnatural ugliness now. And so I dream no longer—unless it be of a place where the weary in heart shall find rest. There, lad, there's my story—God bless you and good-night," and the old man, unable to control himself longer, staggered from the room.

They were the last words the Vicar ever spoke in this world, for he slipped away in his sleep that night without a sigh and without a warning, holding in his feeble hands a cluster of violets that years ago had breathed a sweetness into his life and then faded. He had made his last journey southward to visit the grave and had now gone on a longer journey upwards to join the spirit.

The next morning when the young churchman saw the picture by the Vicar's bedside, he exclaimed, "My grandmother?" So after all the old Vicar was not mistaken when he thought he saw something in the other man's face that carried him back to the night when that letter came.

And in time the young probationer became Vicar of the the lonely Westmoreland valley.

THE MOST COSTLY THINGS

By Frank A. Clark

THE State Capitol at Albany, N. Y., times. Over twenty million dollars is the costliest building of modern have been expended upon it. The Capitol at Washington from the year 1793, when its corner-stone was laid, had cost, up to 1878, including all its expensive furniture, its almost annual alterations and repairs, less than $13,000,000.

The most expensive municipal hall in the world, and the largest in the United States, is the City Building of Philadelphia, upon whose tower the largest clock in the world is displayed. Nobody knows exactly how much money it has cost, but it cannot be far in the aggregate from the amount invested in the State House of New York.

The most expensive Legislature in the world is that of France, which costs annually $3,600,000. The Italian Parliament costs $430,000 a year.

The next to the highest price ever paid for a horse in the world was the $105,000 for which the trotter Axtell was sold in Indiana at the age of three years. It is true the local tax assessor only valued the horse for the purposes of his returns at $500, and Axtell's owners' neighbors grew indignant thereat. Whereupon the owners observed that if their horseflesh was assessed at anything like the figures which they paid for him they would move him out of the State, and the indignation was quieted down. At that time it was the highest. But on Jan. 11, 1892, Arion was sold by Senator Leland Stanford to J. Malcolm Forbes of Boston for $125,000. That beats all prices.

The next highest price ever paid for

a horse in the United States was the $100,000 given by Charles Reed of the Fairview farm, Tennessee, for the great stallion St. Blaise, at a sale in New York City in October, 1891.

A buff Leghorn pullet exhibited at the chicken fair in Madison Square Garden in January, 1892, was valued at $100.

The costliest paintings of modern times have proved to be Meissonier's "1814," and Millet's "The Angelus." M. Chauchard gave 850,000 francs ($170,000) for "1814," and 750,000 francs ($150,000) for "The Angelus." Mr. Henry Hilton in 1887 paid $66,000 for Meissonier's "Friedland, 1807," and presented it to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. That was the highest price ever paid for a modern picture until "The Angelus" was sold at the Secretan sale for 553,000 francs. Of course the after-sales of the two great pictures mentioned broke even this record.

The Shah of Persia has a tobacco pipe worth $400,000.

The most costly book in the world is declared to be a Hebrew Bible now in the Vatican. In the year 1512 it is said that Pope Julius II. refused to sell this Hebrew Bible for its weight in gold, which would amount to $103,000. This is the greatest price ever offered for a book.

In the year 1635 a tulip bulb was sold in Holland for $2200. It weighed 200 grains.

The costliest meal ever served, as far as history shows, was a supper given by Aelius Verus, one of the most lavish of all the Romans of the latter day, to a dozen guests. The cost of this supper was 6000 sesteria, which would amount to £48,500, or nearly a quarter of a million dollars. A celebrated feast given by Vitellius, a Roman emperor of those degenerate days, to his brother Lucius, cost a little over $200,000. Suetonius says that this banquet consisted of 2000 different dishes of fish and 7000 different fowls, beside other courses in proportion. Vitellius, fortunately for his exchequer, did not reign very long, else that would have been exhausted, as well as the game preserves of Libya, Spain and Britain and the waters of the Carpathian and Adriatic seas. One dish alone at the table of the Emperor Heliogabulus cost $200,000.

The largest sum ever asked or offered for a single diamond is £430,000, which the Nizam of Hyderabad agreed to give to Mr. Jacobs, the famous jeweler of Simla, for the "Imperial" diamond. This is considered the finest stone in the world.

The costliest toy on record was a broken-nosed wooden horse which belonged to Napoleon Bonaparte, and was sold a few years ago for 1000 francs.

The costliest cigars ever brought to this country were a box of the brand specially made for the Prince of Wales in Havana, the manufacturer's price for which was $1.87 apiece. Quite a popular cigar among some of the rich men of New York is a special Henry Clay, which come in a handsome box, wrapped in gold foil, and retails for $1.40 apiece.

The largest price ever paid for a cane was bid at an auction in London of the walking sticks which were once the property of George III. and George IV. It was £18, or $90, and was given for a walking stick of ebony, with a gold top, engraved "G. R.," and with a crown, and also containing the hair of the Princesses Augusta Elizabeth, Mary Sophia and Amelia, and inscribed, "The Gift of the Princess Mary, 1804."

The costliest mats in the world are owned by the Shah of Persia and the Sultan of Turkey. The Shah and the Sultan each possess a mat made of pearls and diamonds, valued at over $2,500,000. The largest mat ever made is owned by the Carlton Club of London, and is a work of art.

The costliest crown in Europe, experts say, is that worn by the Czar of Russia on state occasions. It is sur-

mounted by a cross formed of five magnificent diamonds resting upon an immense uncut but polished ruby. The ruby rests upon 11 large diamonds, which in turn are supported by a mat of pearls. The coronet of the Empress is said to contain the most beautiful mass of diamonds ever collected in one band.

The most expensive royal regalias in the world are said to be those of the Maharajah of Baroda, India. First comes a gorgeous collar containing 500 diamonds, arranged in five rows, some of these as large as walnuts. A top and bottom row of emeralds of equal size relieves the lustre of the diamonds. A pendant is composed of a single brilliant called the "Star of the Deccan," and there are aigrettes, necklaces, bracelets, rings and chains to match. The maharajah's own special carpet, ten by six feet in extent, made entirely of pearls, with a big diamond in the center and in each corner, cost $1,500,000.

The most valuable gold ore ever mined in the United States, and probably in the world, was a lot containing 200 pounds of quartz, carrying gold at the rate of $50,000 a ton. This quartz was taken from the main shaft of the Michigan gold mine at Ishpeming. Assays from the same lot showed that other portions of it were worth $110,958 a ton.

The greatest sum ever paid for telegraph tolls in one week by a newspaper was the expenditure of the London Times for cable service from Buenos Ayres during the revolution in the Argentine Republic. The cost of cabling from Buenos Ayres to London was $1.75 a word, and the Times paid out $30,000 for one week's dispatches. This was an admirable thing to do, from a journalistic point of view, as many millions of English money were invested in the city of Buenos Ayres and in the Argentine Republic outside, and this was all jeoparded by the revolution.

W. J. Florence, the comedian, once offered $5000 for a catch phrase about which an American comedy could be written. Nobody supplied the demand, and this, the costliest phrase on recent record, has yet to be made—unless it was "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion."

AUTHORS AND BOOKS

"Beatrix." By Honore de Balzac. Translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

In Balzac's Comedy of Human Life "Beatrix" forms one of the most famous of the pictures drawn by him. In this novel he made use of the characteristics of certain persons which were recognized and admitted at the time of publication. George Sand is thus made to appear in Mademoiselle des Touches in her character, while in Beatrix, Conti, and Claude Vignon are sketches of the Comtesse d' Agoult, Liszt, and the well-known critic Gustave Blanche. The opening scenes of the novel represent the manners and customs of the old Breton family, illustrating a social state that now exists nowhere except in history. The entire transition period from that state to the customs and ideas of the present century is pictured by the great French novelist with remarkable faithfulness, skill, and power. Traits of character were represented by him, rather than actual personages, a singular fact in the history of one who has painted from two to three thousand portraits of human nature. To read his description of a Breton town and mansion in the opening chapter is to transfer one's existence to days in the far past of France, and revive manners and customs out of all relation to those of the present century. Balzac, while marvellously minute and accurate in his accumulated strokes as a painter, could yet lay on the master's brush with a boldness and vigor that made the dead or decadent past all alive again to his entranced reader. There is no resisting the fascinating power of Balzac, even in translated form, which is here as near perfection as it has been brought.

"Beneath Old Rooftrees" By Abram English Brown. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price. $1.50.

delightful view of the opening of the Revolution. The author is well known in historical circles and as a story writer. He has, through ten years of reportorial work, come in touch with scores of New England people still living on old homesteads, occupied by their parents and grandparents at the time of the alarm of April 19, 1775, and there he has heard the story of personal experience reported by the descendants of those who at their own doors or in the highway faced the army of the King. While delineating in his characteristic manner the story of Lexington and Concord, the author has most happily shown the part taken by other towns in that memorable day's experience. So faithfully has he caught the spirit of the times of which he writes, that one cannot read this book without himself feeling that he is a participant for the hour in those trying scenes. Not only are well-known facts given a new setting, but many a gem flashes out in charming rays for the first time. The book is fully illustrated, notable among them being the "Burial of the British Dead at Lincoln," "Capture of the Convoy by the Exempts at Menotomy," and "The Site of the House Where John Hancock and Samuel Adams Lunched on Coarse Fare on April 19, 1775."

The whole makes not only a charming story, but is a faithful delineation of

that chapter of history of which every true American is justly proud.

"A Woman Intervenes." By Robert Barr. New York and Boston: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Mr. Robert Barr has hit upon a splendid subject in his new novel, "A Woman Intervenes" (Chatto), and none who read will deny that he has justified his choice of subject by displaying an admirable ability in the treatment of it. The opening chapters of the story are placed on a trans-Atlantic steamer, and, while they introduce the *dramatis personae,* set forth an episode which in some way stands by itself; the attempt of a wonderful woman journalist to get an accurate idea of the report on certain mining properties which Wentworth, an accountant, and Kenyon, a mining engineer, are taking to London, so that she may cable the information to New York before the London syndicate has received it. One comes very near to hating the little woman for her devotion to what she deems her duty; but, though she gets the information out of Wentworth, who is very much in love with her, "a woman intervenes," aided by Providence, and matters are left in such a position that Wentworth is able to forgive the lady with all his heart when she comes, much later on, to entreat his pardon.

The story abounds in scenes of the strongest interest, is admirably devised and written, and displays a mixture of humor and high spirits which makes it the best of reading. You will wait eagerly, when you have read it, for Mr. Barr's next novel, and it would not be wonderful if some enterprising manager gave him no rest until he had produced a play.

The Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes. By John T. Moore. Jr. Two Volumes. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston.

Nothing can be said that is likely to add to the interest that every reading American will take in this work, for no writer has so endeared himself to the hearts of his countrymen as he. He was loved for his personality as well as his writings. Though a busy man, whose work must sometimes have pressed upon, his genial nature seemed to raise him above all the ordinary cares of life. He was neither sordid nor ambitious. Ever ready with tongue or pen, he had only kind words for everybody, though the follies and vices of men were as plain to him as to others. The author of these volumes, anticipating the criticism that they contain too much of memoir and too little of correspondence, reminds us that letter-writing was to Dr. Holmes an irksome task. "Except to Motley and to Lowell, during their absences in Europe, he very rarely wrote spontaneously and in way of friendship. His letters, it will be observed, were almost always written because some correspondent could not courteously be left unanswered, or under the more or less mild compulsion of some special occasion." It must be remembered that he was never a man of leisure. He was a physician, a lecturer, a poet and a novelist, and besides "was always tinkering at one contrivance or another." He invented and made the first small stereoscope for hand use. His biographer says if he had taken out a patent for it he would have made a large sum of money. But at no time in his life had he any apparent desire to be wealthy. He says himself of his boyhood: "I never wanted for occupation. Though not an inventor, I was always a contriver. I was constantly at work with tools of some sort." He says, however, with characteristic modesty, that he was never a skilful workman. "My imagination," he adds, "helped me into immense absurdities, in which, however, I found great delight," and goes on to tell of the wooden skate that he made and experimented with "on the ditch." Each volume contains a portrait, one of 1850, the other of 1892. Among the other illustrations is one of the "old gambrel-roofed house" where he was born

and where he lived for many years. When it was torn down he wrote to Lowell: "Our old house is gone. I went all over it—into every chamber and closet, and found a ghost in each and all of them, to which I said good-bye."

On The Staff. By Oliver Optic. $1.50. Lee and Shepard, Publishers, Boston.

An illustrated volume for a boy's reading. It is the fourth in the series of "The Blue and Gray—on Land," and carries the hero of the preceding volumes, Dick Lyon, in his new position as a staff officer, into new and fresh fields, and amid scenes of a more stirring nature. The long and rapid march of the army under Buell to the assistance of Grant at Shiloh, the desperate conflict and final victory of Pittsburg Landing, and the march to and siege of Corinth, are all fully described. In those days history was made day by day, and boys were transformed into men in a single night. Dick's position was not an exceptional one for the times, and he made the best use of it, gaining the respect and praise of his superior officers and another step in rank ere the volume closes.

In these volumes Mr. Adams conveys to the youthful readers of the present day a realistic view of the exciting scenes and events of that memorable national period. The main incidents are historically correct, and Oliver Optic's fascinating fashion of clothing the facts of history in the garb of fiction is here delightfully set forth. Sturdy patriotism is the key-note of the motive of these tales, and the author inculcates in a convincing yet alluring manner the great lessons of honor, duty, and love of country. They will help to fire the young of the present day with something of the patriotic enthusiasm that thrilled their father's hearts during that dark period in the history of their country.

Lou. A Novel. By Baron Von Roberts. Translated from the German by Jessie Haynes. 50 cents. New York. American Publishers Corporation.

Translated into English the German novel is highly enjoyable by the lover of strong fiction. As "Lou" is considered to be one of this able author's best novels, it will undoubtedly repay the time and currency to be expended in its purchase and reading. The author is well-known as the prize winner in an important literary contest in Vienna, in 1882, when his novel, "It," not only won the prize, but created a marked sensation in the literary circles of Germany. His "Revanche," "For The Name's Sake," and other popular German novels have also brought him increased fame. At this time he is one of the most active and most popular of the novelists of Germany. "Lou" is a story of great interest and dramatic force, and the book is beautifully printed in large type, on excellent paper.

The King's Daughters. A Romance. By Ellen E. Dickinson (Re-issued). Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1 00. New York. American Publishers Corporation.

This volume is one of particular interest to all concerned for the welfare of that praiseworthy organization known as "The King's Daughters." All through the book much truth is told, to which no exceptions can honestly be taken. An Anti-Gossiping Society is advocated by the author, who deals some trenchant blows in various directions among the "upper ten." Society girls, as such, also come in for their share of attention by way of sundry lessons reflecting on their behavior. The story unfolds no little romance, and must leave its impression on the reader. The book is beautifully printed in large clear type and contains twelve full-page, half-tone engravings.

Christ and His Time

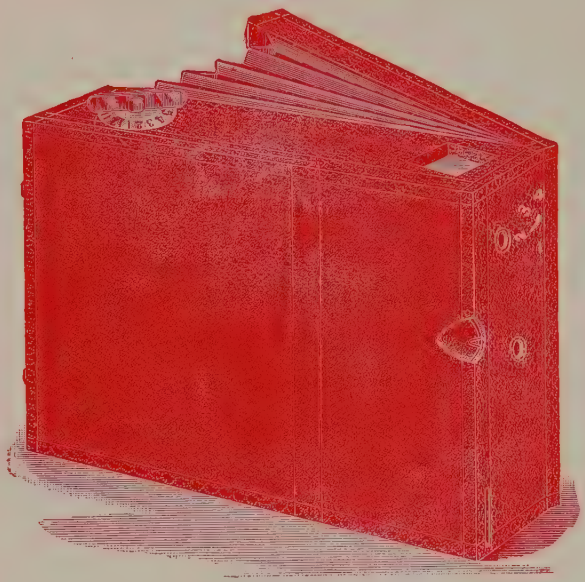
ILLUSTRATED FROM THE WORLD-FAMOUS PAINTINGS

PRICE 10 CENTS

The National Magazine

Christmas Number

Vol. V. No. 3 DECEMBER $1.00 per year



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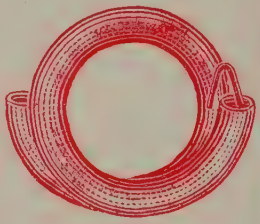

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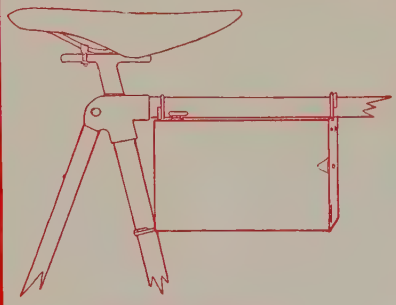

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THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. V. DECEMBER, 1896. NO. 3

CHRIST AND HIS TIME*

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

INFANCY — *Continued*

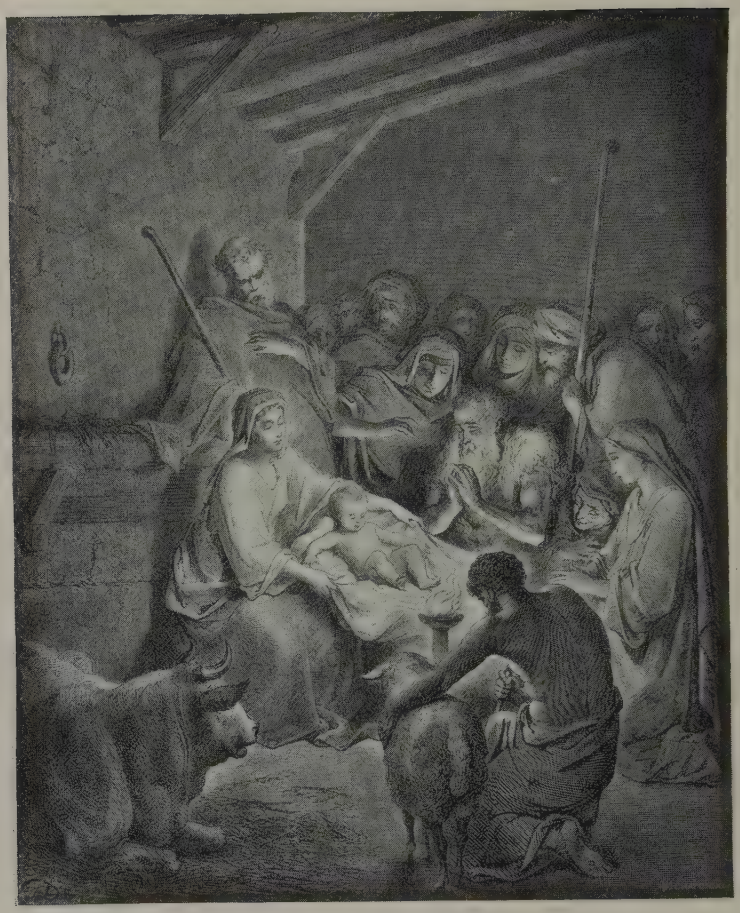
The Presentation in the Temple — The Coming of the Wise Men — The Flight into Egypt.

Bethlehem. — General view from Latin Convent.
From a Photograph.

HOW few are the known facts of Christ's early life from this time on! Legend has been busy; imagination has filled the gaps; but the authentic gospels are almost silent. The gospel writers had far different ends in view than a biography of Christ. They wrote that all who read might know of a certainty that Jesus is the Christ, and, knowing, might believe and "have life through His Name."

The visit and adoration of the shepherds—the first to bow before Him whom millions worship now—left Mary thinking. She heard their words and

* Christ and His Time was begun in November, 1896.



The Nativity.

From a Painting by Gustav Doré.

pondered them in her heart, but it was years before she fully understood them. After all the supernatural manifestations attending the birth of her child, is it wonderful that the virgin mother did not realize that He was indeed the very Son of God? No. Mary, like every devout Jew, was awaiting a messiah, the "Consolation of Israel," and it was impossible for her now to rise any higher than this common Jewish expectancy, to see in Jesus anything more than a king to Israel.

Then, again, Jesus was too human and His humanity was too close and real for her to appreciate His divinity. And this was well—it was God's plan—for had she realized the whole truth she never could have fulfilled all the requirements of the law toward Him as His mother; He never could have been her Son, never could have been a "Man that hath been in all points tempted like as we are," and we, therefore, never could have had our "distinctive New Testament salvation."

After eight days, according to law, the Holy Child was circumcised and

given the name Jeshua (Jesus, the Saviour). Thus he became a true Jew, subject to the law and a partaker of its great privileges.

Thirty-three days later, Mary accompanied by Joseph and Jesus went up to the Temple for the "purification." By rabbinic law forty-one days must elapse after the birth of a son and eighty-one days after the birth of a daughter before the mother could touch any holy thing or take part in common life. During this period she must keep to the seclusion of her own home. The purification might take place any time after these days—during any great feast—and if the mother sent her offerings she need not be present in the Temple herself.

"An aged man enters and, to the amazement of Mary and her Husband, takes Jesus in his arms."
From a Painting by Fra Bartolommeo, at the Capitol at Rome

To one so religious and so near Jerusalem as Mary it was a great privilege to attend the ceremony in person. But there was another reason for her going: Jesus was her first-born Son, free from all bodily blemish that would disqualify Him for the priesthood, and the ancient law required that He be presented to the Lord and consecrated to His service. But since the tribe of Levi had been set aside for this work, the child might be "reclaimed" to his parents by the payment of five shekels (about three dollars) as "redemption money."

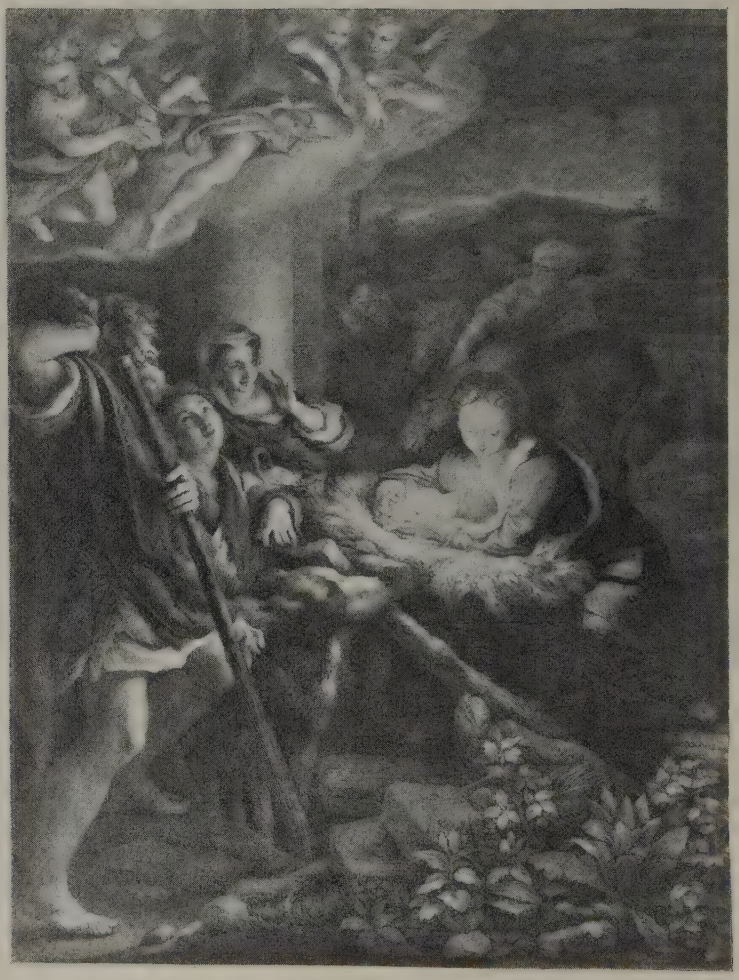
The presentation and redemption were quickly made. It was a simple ceremony: the child was given to the priest, with two short benedictions, then, on the payment of the redemption money, was handed back to his parents.

Thus, having fulfilled the law, Mary

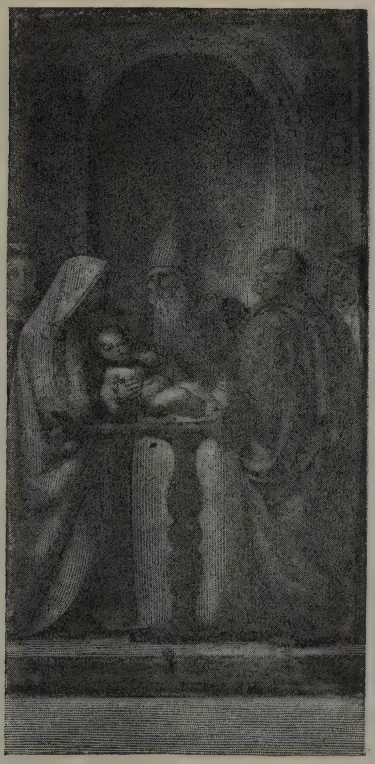
now ascends the steps in the court of the women for the purification. She has dropped the price of the sacrifices —the price of two turtle-doves, the offering of the poor—into one of the contribution chests, and, as the sound of the organ announces the kindling of the incense, she takes her place within one of the wickets at the side of the Nicanor Gate, and, in silent prayer and praise, waits the coming of the priest. He approaches, sprinkles her with the blood of the doves and pronounces her clean.

The ceremony is ended, but, as the parents still linger by the gate, an aged man enters, and, to the amazement of Mary and her husband, stops before them, takes Jesus in his arms and lifts up his heart in thanksgiving to God.

Simeon was a righteous man and just and of the deepest religious spirit. Long had he hoped for Israel's Redeemer. He had watched his people



The Holy Night.
From a Painting by Correggio.



"The Holy Child was circumcised."
From a Painting by Fra Bartolommeo, at Uffizi, Florence.

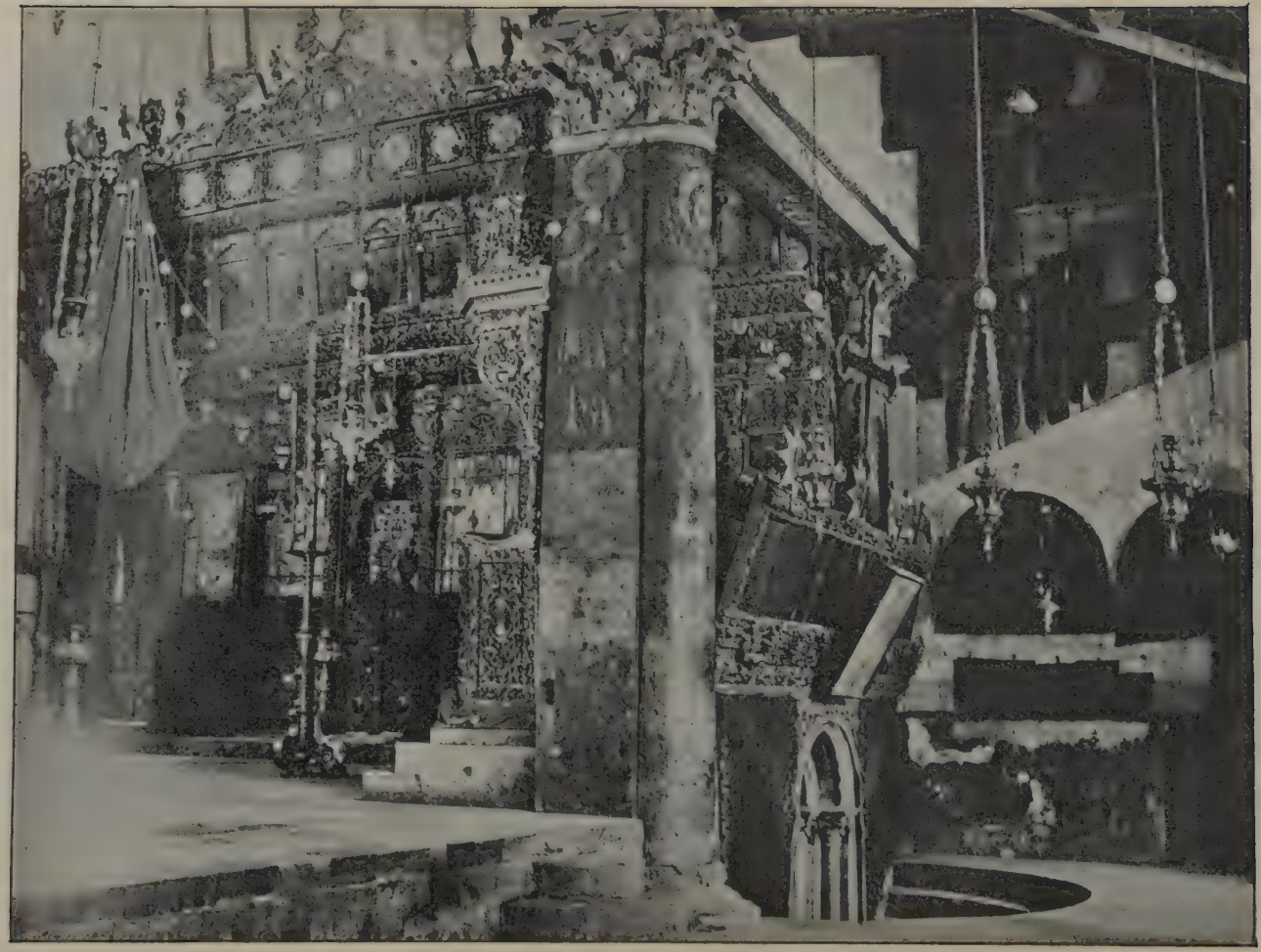
sinking beneath the weight of inward sinfulness and of outward tyranny, and, in his yearning prayers to God for the promised Deliverer, he was told that he should not die before he had "seen the Lord's Christ." This day, coming into the Temple under a strong impulse of the Spirit, he sees in the babe in Mary's arms the fulfilment of the promise, and, in his joy and gratitude, exclaims, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart, O Lord, according to thy word, in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation which thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples; a light for revelation to the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel."

Then turning to the marvelling parents, he blesses them and with prophetic words points out the mission of their child and the deep sorrows in store for them.

At this moment an old prophetess, Anna, whose long life had been spent in the Temple, approaching, catches the last words of Simeon, and, looking upon the Holy Child, lifts up her soul in a hymn of thanks, for she also sees in Him the Messiah, "the redemption of Jerusalem."

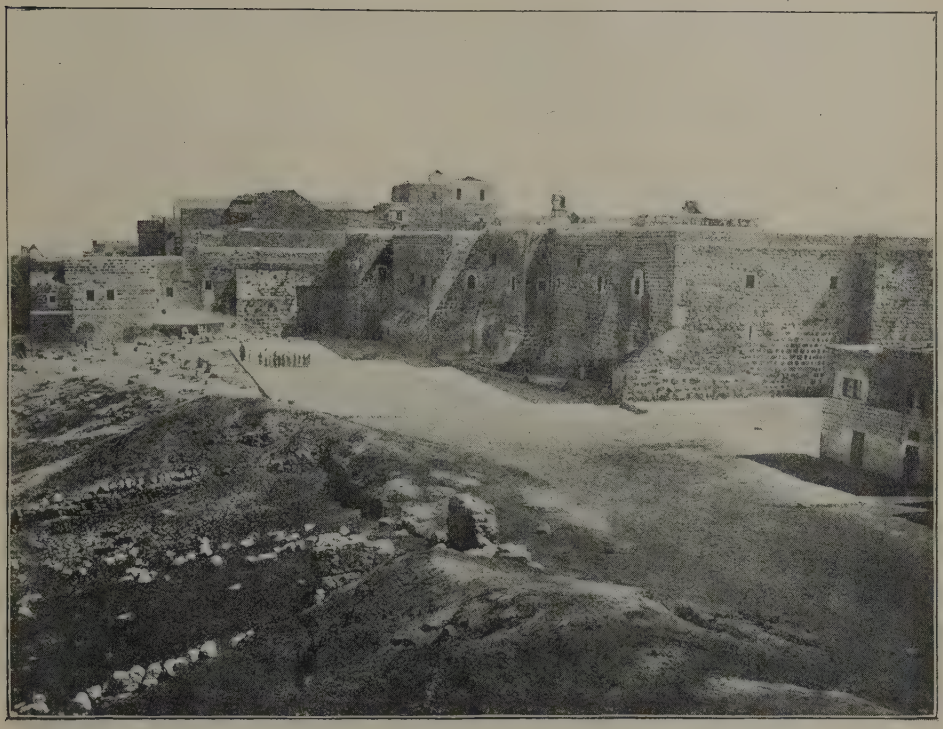
Having performed all things according to the law, Joseph and Mary return

The "Star" of the New King appearing to the Magi.
From a Painting by Roger van der Weyden.



From a Photograph.

The Birthplace of Christ. "The cave is reached through the Church of the Nativity that has stood for so many centuries over the sacred spot."



Bethlehem. — Convent of the Nativity.
From a Photograph.

to Bethlehem. But they do not return to the cave. How long this dim, rude grotto was their home we do not know. Perhaps it was no longer than the night of the nativity. At most it could have been but a few days, for, if Joseph had not been able to find a house, Jewish hospitality—one of the strongest and most beautiful of Jewish national traits—would have provided for them. After the registration, however, there was room enough in Bethlehem, and when the Wise Men come they find the Holy Family living in a "house."

But even this "house" may have been only a second chamber in the same limestone cliff, almost as roughly and as scantily furnished as the stable to which it was attached.

Contrast the rough-walled cave of that day, and its humble, primitive furnishings, with the artificial and almost gaudy decorations which now glare from every corner of the lamp-lighted interior. The cave is reached through the Church of the Nativity, which has stood for so many centuries over the sacred spot. Stooping through a doorway at the western end of the church and passing down the gloomy nave, low and thickly pillared, you descend a broad flight of marble steps and come directly into the cave. It is not large, —scarcely thirty-eight feet long and only eleven feet wide—but it is the most hallowed chamber in all the earth's broad bosom. We wish away the smooth marble and the silk that pave and line the sides and floor. We would have the ragged rock of the original walls. Instead of the smoky flicker of

the lamps that hang from the roof, let us have the sweet half-twilight of that December day, or even the narrow flame of the hostelry lantern with which the shepherds found Him, Whose cradle the cave is, for we would see it as it was. But we shall have to forget our surroundings. And can we not, when, turning to a little recess in the east wall, we read in Latin letters round a silver star inlaid in the marble floor, "Here Jesus Christ was born, of the Virgin Mary."

An Evening at Nazareth.
From a Painting by Paul Leroy.

THE COMING OF THE WISE MEN.

Melchior, Caspar, and Balthasar may have been the names of the wise men from the East. We do not know. We do not even know that there were three of them. All that we are sure of is the meagre story that St. Matthew tells us. Tradition has named them and given us their history.

It was shortly after the presentation in the Temple that these Wise Men, or magi, appeared in Jerusalem asking for the Messiah—King of Israel, whose "star" they had seen at its rising, and to whom they now came to pay homage.

These magi were not of the evil class so often spoken of as sorcerers and practisers of magic, but were wise men in truth, priest-sages, from the East, who were deeply learned in the sciences, especially astrology.

It is probable that they came from Persia. For two centuries Judaea was a province of the Persian Empire, and many of the Jews never returned to Palestine after the exile, but remained in scattered communities over the lands

From a Photograph.

The Cave in which Christ was born. "We forget our surroundings, when, turning to a little recess in the East wall, we read in Latin letters round a silver star inlaid in the marble floor, 'Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.'"

of the East, where their descendants were still living. Then the Jewish and Persian faiths had much in common, and the interests between the two countries at this time were close and mutual. The East was almost as full of Jews as the West. Judaism went with the Jew; a Jew was nothing if not religious—and Jewish ideas, especially the burning belief that a great prince, the Messiah, was about to be born in Palestine, was diffused through every land.

The Persians were well acquainted with the prophecies concerning Him, both those current among the Jews, and that of their own prophet, Balaam, and they also knew that the expected time was close at hand.

It was this new "star" in the heaven that confirmed their faith. It announced to them His birth and started them on their journey of homage.

The Wise Men came directly to Jerusalem and to Herod, as the one most likely to tell them where the new King might be found.

Their appearance was quickly noised about Jerusalem, and it roused the greatest excitement, not only in the palace of Herod, but over all the city.

"Redemption Money."
From a Painting by F. Goodall.

The Magi on the way to Bethlehem.
From a Painting by J. Portaels.

From a Painting by Sebastian Conca.

"The Wise Men came directly to Jerusalem and to Herod."

The Three Kings find the Christ-Child.

From a Painting by C. Schönherr.

It was a time of expectation and unrest. The yoke of foreign tyranny galled the people; clouds of the coming storm rolled dark across the horizon; prayers, like the mutterings of distant thunder, rose continually for the Messiah; literature was completely messianic; false messiahs rose everywhere; and Israel only waited the word of the true king. When, therefore, the news spread among the Rabbis, that Magi from Persia, from the land of the prophet Balaam,—a prophet of the Messiah, whom the Jews thoroughly honored—had seen the "star" of the new King, and were now in Jerusalem inquiring where he was born, their excitement led them almost into open rebellion.

But Herod was still the master in Jerusalem. The Wise Men had gone to him with the question: Where is the King of the Jews born?

Little did they know Herod. He

The Flight into Egypt.

From a Painting by J. Portaels.

would have been glad to answer their question. This Idumean usurper, this most crafty of all tyrants, this master-murderer, whose throne was anchored in a sea of blood—he tell of one who had come with claims to his kingdom? The news struck terror to his heart. He immediately called together his high priests and all the rabbis, and with his usual cunning, asks of them where this King is to be born, having previously found out from the magi the exact time they first saw the "star" arise.

Their Flight from the City at dawn of day.
From a Painting by Claude Lorraine.

With one voice the priests and teachers told Herod that the Messiah should be born in Bethlehem. This was all he wanted, and now, with pretended interest in His welfare, Herod secretly sends the Wise Men on to Bethlehem

"They were probably far into the desert when Herod's soldiers entered Bethlehem."
From a Painting by Olivier L. Merson.

with his friendly and imperial wish that when they have found the Child they quickly return, that he also may go and pay homage.

As they leave Jerusalem, to their great joy, the "star" arises before them and stands in the heavens over Bethlehem. Passing through the low gate of the town, they find the Holy Family —now living in a "house"—and, spreading their gifts before the Child, in humble adoration bow down and worship Him. These were the first of the Gentiles to acknowledge Jesus king.

"Egypt was their destination now."
From a Painting by Liezen-Mayer.

From a Painting by Anton Van Dyck.

Resting on the Road to Egypt.

"He makes ready their few belongings, saddles them upon the ass behind Mary and the Child and passes out, a fugitive."

From a Painting by M. Fürst.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

The Wise Men had found the infant Messiah, but should they become the means in Herod's hands of the destruction of Him Whom they came to worship? Herod proposed that they should. He directed them to return and tell him when they found the Child, but as they were about to leave for Jerusalem with the anxiously awaited news, they were warned in a dream of the real purpose of Herod and they hasten from Bethlehem and "depart into their own country another way."

In the Desert.
From a Painting by M. Dastugue.

Repose in Egypt.
From a Painting by S. Benz.

From a Painting by F. Rocher.

"The Holy Family were safe in a distant land."

Herod was quickly apprised of their secret departure. He was baffled but not yet beaten. He had not been king over Palestine these more than thirty years to be balked by three star-gazing sages from beyond the Euphrates. Had he not foreseen this very deception on their part and had he not taken precautions against it? "Fools," he must have muttered, "fools that ye should think to thwart Herod. Ye are still his easy tools."

In his malignant cunning Herod had graciously inquired of them what time the "star" first appeared. They seem to have told him that it first rose about two years previous to their visit. That was fact number one. He then made the scribes tell him where the child should be born. They had said, Bethlehem was the place. This was fact number two. What more did he want? He knew the time and the place, and now the Wise Men might return to him or they might not. If they came, then only one child would be murdered; if they did not come, why, he had as many assassins as there were children in Bethlehem, and what were the lives of twenty or thirty babes, if in any way they threatened him?

But he was reckoning without God. The Wise Men doubtless told Joseph of their warning dream, and thus, given an intimation of Herod's designs, Joseph was prepared for the message to flee from the land, that came to him also in his sleep. Startled by the dream, he rises, makes ready their few belongings, saddles them upon the ass behind Mary and the Child, and passes through the gates of the silent town, out under the midnight skies, a fugitive, but still guided by that kind, mysterious Providence whose purposes never fail.

Egypt was their destination now, and passing through Hebron and Beersheba, they were probably far into the

Resting on the way to Egypt.
From a Painting by H. Le Rolle.

"Herod's soldiers entered Bethlehem with orders to slay every male child of two years old or under."

From a Painting by Gustav Doré.

desert when Herod's soldiers enter Bethlehem with orders to slay every male child of two years old or under.

How this horrible decree was executed, whether secretly, or openly by armed force, we do not know, but there are no good grounds for the belief of some historians that the massacre never occurred. It is not strange that Josephus and the writers of that day failed to mention it, for what was the death of these children compared with the thousands Herod slew in the course of his bloody reign, or with the three thousands of his own countrymen that his son Archelaus had murdered in the Temple as his inauguration fete?

As the population of Bethlehem was then, perhaps not over a score of children were killed. But the Messiah-King was not among the number, nor were Mary's lamentations heard in the wail of the mothers of Bethlehem, for the Holy Family were safe in a distant land.

(To be continued.)

IN THE "AUTOCRAT'S" LIBRARY.

By Grace Le Baron.

WITH each recurrence of the days when the chestnut burr tells its secret to the waiting world outside, when returns the season of the falling leaf, there will ever come the memory of him, the last leaf, metaphorically speaking, upon the literary tree of yesterday, whose fibres were planted in the world of American literature more than half a century ago; of him who dropped from the "forsaken bough," leaving a sorrowing world to "cling" with tenderness and tears to the memory of a past identified with the author of that prophetic poem —"The Last Leaf."

Boston may assert its claim upon him, Cambridge may plead a prior right, but the great heart of the American people throbs as with one pulsation at the mention of the name of "Dr. Holmes."

He was one of the few great men who have died, truly mourned for what he was as well as for that which he accomplished by his masterly genius.

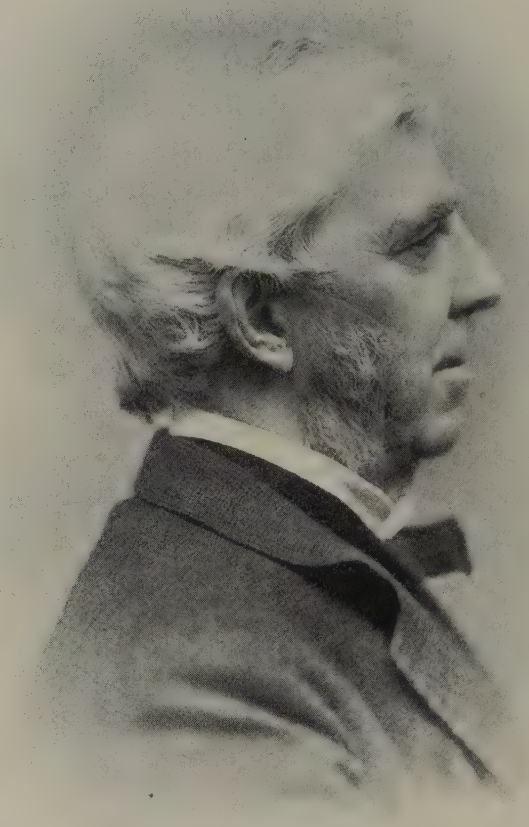
Biographers of today may write his life story, but it can be, at best, only a binding together of the ripened sheaves of grain—the aftermath of thought and memory, whose seeds were sown in the pathway of all who knew him; for his life was an open book of simple stories, between whose covers we, who are blessed with memories of him, may insert our leaf of tribute. So it is, that at this season of the falling leaf the writer of this would share with her readers the memories of a day that will ever be held sacred to hallowed associations of an hour spent with the "Autocrat of the breakfast table," whose name "leads all the rest," "as one who loved his fellow-men."

Yes, he had climbed Parnassus' height to its very top, but his spirit of generous criticism and encouragement were ever readily given to those others who attuned their lyres to the harmony of sweet poesy, for he was a kindly critic to all the lesser poets, and his commendation, "a practised writer," was a stimulus to greater and nobler work.

The writer had been accustomed to meet him almost daily under the historic roof of the "Old Corner Bookstore" in Boston, the meeting place of the literati; had watched him chat in merry mood with Lowell, or bend in quiet deference to the subdued voice of the Quaker poet Whittier; and, in truth, had caught the infection of his laughter over some morceau of wit, the condiment which so seasoned his long and merry life; for, as he often affirmed, he liked nothing better than a hearty laugh, and his practise, as all know, confirmed his theory—for that he could enjoy a merry laugh, even when seemingly at his own expense, was once proven after his return from his last visit to Europe.

Then it was that Vanity Fair, whose prerogative is to caricature, illuminated its pages with an exaggerated portrait of Dr. Holmes.

The overhanging eyebrows were accentuated, and made to look as stiff and angular as the proverbial "quills upon the fretted porcupine;" but they failed to fret the original of the picture. His pen, of abnormal size, poised behind his ear, inspired no retort from its



Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

owner's realistic one; and those of his friends who, like good old Dr. George Ellis, took exceptions to the portrait, but wasted their sympathy, for to Dr. Holmes himself the picture was one of keen enjoyment.

"Good! good!" he said looking at it; "that is capital! capital!" and the next day the "Old Corner" received a characteristic note from him which read:

"That picture made me laugh. I want to laugh again. Please send me another if you have it."

Dr. Holmes' letters were indeed always characteristic of him; they were his second self; the embodiment of wit, kindliness, modesty. The writer treasures today many such; one in particular, that speaks as a voice out of the long past.

A magazine of the hour produced a portrait of him, which in this note he says "is a reproduction of the best photograph I ever had taken!"

In recognition of his autograph placed willingly beneath it, I sent a bit of a poem which the good doctor thus acknowledged:

" . . . . . Still more warmly I thank you for the poetical tribute with which you have honored me. It is perhaps a little more highly colored than I deserve, but a slight excess in that direction rarely,—I may say never,—gives mortal offence to those who are the subjects of over-commendation.

"Believe me,

"Very truly yours,

"Oliver Wendell Holmes."

As years went on, these daily calls of Dr. Holmes at the Old Bookstore became of necessity less frequent; yet he always kept himself in touch with the literary world by almost daily messages to the historic spot whose very walls are sacred to the memory of that long array of names veritably inscribed upon the title pages of their books that line the shelves of Boston's oldest library.

It was at one of these chance meetings that the writer caught the inspiration to visit the Autocrat in his home; and the inspiration followed upon the latter's invitation, emphasized with his merry twinkle and cordial smile.

"I am at home any afternoon after four," he said. "Come and see me, won't you?"

The elements, health and a host of other equal disagreeables intruded, so that the resolution to accept at once was delayed by consequent regrets.

At last, on a crisp cold afternoon in holiday week in 18—, I was ushered into the little reception room of the house on Beacon Street. I had but a few moments in which to note the numberless volumes that were arranged about in cloistered nooks and shelves. Books everywhere! With an interest born of familiarity and long life with such companions, I was from afar testing my knowledge by their outside appearance, when the maid returned with the message:

"Dr. Holmes will be pleased to see you in his library," and I followed her guidance above stairs.

Such a picture! Such an one as only a famous poet could inspire! The open fire crackled with its timely warmth! The frozen current of the Charles lay dormant beyond the library windows, its glassy surface seeming a mirror which reflected the cloud effects of the setting sun! Without, a winter's day was telling of winter's cold, but within, the warmth of hospitality accorded me found expression, as the doctor advanced to "welcome" me, and the very sparkles in the open fireplace seemed to awaken anew at his great warmth of cordiality!

How natural that his opening words should be:

"I was just laughing at something I was reading. Let me read it to you;" then, as if fearing possibly that my sense of humor might not be equal to

his own (which it was not!), he said, hesitatingly, as he turned to the page:

"Now, perhaps, you won't think it as funny as I do, because you are prepared for it."

Immediately conversation led on to humorists and their writings, and with a little timidity, but with equal honesty, I allowed that my bump of humor was not as fully developed as it should be, for I read but little of that style.

Instantly, without a second's hesitation, came this reply:

"Well, I confess that I should not care to have a lady tell me that she read too much of such writings," and he intimated how hazardous was the world of humor to always live in, adding:

"I don't like coarse and vulgar humor, but," he repeated, "nothing I like better than to laugh! There is pathos enough in the world!"

I fancied I discerned later in his tone a bit of that pathos, as he referred to his visit that very day to his birthplace in Cambridge, and to the changes that Time in his ruthless claim was making everywhere.

"I found," said he, "to mark the place of my birth a great tall building. I don't just know what it was."

Then, in a reminiscent manner, he reverted to his former home on Montgomery Place, now Bosworth Street. His jovial mood asserted itself once again, and he said:

"It is famous today, I believe, for Park's musty ale, and musty ale is good —so report says," he added, merrily.

"You know," he continued, "I was a minister's son, and lived a very quiet life; never went to the theatre, even, much then, and indeed, very little of late days. But I did come once so near seeing Kean and didn't that I have often regretted it!"

The "national flower" of our country was a subject so near to my heart that I could not forbear speaking of it, more especially as the devotees of the corn as an "emblem" were just then making themselves heard.

He was as practical in his criticism of it as was the emblem itself!

"No," he said, "I never did like the corn! It is indigestible stuff, anyway. Good white flour is good enough for me!"

And so the conversation drifted on to an analysis of the different claimants to the honor of becoming Columbia's national flower, and the goldenrod, of which I myself was a strong devotee, came up for its recognition by him. At its mention, the poet, who saw in it poetical possibilities as well, referred to a poem he once wrote about it.

"Yes, I like the goldenrod," said he admiringly. "There is only one objection to it, and that is in its name. I wish it was not so suggestive in its name of gold, for," he added, "in these days gold and property seem to govern everything."

How characteristic! Thus to exhibit the true spirit of the true man—the keynote of his whole life as manifested by his recognition of worth, intrinsic worth, as the credential for American citizenship and American authorship.

I argued away his doubts by saying that the field flower was a symbol of simplicity, as well as of our country's natural product and wealth in her gold mines beyond the Rockies, and also of the simple flower's kinship with every remotest corner of our country.

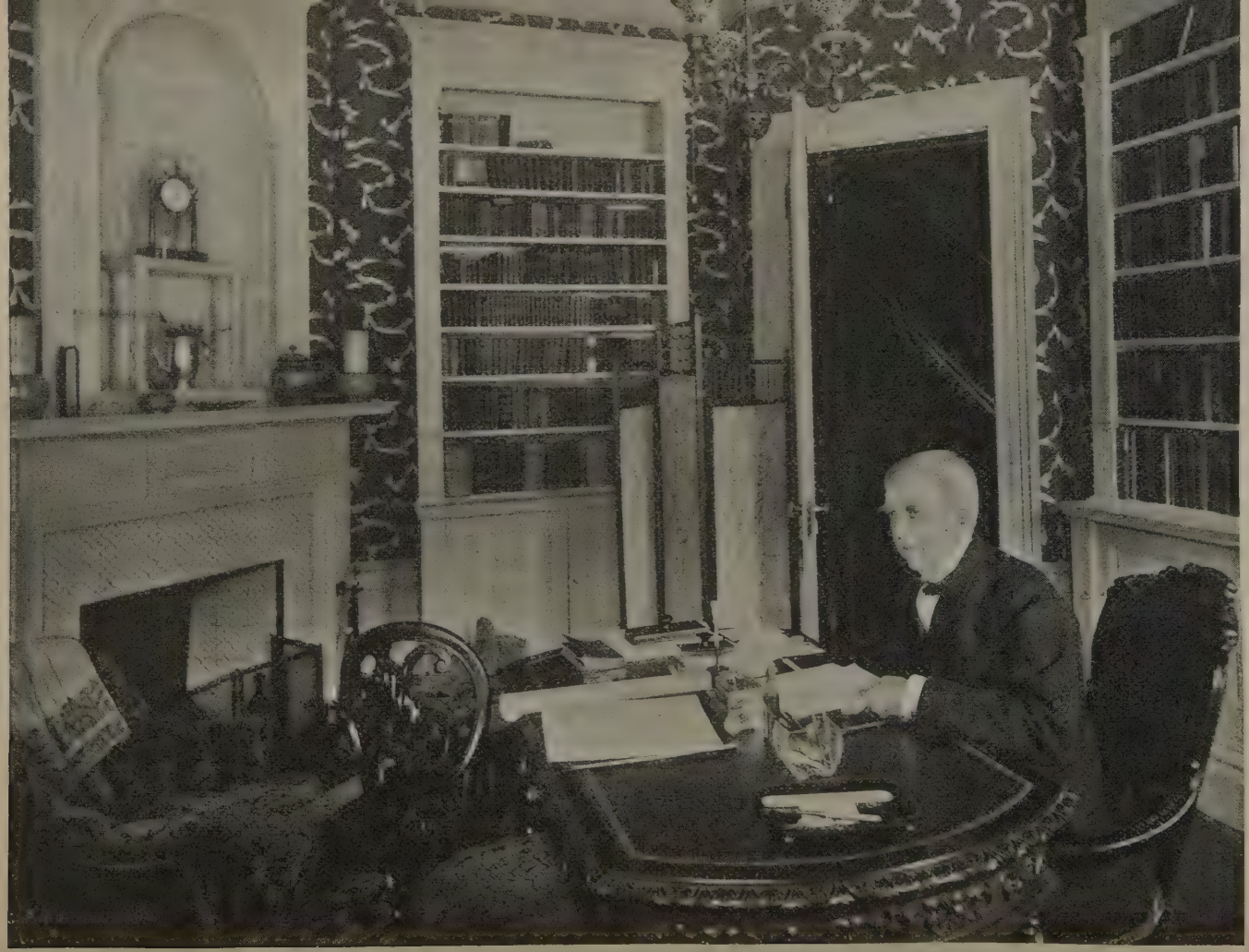
The fire burned low in the grate, but the gathering twilight seemed only to intensify the flame! The lights beyond the Charles peeped out one by one, as reminders of the dusk outside, and, as well, that time was passing.

With hesitancy I said:

"Now, Doctor, will you recite me one verse of 'The Last Leaf' before I go? —only one, please."

Without any hesitancy on his part, he replied:

"I shall recite it all to you."



From a Photograph by Mrs. J. H. Thurston. Copyrighted 1890.

The "Autocrat" in his Library.

"Oh, no," I argued persistently, feeling it too much happiness to come into my life, and, too, fearing to tax him too much.

"Oh, no, only one verse. It will tire you too much to say all."

With his characteristic unselfishness, that made me dumb in entreaties, he said:

"Don't you worry about me; I shall recite it all to you!"

And he did!

Seating himself in his great armchair before the open fire, he sunk far into its hospitable depth, placed his feet upon the fender, clasped his hands together, and recited those prophetic lines of his majestic poem, "The Last Leaf," with as much fervor for his one attentive listener as if he were addressing a crowded auditorium and awaited the bravos of the multitude!

To me, bravos, although merited, seemed most inappropriate; and at the close of his recitation silence reigned, broken only by the regular ticking of the clock that had measured off for me an hour of time that must ever be a memory of the pleasures of the long ago!

The parting words of the hour, even, seemed almost sacriligious for me to speak! My impulse was rather to steal away, with the prayer of my heart unuttered on my lips,—"God bless the Last Leaf upon the forsaken bough!"

With a murmured adieu, I parted from him, to be wakened back to this world by his kindly words, trying to convince me of his pleasure in the hour.

True, mine was indeed a privilege, thus to be the only one in such an audience room! and memory's walls will always be radiant with its treasure,—while the sighing of the last leaf in autumnal woods ever calls up to me the voice that sung its harmony for me that well-remembered day of the Christmas-tide in Yesterday's long ago!

EXPLAINED BY THE BRIDEGROOM.

By L. H. Bickford.

"IT is true," acknowledged the man by the fireplace, "that I do not know all things. It is true that others have rights I am in decency bound to respect, whatever my curiosity. But it is equally true that I have the inestimable privilege of expressing my surprise at certain very strange events, particularly when and where my friends are concerned, and this privilege I propose to stand for. In your case, we have the not unfamiliar proposition of a man in love. On a day, he becomes engaged to the lady of his choice. On another, he is married to the lady of his choice. On another, he is divorced, and, it appears, the lady was not at all his choice. These connective facts have been demonstrated in other cases than yours, but not quite so abruptly in any instance that I can recall. You may remember that it is but two months to a day since your engagement was announced. One month ago the wedding took place, in the most fashionable church in the city and attended by all the gorgeous and disgusting pageantry customary with such linkings. The whole town was there. The match was looked upon as a remarkable one—and that it was I am now prepared to admit—and you were overwhelmed with costly gifts. Yet today you are again a single man, and your wife is off to a watering resort, where her name is already being connected with the name of a man of influence, if not of wealth—the old lover she is supposed to have jilted for you. As somebody worthy of more respect than might be a mere acquaintance, and as the individual who went before a staring mob of twelve hundred people in the guise of your best man, I think I have the right to ask an explanation. I pause for it."

The young fellow in the chair leaned back and looked thoughtfully at the ceiling. He was indisputably and aggravatingly calm. There were no traces of care or worriment under the eyes, where care invariably stamps itself. He was smoking a cigar, and his mental state, to all appearances, was of hallowed bliss.

"Your former wife," continued his friend after an eloquently suggestive interval, "does not seem to be heartbroken."

"My former wife," hastened the other, "is in the best of health and spirits, as she informs me in a letter today. It may interest you to know that she has become re-engaged to her former flame and that I have wired congratulations. I shall always take an interest in Fifiora despite my limited acquaintance with her."

The man by the fireplace started. For himself, he was not calm, and mystery annoyed him.

"I could not understand this romance from the first," he said sharply; "the proceeding all along seemed peculiar and unusual."

The man in the chair smiled blandly up at the man by the fireplace.

"To you, perhaps," he responded. "Yet it was the most natural, sensible and necessary step I ever took. I shall never regret it. Indeed, I often think I might have lived happily with Fifiora had not the understanding been otherwise."

The man by the fireplace moved over to a chair and sank limply into it.

"Understanding?" he interrogated violently. "Do you mean to say that all this was pre-arranged?"

The other nodded.

"On either side," he replied. "A lawyer could not have drawn up a stronger or more technically correct document. I had never met Fifiora until a month previous to our marriage. It was at an afternoon at Mrs. Moth-Miller's. We conversed for half an hour and I made a proposal of marriage. The only thing in the way was another man. That was her part of the affair and she managed it well. She enabled me to get a three months' lease from him; I married her, and at the stipulated time she was returned as per contract. The divorce was the most difficult of all. It was hard to convince the jury of the incompatability of temper when we were really on such good terms. But I had a friend at court and he finally brought it about charmingly—made me an inhuman monster, of course, and painted Fifiora's sufferings rather freely, but that, naturally, was a part of his plot. Poor Johnson, he is a first-rate chap, and he did me a great favor, but he certainly lied awfully about it. You are aware that I only called on my wife three times after we were married, these visits being strictly business ones?"

He directed a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling. His companion was crushed and bewildered.

"No," was the dry answer, "I did not know it—but that is immaterial. As I informed you, I do not know everything."

There was a significant and tedious pause. The divorced man lit another cigar.

"Well?" interrogated the bewildered.

"Well?" mildly repeated the other man.

"Have you nothing more to say?"

The man with the cigar was evidently deeply surprised.

"More?" he asked. "That is the end of the story." He paused again and then resumed hesitatingly: "That is, unless you are curious to know the 'why'?"

The listener closed his lips firmly and then opened them. Irritation was displayed in every movement.

"Distinctly," he remarked, "I wish to know the 'why.'"

"Well," was the complacent response, "we married for money. Neither of us had money, so we married for it. That is how the whole arrangement came about. You know I am not a rich person. Indeed, my income for two years has been inadequate to one that has a position in society to maintain. I have hundreds of friends. She has hundreds of them. But one cannot vulgarly borrow, particularly in cases like this—one dislikes going about in a dress suit paid for by some other person. The young man she was to marry was brilliant, and all that, but miserably poor. She could never have lived in a cottage. Our joint profits from this wedding were just $55,675.88—as I have it marked in this little book. I cannot well regret so profitable an investment."

The listener jumped from his chair and paced the room. He was a nervous person, and once, as he crossed the tiling in front of the fireplace, he kicked a footstool viciously. Then he stopped and stood threateningly before the man in the chair.

"You make a wretched story-teller," he exploded. "You profess that you will give me an explanation, and yet every new sentence adds to the aggravation and makes me more impatient. Then you stop in the middle of it all. Now, if you have reached what you believe to be the finish of your tale, kindly tell me so and I will leave. Otherwise, I must insist on a simple statement of facts. I would suggest that you have failed to mention how two persons, without money, married in such a way that each made a profit?"

For the first time the man in the chair assumed an air of interest. He smiled faintly and motioned to the empty seat beside him. He offered his friend a cigar and contemplatively watched him light it.

"Now, Joseph," he said, "I must seriously request you to be calm. I need not impress upon you the importance of keeping this confidence strictly to yourself. As you say, you were my best man and as such you have some right to an explanation. I am, as you know, a popular man. We will not discuss why this is so. The all-important fact is that I am peculiarly and, as I sometimes think, unfortunately popular. But I am—or was—also poor. My only expectations are—or were—in a fairly well-to-do aunt. As is customary in such cases, these expectations were post mortem, however. Concisely, then, I found myself getting into debt. My place in society called for constant drainings on my limited bank account until I was entirely without a bank account. I was in debt at my club, in debt to my tailor, and in debt to my hatter. I grew morose thinking about it. Finally I went to my aunt. She is a dear, kindly old creature, with revolutionary curls. When I had explained the situation she informed me that never, so long as I was a single man, could I expect assistance from her. 'On your marriage,' she observed, 'I expect to do something to give you a start, but so long as you are single you cannot look to me. Single men are necessarily wild, particularly young single men. Find a good girl and marry her.' That was the ultimatum—and I have a prejudice against matrimony. No man should marry before he is forty, and I have fifteen years to wait.

"One afternoon I attended an affair at Mrs. Moth-Miller's. There, for the first time, I met Fifiora. She was from the South, and we immediately got on common ground. We exchanged confidences, and eventually I told her of my plight—somehow it didn't seem an extraordinary liberty, for Fifiora is a very sensible and sympathetic person. The result was that we discovered our cases to be almost parallel. She, too, had post mortem and marital expectations. I will not tell you, further, what we talked about, nor discuss the details of our arrangement. When our engagement was announced, the surprise was general. We were showered with congratulations. On our marriage, society turned out as it had never turned out. As for wedding gifts, no couple had ever been more favored. Over these, we instituted a system of bookkeeping. The partnership agreement had previously been such that we were to share equally. To Fifiora went half of the check for $10,000 from my aunt. Two checks for $5000 each from her relatives went into the profit account. Smaller checks, drafts and orders made the cash ledger show $30,000 to our credit. The silver ware added immensely to the net profit, and, of course, spoons predominated. How comes it that the friends of a young married couple always become convinced and fearful that the spoons will run out. Consistently, of course, we could not dispose of all this wealth of silver and china, so we divided it equally and Fifiora went to the seashore. Then came the divorce—and then, freedom."

The other man got up. His stride was expressive and his voice tinged with sarcasm.

"And may I ask," he said, "what your estimable aunt says of this?"

The divorced person looked speculatively toward the fire.

"My aunt," was the reply, "has probably changed her will."

JONAS BIDDLECOME'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

By T. Thompson

BIDDLECOME PARK was fair to see. Nature had been bettered at an outlay of half a million dollars. The city was proud of its beautiful park and grateful to Jonas Biddlecome, the donor. The gratitude was not unmixed, for a new city hall was sadly needed, and Jonas had other millions and no known heirs.

There were a few—there always are—who did not credit Jonas with the generosity and public spirit of which the park seemed an evidence. The foundation of his fortune, they said, was city contracts dubiously obtained and doubtfully executed, and it was a debatable question with these as to whether he had always been strictly honest in the "deals" and "speculations" by which he had increased his wealth.

The critics were right, in part, though they knew it not. It was not generosity, neither was it public spirit, that had moved Jonas to donate the park. In some sense the gift was an atonement, unsatisfactory at the best, because he was not quite sure that there was anything to atone for. He had been like many other men, only more successful. He had succeeded, not so much by being honest as by seeing to it that others did not cheat him. He had not been notoriously untruthful, but in business transactions he had not always felt under the necessity of telling all that he knew. He had been "close" without being avaricious; and if he had helped no one neither had he ever asked help of any.

When the gout attacked him he retired from business and began to look about for ways to get rid of his money. The gout was in his foot, but he was afraid that it would not stay there. His father had died of gout in the heart, and Jonas fancied that he had strange sensations in that hitherto unnoticed organ.

Jonas seldom went to church, but he read his Bible diligently. His favorite biblical character was Zaccheus, who first gave half of his goods to the poor outright, and then stood ready to return, fourfold, any gains unlawfully made. Jonas could not recall any instances of deliberate dishonesty; from his moral point of view he had been only cleverer than the rascals he had dealt with, and brighter than those who were not rascals. But he admitted to himself that in his long business career there might have been instances in which he had acquired gain not in accordance with the golden rule. Conscience demanded of him to do something to prove to himself that he was not an unworthy disciple of Zaccheus. The outcome of this reasoning was the munificent Christmas gift to the city.

He rode in the park every day; his detractors said he did so in order that he might be pointed out as the donor of the splendid present. Really he cared nothing for such fame; he rode in the park that he might be able to say to his conscience, "See this that I have done. I have made restitution fourfold for any evil that I may have done." People did not give him credit for the possession of so much conscience.

For a time he was happy; then park commissioners arose who did not know Jonas. They made alterations and improvements, not only without consulting him, as had been customary, but

even contrary to his wishes. Although he had given the park to the city without conditions, he always had considered it his park. One of the commissioners, forgetting that Jonas was an old man, and somewhat whimsical, in response to a suggestion of his said, "The park is the property of the city. It is the interests and wishes of the public that should be considered rather than those of any individual, however he may be entitled to our gratitude.

After that Jonas's conscience no longer troubled him; he was sorry that he had given the park to the city. He rode in it every day, not to enjoy himself, not to admire the scenery, or to take the air, but to jealously note the changes that were being made. He had not dreamed that anything would ever be done to the park contrary to his wishes. When the fountains did not play he was angry, and he was angry when they did. Nothing met with his approval. He rode in the park every day, suffering from discontent and gout. He ate and drank to excess and aggravated his disease, and was forever finding something wrong in the park to aggravate his discontent. One day he passed a man with an old shawl over his knees, sitting on a bench. The man smiled and Jonas fancied that he smiled at him.

"The fellow is insolent," he said to himself; "he smiles at me, Jonas Biddlecome, millionaire, self-made man."

The man was there every day on the bench, smiling familiarly, as the rich man rode by. It became unbearable. After his rebuff by the park commissioner, Jonas had taken pains to conceal his feelings about the park, but now he felt that the beggar, as he designated the occupant of the bench, read his thoughts and laughed at his discontent. There were many people in the park, but Jonas saw only the man on the bench with his everlasting, inscrutable smile. Awake or asleep he seemed to see the beggar everywhere.

One day he sent for the park policeman and very nearly unbosomed himself to that important functionary.

"Is there no way in which the park can be cleared of beggars?" he asked. "They are very annoying."

"It's against the rules to beg in the park," said the officer; "I will see to it that the ordinance is vigorously enforced."

That night Jonas slept tranquilly and awoke refreshed. When he set out for the park he made his coachman drive rapidly, as he was in a hurry to see the bench vacant or occupied by those to whom he was indifferent. His spirits rose as he entered the enclosure. Once more he recognized his acquaintances and returned their greetings. But when he reached the bench there sat the beggar as of yore, and in his smile Jonas fancied that there was a gleam of malicious triumph. The policeman lounged near, evidently seeing no occasion for the exercise of his power. Jonas beckoned him to the side of his carriage:

"Why don't you turn that beggar out?" he demanded.

"What beggar? Where?" asked the officer in surprise and consternation.

"That man there on the bench," said Jonas.

"Oh, him! He don't beg," said the officer, evidently greatly relieved.

"I want him turned out," said Jonas, stiffly.

"Very sorry, sir," said the officer, touching his hat, "but as long as he behaves himself it can't be done. It's a public park."

Jonas rode on. "Curse him," he muttered, "does he own this park? It's my park. I paid for it and they named it after me. And that man sits there and laughs at me and they tell me that I can't turn him out! The fellow knows that I'm cheated about the park, and he'll tell everybody, and the whole city will jeer at me."

There were moments when his mind regained something of its old-time

clearness and he said: "What does it all matter, anyway?" And then the process of deterioration would again supervene—a process of which he was unaware—and it did matter to him more than anything else in the world.

But he had never been a passionate man and the mood of hatred did not long dominate him; it soon gave place to a consuming curiosity. Did the man really know?

Jonas could not but see that the man was content and happy. He wanted to be content and happy himself, but did not know how to be. He longed to discover the secret source of the man's cheerfulness. One day his carriage was stopped close to the bench with its smiling occupant. He did a surprising thing.

"Get in here and ride with me," he said to the man.

The man laughed outright and let the shawl slip down from his legs. Then Jonas saw that he was a cripple, that his legs dangled helplessly from the bench.

Jonas was not a man to draw back from an undertaking; he ordered his coachman to lend a hand, and with the assistance of the policeman the cripple was got into the carriage. He did not seem either surprised or elated by his good fortune. They rode about the park, an oddly mismated pair. Everybody marvelled and many and varied were the comments. Some said that Jonas was fulfilling a wager. Others that it was a fad of the rich man.

"Our park is looking well today," remarked the cripple, pleasantly.

"Our park!" cried Jonas, with withering contempt; "it's my park. I am Jonas Biddlecome; the park is named for me and not for you, whatever your name is."

They rode about quarrelling and gesticulating violently. The cripple was the coolest and had the best of it in the argument. Jonas could only reiterate that he had bought the land and had the park laid out. The argument of the cripple staggered him.

"I was born on this land," he said. "It belonged to my father; you got it away from him."

"I paid for it," snarled Jonas.

"Not for my part," said the cripple, decidedly; "and you know you didn't pay enough. Besides, you paid him railroad stock that went down and ruined him."

"Was that my fault?" protested Jonas. "I lost, too."

"Never mind, then," said the cripple soothingly; "I'll own that you have fixed up the old place so that I like it, if it ain't as it was when I was a boy. I sit on my bench and look at my beautiful park and congratulate myself that I get so much out of you for nothing."

And he gave utterance to a senile chuckle.

"The park isn't beautiful to me," said Jonas, dolefully. "I don't see any beauty in it."

"No," said the cripple, calmly, "you can't."

"Why not?" cried Jonas, eagerly.

"Because you don't sit on the bench, perhaps," answered the cripple. "I don't enjoy it so well riding with you; I don't see the same things."

"What is it that you don't see?" asked Jonas, timidly, much impressed by the man with whom he found himself associated.

"I don't see the sun glints on the pond," answered the cripple. "Your wheels make a crunching sound on the gravel, so that I cannot hear the laughter of the children, and one of the wheels squeaks. The coachman hasn't oiled it for a week, I am sure."

"I'll discharge him tonight," cried Jonas, in a passion. "Is there anything else?"

"Lots of things," answered the cripple. "I wish you wouldn't ride in your park at all; it don't do you any good."

"Then you admit that it is my park?" cried Jonas.

"My park isn't your park," said the cripple.

"How can I see the park you see?" asked Jonas anxiously.

"You might sit on the bench," said the cripple.

"I'll do it," said Jonas.

"But then, you haven't got withered legs," replied the cripple.

"I've got the gout," said Jonas, humbly. "Wouldn't that do?"

"Perhaps it would. At any rate it's better than nothing," said the cripple.

The next day the two old men sat on the bench together.

"There's my sun glint," cried the cripple, excitedly.

"I see it," grumbled Jonas; "it's fading the canopy on the barge."

"Then you don't see it," said the cripple.

Jonas felt abashed and said nothing for a long time. At last he asked, timidly.

"What are you seeing now?"

"My children, the darlings," said the cripple. "See them wade in the pond."

"They make the water muddy," replied Jonas, fretfully.

"The bottom is bad, it ought to be of clean sand," answered the cripple; "it would be better for the children."

"They talk of cleaning it out and putting in sand," said Jonas.

"You ought to have done it in the first place," exclaimed the cripple, severely. "What did you make the pond for, anyway?"

"I didn't make it for children to wade in," said Jonas, gloomily.

"Didn't you ever wade in ponds when you were a boy?" asked the cripple. "I did. That is what is the matter with my legs. I took cold and something settled in them. But I could work on a bench, and so I didn't mind. There is something the matter with my hands, now. But I don't mind, only for Madia's sake."

He seemed lost in thought for a while, and looked sad. But soon the smile came back and he cried:

"Just look at those dogs; what a time they are having!"

"They break down the flowers," said Jones, disapprovingly. "Dogs shouldn't be permitted in the park."

By a violent effort the cripple moved himself along the bench and lurched against his companion.

"Get off my bench," he cried, angrily. "I won't have you here; you'd make a wilderness out of paradise.

Jonas got up in much trepidation. It was not possible for the cripple to do him bodily harm, but he was afraid of the man's invincible spirit. He lingered about, keeping out of the cripple's sight, but remaining where he could see him. At sunset a girl came into the park pushing a wheeled chair. The policeman helped her to put the old man in it, and then pushed it as far as the park gate. Every day she brought the old man to the park and he never seemed to miss his quandam friend.

But Jonas missed the companionship of the cripple. During their two days' intimacy he had almost lost his discontent and was even better of his gout. Forbidden to bask in the cripple's happiness, his soul was troubled. There were moments when his mind regained something of its normal power and he was angry at himself for his weakness. He tried to live the life of a man of wealth, position and influence; but when he was alone he could not but feel that the cripple was happier than he. He longed to regain his forfeited place on the bench and see the park as the cripple saw it. He dared not again encounter the indignation he had once aroused; but one day, swallowing his pride, he waylaid Madia as she entered the park.

"If you please, miss," he said, "I should like to have your father take me back again. I won't say anything about his park this time."

"I guess it will be all right if you go along with me," she said. "Father doesn't remember things; he's getting childish. You'll have to tell me your name; he may not remember you."

Mentally broken though he was, his old pride flamed up and the old spirit revived within him, making him pitifully majestic.

"I am the owner of Biddlecome Park," he said, haughtily. It was as the owner of Biddlecome Park that Madia presented him to her father. Jonas' courage was all gone now and he trembled as he waited to hear his fate.

"Sit down beside me awhile," said the cripple, kindly. "Every one who will may own the park with me."

The next day Jonas resumed his old place with confidence. He had not been so happy for many a day. He saw the sun glints on the pond and wished it was warmer, that the children might wade in it. He considered if it would be possible to warm the water.

"It would cost a million," he said; "but it would pay." The next moment he cried, "Look at that dog; I believe he bent over that flower on purpose to smell of it. They ought to plant flowers that would be more convenient for dogs."

There were those who laughed at the two old men, but others saw the pathos of the scene. The park grew more beautiful every day as Jonas saw it with his soul, as his friend saw it. There were those who passed and wagged their heads and jeered at the once sharp millionaire now fallen so low. Others knew that he was a better man than in the old days when his power was known and feared. Even yet something of his old-time shrewdness survived. He gave liberally and wisely to charitable enterprises, and sought out and helped many who had gone down before him in the deals and speculations of other days. But he could not be imposed upon even by the sharpest rascals. He did not care for money, now he was content to sit at the cripple's feet and learn how to be happy.

One day the cripple did not come. It was a beautiful day, but the glory of the park seemed overcast. Jonas waited, hopefully at first, then despairingly. Another day passed and he was still alone. It seemed as if he must lose all that he had gained. His gout reasserted itself and his discontent threatened to return. At last he asked one of the park workmen why his old friend did not come. The man told him—Madia was dead.

Jonas acted with all his old-time promptness and decision. He went to his friend's home. It was a humble one, and though the neighbors were kind, it looked desolate and untidy now that Madia was gone. Jonas took the cripple to his own house and called in the best physicians. There was something the matter with the cripple's throat; he could not speak, but his eyes seemed to look for something, hopefully at first, later with a disappointment painful to behold.

When the doctors had done their best and failed, Jonas took the treatment into his own hands. One morning he had the cripple conveyed back to his old home. In the afternoon he had him placed in the old chair and taking Madia's place pushed him to the park.

The park did its best in honor of the occasion and the day lent lavish aid. The sun glints were never so bright. The children waded in the pond, and a great dog actually wallowed in a bed of fragrant flowers. The old men held each others hands like a pair of lovers. Jonas looked in his friend's face and saw that the longing of his eyes was satisfied.

The news spread that they were out once more, and everybody passed in procession before them. Men lifted their hats with a seriousness that was almost reverent. The women passed,

smiling, with glistening eyes and gentle greetings. The children went up and touched them on the knees with fearless, curious awe. The birds gathered in the tree over their heads and sang their sweetest songs, and the dogs lay at their feet and looked up at them worshipfully.

It was a long, happy afternoon, but at last it was time to go. Eager hands placed the cripple in his chair, men contending for the privilege of pushing it. But Jonas put them all aside. "It must not be any different from what it was before," he said; "Madia always went alone."

They understood. Alone as he had come, Jonas pushed the chair back. But it was not so easy as in the morning, when he had been excited by his new idea. He was distressed for breath and felt weak and faint. He was glad when they got to the house and he could sit on the doorstep to rest. He felt very strangely for a time and then he felt better and would have arisen. But just then a wonderful thing happened. Opposite was a dingy block shutting out the light of the sky. Suddenly it disappeared and in its place Jonas saw the park—the park, but somehow glorified, glowing in golden light and floating on clouds of purple and silver. Jonas touched the cripple's hand that he too might see, but the hand was cold.

The passers-by looked at them curiously. One or two hesitated and then went on, smiling sympathetically. At last a man stopped; then a crowd gathered.

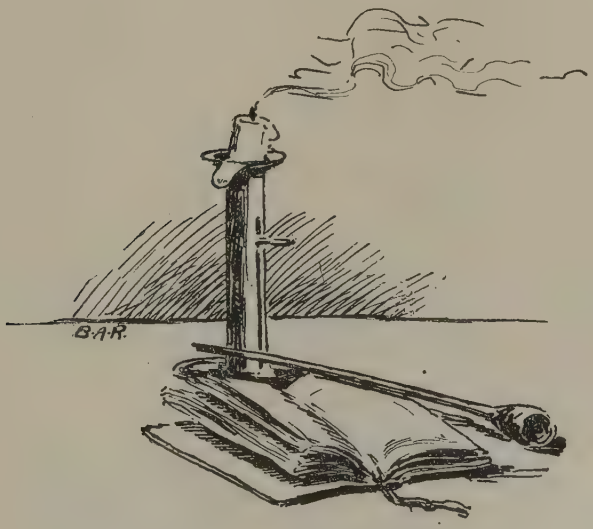
"What is it, what is the matter?" some one asked.

"Dead, both of them; two old men."

"Who are they?" asked a man, pressing into the crowd.

One of the park workmen was present. He answered, speaking affectionately, as had become the habit of the men:

"The owners of Biddlecome Park."



THE MASTERPIECE

By Helen F. Huntington

WHITTINGTON'S after-dinner story was not a success. Young Frazier said he'd heard it at least a dozen times, and with that uncomplimentary remark he rose and sauntered over to the bookshelves, in hopes, perhaps, of finding a new and better story. He ran his fingers along a line of titles and selecting the least familiar looked up to say:

"Payton, I put the last dollar in that blessed thousand today. Congratulate me on the end of sorrows."

"I am glad for your sake, Tom! That was well done. It counts a number of hard sacrifices, does it not?"

"A few," drily. "But think of what I'll gain from a year in Paris!"

"When shall you start?"

"Early in October. Almost two months to wait and not much to do. Whew!"

Payton laughed indulgently. "I've no doubt you can find a few stray models to fill up your time," he answered.

Payton's friends always dropped in upon him this way without the ceremony of previous invitation. On one festive occasion Frazier broke a bottle of champagne on the hearth, saying in his accompanying ovation: "Long live this ideal Bohemia, this haven from the narrow confines of the Must and May of Society," and much more in praise of true Bohemianism; but after all, his sincerest compliment was his frequent presence.

"Payton," Frazier said, suddenly, looking over his shoulder at his host, "do you often read Amir Khusraw?"

"Why?" Payton murmured.

"If you don't know why I ask that settles it." He closed the book and looked about him retrospectively. The room was furnished after the most luxuriant Oriental fashion, with convenient modifications in modern upholstery to suit the taste of a variously inclined company.

"Everything to delight the eye except a woman's picture," Frazier observed meditatively. "Yes, there's Cassandra yonder, and the yellow ladies on the chimney tiles. When I'm married, Payton, I'll give you my wife's picture; it will give the place the home aspect that cheers a man when the powers are warring without."

"Thank you, Frazier. It is true that no woman has ever given me her picture; those that can be bought I do not care for."

"Your own fault entirely," Whittington interposed lazily. "You don't go at it right. Girls don't fling their pictures at you any more than they offer their hearts unasked. You have probably heard——"

"Are you sure?" Frazier asked, scenting another story and resolving to discourage it at its birth. He took from the book an old-fashioned photograph, a little worn at the edges and slightly scorched. "If I could have her face for a model, I'd make my mark in the world."

Payton reached out his hand for it. "I hold that beyond all price," he said. "I remember now that I inadvertently took it from my desk with the Cromly law-papers, and for safe keeping thrust it into that old volume of poems. It is a beautiful face."

"Let me take it closer to the light, please," Frazier said. "What is it that makes this face so inexpressibly sweet?"

He held it at arm's length under the Persian lamp, and Whittington, too, went over to look at it, scanning the delicate, pictured face as one examines a rare and beautiful work of art. It was the portrait of a young girl with deep, dark eyes under level, finely penciled brows, and features expressive of a sensitive nature of the rare type one sees perhaps once in a lifetime, combining perfect womanly beauty and childlike innocence.

"If Frazier had met her he would not have offered that dowdy little Iphigenia to the public," Whittington observed, resuming his cigar. "The idea of painting from his common little model when there are such faces in the world! She is no doubt the heroine of many a man's youthful dream—one in particular, perhaps," with a side glance at Payton.

"She is," Payton answered gravely.

Frazier seated himself before the fire beside his host and laid the picture on his knee, where the lamplight fell over his shoulder on the upturned face.

"Are you the man, Payton," he said simply.

Payton shook his head.

"I could wish—" the young fellow began, but checked himself abruptly. "She must be different from all the girls I know. Why can't I meet her?"

Payton smiled at his earnestness. "You always will be a romantic youth, Frazier," he said, "even when hoary old age overtakes you. "If a cold likeness impresses you so, what would her living presence be?"

"I don't know. I know only that I cannot ever have met anyone like her. I wish I might. Some natures are like load-stones to the virtues and goodness of others, perhaps unconsciously, but the influence leads to profitable ends nevertheless; so beauty inspires genius. Payton, it is a curse to be thrust into the world with a glorious ideal beckoning onward and poverty forever holding one back, as I have been, and have people call you imaginative, visionary and all such humbug. If I had money and opportunity—well, I might show the world a glimpse of an artist's vision, a masterpiece not to be forgotten in a day or a year, but something to live long after I've passed away."

"For such a sound, healthy youngster, I think, Frazier, you are the most romantic creature outside of book-covers," Whittington interposed. "That sort of thing," with a desultory wave of his hand toward the picture, "leads to absolutely no end. It is perfectly ethereal. If you had money and other advantages necessary, you would, no doubt, make a successful painter of character studies, but as it is with you let me remind you that there's no paying market for sentiment of your sort. Take my advice and stick to the steel-wire business, which is not so alluring in the abstract, but makes actual affiliations with the finer metal after which we all strive daily."

"That's not half bad, Whittington," Frazier replied without looking up, accepting the older man's kindly impulse rather than his advice, "but a man must sometimes incline toward his natural bent. It is my misfortune that my deires cannot bend to moneyed ends. What of the picture, Payton?"

"Look closer. Do you see anything unusual in the face aside from its beauty?"

"There is a look of sadness, perhaps—"

"She's blind."

"Blind. No, not that."

"Yes, blind since infancy."

"Think of it. Has only had a mere glimpse of this great outer world. Is she very unhappy?"

"On the contrary she's singularly sweet tempered and contented."

"Is she like her picture?"

"Yes and no. I cannot describe her, only tell you that she is lovely to look at. She has the soul-beauty of Madonna faces that inspires reverence rather than admiration. I thought when I first met her as I do now, that I had never seen a more beautiful woman, and when I grew to know her I caught myself forgetting her blindness with those great dark eyes looking straight at me. I used to go South a good deal before my business affairs took the rather prosperous turn of late years, and on one occasion, when a fine old family-seat next my sister's place was put up for sale at a ridiculously low price for debt, I bought it and had it fixed up to suit my ideas of a sort of rest-house, where I go once or twice every year to get away from the grind and tear of life generally. That's how I met Rae Loring. She has lived all her life on the farm adjoining, and we met frequently in the old orchard, which is sort of a neutral vantage-ground between our premises. In this way we became quite well acquainted."

"Is there no hope that she may recover her sight?"

"Everything that could be done within reasonable limits has been tried, but her people are quite convinced that there is no help for her. They are very poor and proud—too proud perhaps for their own good. A young fellow—a distant cousin, I believe—who is deeply interested in Rae, has spent everything but a worn-out hillside farm in the vain hope of finding some means of restoring her sight, but they all know now that it is impossible."

"Poor girl," Frazier said with an audible sigh. And then he added, "Ah! if I could only have her for a model! Why, Payton, I couldn't help but succeed. I would make her picture my masterpiece."

"It is not impossible."

"Couldn't you, wouldn't you, manage it for me?"

"I've been thinking of running down for a few days. Suppose you come down with me, and we'll see what can be done. Let's see, can you arrange your affairs to go by Wednesday?"

"Payton," the older man, found opportunity to say, while Frazier stopped at the open piano on his way out to play a little dreamy nocturne, "I thought you were that boy's friend. Can't you see that he has only artistic taste, not talent? It's a shame to put his hard-earned thousand into a bottomless pit when it should be put in a solid business venture. It's no use my trying to sidetrack his foolishness if you lead him on in this way."

"He needs experience, Whittington; he must have it."

"But why not tell him brutally the truth he needs to hear? You're the man to do it, Payton, and you know it."

"Wait a little while longer. He's young; perhaps after all he has not had the opportunity to show his talent. Let this be a final test. If he fails here,—but wait a little longer."

Two weeks later young Frazier found himself painting absorbingly with his soul in his fingers; and before him, seated in the twinkling shade of the old apple-orchard, was Rae Loring, the blind girl. Her great brown eyes, full of mystery, gazed straight before them with a look of troubled wonder that thrilled the boy's artist-soul with the joy known only to creative souls, mingled with the vague, intoxicating dreams of glorious future. He felt the growing power of newly awakened genius that gave him the delicious confidence of success, and the picture grew very fair under his thrilling touch; but it lacked the soul beauty that only true artists can give to inanimate things. He produced faithfully indeed the girl's exquisite wild-rose coloring, the burnished lights of her hair, the youthful curves of chin and throat, and even

the deep dark eyes under the sweeping lashes, but the intangible, living look was lacking.

But good work grows slowly, and meantime time flies or lags to the measure of human happiness or woe. To Frazier the days passed all too swiftly, like a dream set to music; visions of future success filled him with contagious happiness that reflected itself in all living things about him, unconsciously endearing him to the simple country-folk of The Glades. After Payton's departure, Marshal Carrington, the cousin, fell into the habit of accompanying Rae on her sittings. He was a grave young man, old in experience, and bearing the unmistakable stamp of a laborer, but one of the faithful, manly sort, bound, in the natural order of things, to win the respect of his most malignant enemy. Frazier could not choose but like him, though the man's frank criticism was not always acceptable.

One evening, when the picture was almost finished, Frazier hailed the young farmer as he passed the piazza where the artist sat smoking complacently. Carrington seated himself on the doorstep and clasped his lean hands about his knees in an attitude of deep reflection, while Frazier launched jauntily into animated conversation that gradually took a personal turn, touching upon his gay, busy city life, the proposed trip to Paris, and lastly the promising future.

"And Rae's picture will go way off with you to foreign parts?" Carrington observed in the first pause.

"Yes. On the world's verdict of that hangs my hope of success."

"It's a rare picture, Mr. Frazier, but not half so beautiful as Rae. Of course it couldn't be," he added hastily; "she has the face of an angel, and it is not given to mortal man to paint so true."

"You don't like it," Frazier said humbly, with an involuntary pang of disappointment, though he realized the man's total inability to judge his work fairly.

"Yes I do, but it's not like Rae. You've got the color of her eyes and the brightness of her hair, like little tongues of fire amongst brown shadows, and Rae's little trick of looking away off with that dreamy gaze that says so much more than other people's words; but there's something in her face behind the outward beauty that can't be put on dead cloth. It isn't rightly your fault, for it can't be done. I'm not saying a word against that picture, Mr. Frazier. It certainly is a fine piece of work."

Frazier made no answer, and after a thoughtful pause Carrington continued, "I've been wanting to ask a favor of you, Mr. Frazier. When you travel in foreign lands you'll likely hear of much that's wonderful,—do you s'pose you'll ever come across a doctor that's done a good deal for blind folks? and would you mention Rae's case? It might just happen that way, you know."

"Of course," he answered heartily.

"I'd take it very kind of you to remember her. Sometimes queer things happen in unexpected ways. They say they have clever doctors on the other side."

"Why, now that I think of it, we have one of the greatest specialists in the world right in our own city. He's from Paris and has done some wonderful things, but whether he can do anything for Rae is, of course, another question."

"Tell me about the doctor you know, Mr. Frazier; you say he has cured many blind folks?"

"Why, yes, and he's famous. People go to him from over both continents."

"Would he come here?"

"I can't say. He's a rich man and his fame is assured, so you see he can do as he pleases. I'm afraid he'd ask an exorbitant price for coming way down here. Why not take Rae to New York and have him examine her eyes?"

"We couldn't do that; it would worry

her too much. She's never been away from home, you know, and a strange place would frighten her. Would it be asking too much, Mr. Frazier, to ask you to write and lay the case before him? I'm such a poor hand at stating things on paper."

"I'll take pleasure in writing him. Shall I ask him to come down and examine her eyes?"

"Yes, if you please. You might ask him his charges, for I'd want to make sure of being able to pay him. Maybe he'd ask two or three hundred dollars for making the trip, and the operation and all. I don't hardly think he'd ask more than that, do you?"

"I'm afraid he would. He might be induced to make it a little cheaper if——"

Carrington interrupted him hastily. "No, sir; I don't want it mentioned that we're poor. He might be careless if he thought we couldn't pay, you know. I can raise a hundred dollars by selling my team of mules, and I sorter think my brother will take a second mortgage on my farm and things belonging to the house. In all I reckon on raising nigh unto four hundred dollars."

"It will be pretty expensive," Frazier cautioned.

"I'd give my right arm to give her sight," he answered simply.

It was past midnight when Frazier wrote to Dr. Rameau, for he sat up very late that night trying to settle a conflicting mental argument. He put the light at a convenient angle beside his unfinished picture and seated himself before it in deep contemplation, trying to realize the result of possible failure. Gradually the even, pleasant tenor of his life rose before him in contrast to Carrington's—the man who had sacrificed the best of his youth in behalf of the girl he loved, whose devotion overstepped every obstacle in her service, even to utter self-abnegation, while he had squandered countless joys and benefits in his stubborn chase after his own exclusive pleasure. He saw himself dwarfed to feeble insignificance beside the other man's simple greatness, and the shock of realization pained him sorely, for he was of the fine, generous nature that strives naturally to rise above sordid things. He did not try to stifle the voice of self-accusation, and so out of wholesome humility was born a resolve in which was no hint of selfish vanity.

Dr. Rameau replied favorably, setting the time of his arrival at his earliest leisure, which was about a week later than the date of his letter. His statement of his terms made it inconvenient to show the letter to Carrington, so Frazier took the matter wholly in hand, replying by telegram, and, at the appointed time driving down to meet him at the station five miles distant. On the way back to the farm he laid the case before the famous physician with the cool concern of a man who has unlimited wealth at his disposal.

"They are very poor and proud," he explained, "and if they suspected the truth it would hit them hard. They wouldn't even accept a trifling service from an old friend like me. That young fellow, Carrington, has spent all his possessions in unavailing efforts in her behalf, and he's most anxious to have the benefit of your treatment. What I want to ask of you is to divide the bill within the limits of his ability, say to two hundred dollars or so, and put the rest to my account. I give Grand & Burroughs of New York as my reference. You will understand, doctor?"

"Perfectly!" he answered, tersely.

"I'd be infinitely obliged."

"Say no more about it. It is of no consequence who pays the bill, I assure you."

The specialist examined Rae's eyes critically and pronounced the case almost unique. "There is one chance in a hundred that she may recover her

sight," he said, "and the operation will be tedious and difficult; but she has youth and perfect health on her side. Do you wish to take that one chance?" turning instinctively to Carrington.

"What do you advise?"

"If she were my daughter I should not hesitate to give her that chance if it were one in a million."

"She is perfectly willing to put herself in your hands, and we all trust to God's mercy and your skill," he answered quietly.

The necessary preparation involved considerable painful delay, for now that the matter was decided upon all concerned became very restless; an air of suppressed excitement pervaded the very atmosphere during the anxious days of waiting, but finally professional assistance was secured, and the operation performed in profound mystery, for even Dr. Rameau could not determine the result immediately. Frazier went every day to ask after Rae, and Carrington became sort of a moving bulletin between the farms until it was apparent that the operation was entirely successful, when he went almost beside himself with joy. Yet no one was allowed to see the patient until all danger of relapse was past and she was able to take very gradual views of the world from a darkened room.

In the interim of waiting Frazier had ample opportunity to view his work in the light of Carrington's impartial criticism, to which Dr. Rameau unconsciously added great weight by a casual expression of his opinion. "It's rather a good likeness," he said. "Amateurish, of course. I used to do a little in that line myself before success took away all the small pleasurable indulgences of my fancy. You're lucky to have leisure for that sort of thing, young man."

After that he could not deceive himself longer. Slowly—very slowly, his eyes were opened to the painful truth. He realized at last what Whittington had so blunderingly declared, that he had simply artistic taste, not creative talent. Hitherto he had looked upon his own work through the deceptive medium of romantic inspiration, projecting around it his ideal of beauty, wholly incapable of separating the real from the ideal, as the critical public would some time do with merciless adroitness. He felt a sort of grim satisfaction in thinking it all over, that the blow had fallen so soon. Now he could not go to Paris and spend a whole year in vain study, for the thousand dollars were spent in a far better cause.

To over-sensitive natures the death of an ideal causes the poignant sorrow of personal bereavement all the keener felt because they are shut out from sympathy of their fellow beings, to whom the subtilities of finer natures are unknowable. Frazier faced his trouble alone with exceeding bitterness, conscious only of the impassable gulf between himself and the world of vanished ideals.

It was the morning of Rae's complete convalescence. He managed to take Dr. Rameau to the station and on his return roused himself to make a few trifling preparations for his own departure the following day. While thus engaged some one knocked softly at the half-open door. It was Rae, looking about her timidly, a blue sun-bonnet screening her unaccustomed eyes from the too vivid glare of the September sun.

"Mr. Frazier," she began, with a little smile, like the sudden radiation of light, "they tell me that you are going away soon, so I came to see you first of all. This is my first trip out alone and I want to talk to you."

He rose and offered her a chair in the shadow, and she threw off her bonnet, revealing her unconscious loveliness that thrilled his unfulfilled ambition sorely. Beside her was the picture which caught her roving glance instantly.

"How pretty!" she exclaimed, with the innocent pleasure of a child.

"The portrait of yourself," he murmured, wishing she had not touched upon the painful subject.

"Am I so pretty as that?" she asked in innocent wonder.

"My dear girl, you are far more beautiful," Frazier said earnestly. "It is a very poor thing indeed with you beside it."

"No, that is as I was once—when I was in darkness. Now—oh! Mr. Frazier, I want to thank you for—everything, but I have such poor speech to tell you what's in my heart! And even if I could put all my happiness into words you wouldn't understnd me, because you were never blind. Marshal tells me that you have everything—youth and wealth and talent, and will some day be a great man. You must be very happy, but, Mr. Frazier, if anything should ever happen to make you sad or troubled, don't forget that you brought me out of darkness into light and joy. Don't ever forget that; I never will, and I can only thank you from my heart and pray for your happiness as long as I live." Tears of pathetic gratitude rose in her eyes and trickled down her cheeks unheeded. Frazier felt a strange tightness about his heart as he began to realize a hundredth part of the happiness his sacrifice had brought a fellow being.

"Why, there's Carrington," he said lamely, feeling that he must say something to force back the great lump in his throat.

"Ah! yes, Marshal. He'd do anything in the world for me and I love him dearly, but with all his tenderness he could not do what you have done. Dr. Rameau told me what I've felt in my heart all the time—that you have done more to help me than you would tell any of us, and I won't ask you a thing about it, only thank you."

Frazier never quite remembered what he said then, but he never forgot the solemn joy of that hour in the realization of his service. When Marshal appeared a little later in search of Rae he said simply, "Miss Rae likes the picture and, Carrington, I wish you'd persuade her to keep it. It would give me the greatest pleasure."

"I thought it was to be your masterpiece," Carrington began slowly, looking from the picture to the radiant model.

"I was mistaken. I am not capable of that."

"What is a masterpiece then if this is not?" the girl asked.

"It is supreme success; something that the whole world recognizes as truly wonderful and lovely, such as is given to but few men to produce."

Carrington smiled gravely. "Mr. Frazier," he said, "you may some time be a great artist and have your work known the world over, but you will never do a greater work than this—this will always be your masterpiece." He laid his toil-worn hand very gently over Rae's eyes and looked down at her with the infinite tenderness of life-long devotion.

"Ah! yes, Carrington, that is true," the young fellow answered simply, "and what greater reward than this could a man ask?"

Frazier went back to the steel-wire business almost cheerfully, but Whittington and Payton, who knew him best, detected instantly the subtle growth from vacillating boyhood to earnest manhood, and because each loved him unreservedly they rejoiced, and made deep-laid plans for his future as far as one man may plan for another.

THE SACKING OF DOE CASTLE

By Winthrop Packard

THE farther Macfugle and I went toward the northwestern corner of Ireland, the nearer we came to the jumping-off place, and the more we heard about The MacSwine, and when we reached Dunfanaghy, which is the very most northwestern town in all the island and which nestles under the frowning heights of Horn Head,—literally the afore-mentioned jumping-off place,—we were fairly steeped in the story of the notorious freebooter. The MacSwine's cave stood, black-mouthed and mysterious, on the face of the abrupt cliff of the Muckish, his gun boomed in the surf among the wild rocks at the base of Horn Head, and his castle was reputed to stand on an inlet of Lough Swilly a few long Irish miles away, so modernized and rendered docile with the passing of the centuries as to pass under the peaceful name of Doe Castle.

It was this castle, with its rough battlements moss grown and ivy garlanded, still frowning seaward, with its crumbling towers haunted by bats and seagulls, and its rough-flagged courts grass grown, that we, Macfugle and I, stormed and sacked, escaping as might freebooters of the elder centuries, with our ill-gotten gain.

"Ye'll not be able to get in it at all," said Thomas as we started; "there's a key with young Mr. Stewart, but he's away the day and the windies do be boarded up tight." Whether he meant this last remark as a hint or not, we carefully scanned "the windies" after our arrival, but they were boarded up tight indeed. Those on the lower floor and the doors were fortified as if against a musketry fire, with two-inch oak plank, while only here and there an upper window blinked in solemn darkness, its eyes unlidded and staring.

The receding tide had left the moat bare and dry and the outer wall was easily reached. Climbing this by steps in the stone we reached the battlements and looked seaward, as had no doubt the crossbowmen of the first MacSwine, facing the swish of the rain and the beat of the sea, and looking down upon the narrow earthworks and dismounted cannon of one of the later defenders of the castle.

"It appears to me," said Macfugle, as he wiped the drip of the west wind from his face; "that there is a good deal of atmosphere about this place."

Macfugle was right. We found the Donegal mountains and indeed the whole northwest of Ireland plethoric of atmosphere. Trailing clouds of mist, garlanded with drizzle and festooned with showers, had met us at the railway terminus at Letterkenny and we were theirs. In reply to our inquiry for fine weather, Andy, the driver of the mail van for Dunfanaghy, had said: "Ou, ay, it'll be a wee fine when the dew does be aff the mountains."

On the top of the highlands the north Atlantic trades, whipped into a gale, burst the great heart of the clouds and fairly deluged us with a rush of wind and water that turned Macfugle's umbrella inside out and sent his chimney-pot hat skithering over the gorse.

"Say, what do you call this?" he gasped.

"Ou, ay," said Andy imperturbably, "this be the dew coming aff the mountains."

But in spite of rain and wind, of moat and battlements and boarded windows, we got into the castle. I climbed an archway between the outer and inner walls, tiptoed along a tiled roof in momentary fear lest it fall in and drop me into the unknowable beneath, and finally with fingers and toes in the crevices of the rough stone, lighted much like a fish hawk on an upper window-ledge whose narrow stone lipped the cavernous mouth which presently swallowed me. But it was reserved for Macfugle to outdo all previous romance of the adventure and enter a mediaeval castle in strictly mediaeval fashion. Prowling in the moat, along whose seaward edges the incoming tide already crinkled, he found, half hidden in the rock-weed at the base of the castle wall, a narrow doorway. Within, a passage turned at an abrupt angle and climbed the dark recess by a steep and narrow stair. Entering this with many misgivings, a lighted match in one hand and his umbrella at charge bayonets in the other, he mounted ten or a dozen steps only to find the end of his match and of the passage at the same time.

Then he noticed faint rays of light as if from cracks in the wall above his head, and pushing there he pushed aside a stone of the flagging of the inner court and came up through the ground like a very dusty and much over-fed gnome.

Thus it happened that Macfugle and I discovered the ghost of the castle at the same time. I, coming downstairs, heard his eerie footsteps coming up and he, coming upstairs, heard my weird footsteps coming down, and both paused. I think Macfugle shuddered, I know I did, as the ghostly echoes rapped upon distant doors and hid in the darkness of undiscovered stairways. Then each came forward a few steps and paused again, and again the ghostly echoes danced off into the unexplored distance. I think we should each have turned and fled and added one more tale to those of the haunted room had not Macfugle begun to whistle to keep his courage up.

There was no mistaking that whistle. A man in whose octave there are no half stops and who can change the key three times in whistling four bars of Swanee River is not likely to be taken for a ghost even in a mediaeval haunted castle, and I rushed joyfully forward to greet him. Macfugle, however, had no such evidence that I was not the veritable ghost he half expected to see and with a gasp of dismay he struck wildly at me with that ever-ready umbrella and then fled to the safety of the courtyard, where I found him preparing for a hasty sortie over the wall. I am not sure to this day that he is willing to believe that I was the ghost which he met in the darkness of the Mac-Swine's stairway, and I suspect him of dealings with the Society of Psychical Research on the strength of his experience.

This inner courtyard was one of the oldest parts of the castle, paved with irregular slate flagging and surrounded by low walls and ruins of masonry between which pointed arched doorways led hither and thither. Over the principal of these, leading to the main castle, hung a small bell fastened to the wall by a spiral spring of rusty iron and apparently not used for centuries. Probably in the early days the Mac-Swine had called his serving men together with this bell. Perhaps it had sounded the alarm for an attack on the castle; perhaps it had called tall fighting men and dark-haired Irish maidens to the banquet on the return of the great freebooter; perhaps, too, it would have been just as well if Macfugle had let

this bell alone. But he could not. For a wonder he did not attempt to carry it off with him but contented himself with ringing it, and that got us into trouble enough. It hung above reach and there was no cord to it. Probably the MacSwine poked it with a spear or threw a tomahawk at it, but having neither, Macfugle did the next best thing and jabbed it with his umbrella. It was a sweet-toned bell and jingled and ding-donged away on its spiral spring, working itself into a spiral spasm of tinkling tintinnabulation that threaded the clouds of mist trailing in from the western ocean and sailed landward far into the dreamy distance.

"What ho, warders, what ho!" shouted Macfugle.

"You hush your what hoing," I warned him. "Do you want to get the constabulary down here? We're in this castle without permission and you don't want to advertise it in that way, either."

"Don't you fret," replied Macfugle; "there isn't anything livelier than a fish within two miles of us, Irish miles at that."

This seemed plausible, for the MacSwine's stronghold stands on a point of land projecting far into Lough Swilly, draped with the everlasting rains of the Donegal coast and with the nearest house two miles away, Irish miles at that, as Macfugle had said.

Yet, since the agrarian uprising in Donegal the constabulary have been "Musha, as thick as spatters in a bog

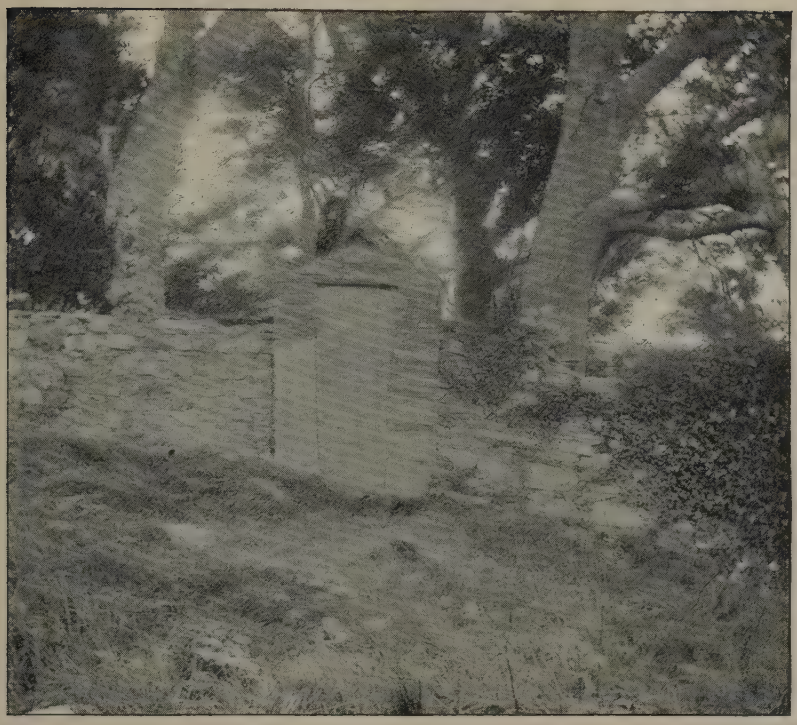
"Paddy's Profile" in Rock, between Dunfanaghy and Greenlaugh, on the way to Doe Castle

road, and always foreninst ye like a fly to a sore nose," and as the event proved, they, or some one else, were within the reach of Macfugle's jangling of sweet bells.

I need not enter into the details of our exploration of the castle. Darkness lurked within its walls, decay clung to its masonry, and strange voices sounded through its winding corridors and up and down its blind stairways. The building talked to itself. It was not the echo of our footsteps in the dank passages, it was not the wind moaning about the turrets and calling through the narrow slits in the masonry whence the MacSwine's archers sent their arrows singing at the castle's assailants. I don't know what it was, but I heard it—a strange, weird mumbling as of aged and toothless stones that grumbled, a sighing as if ghosts said "S-s-s-h" one to another as we came along, and little moans of weariness and pain from walls that were tired of standing erect through the long centuries and would fain crumble to their original oblivion of shapeless granite and be at rest. I heard it; so did Macfugle, and it kept him with his umbrella at a "repel cavalry" attitude during most of the time and made little rifts within the lute of his conversation such as come to a man who listens against his will for what he doesn't wish to hear.

A Glimpse within the Outer Wall, showing Tower at Angle of Inner Wall, with Loophole

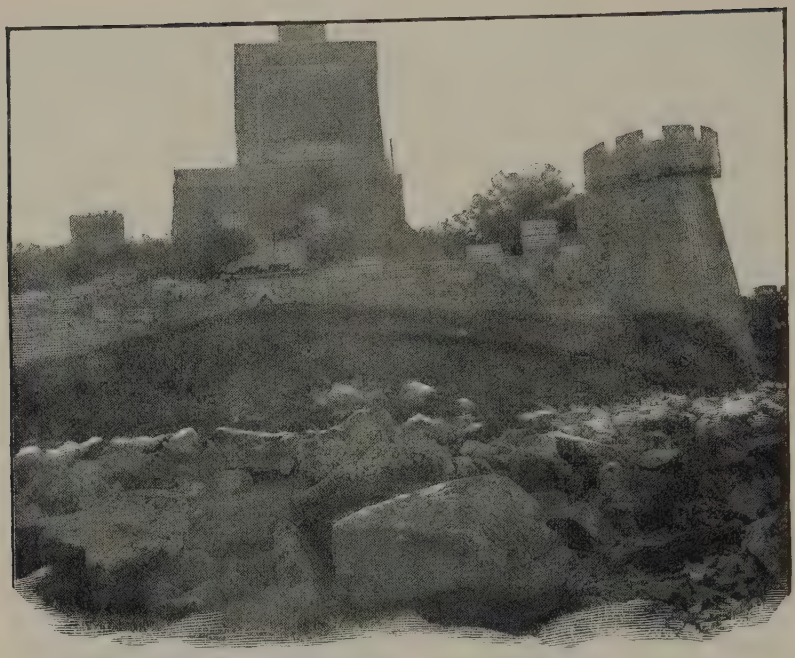
For a couple of hours we wandered thus within the walls of this delightful ghost factory, losing ourselves in the eerie corridors only to emerge in some tower room or in the narrow confines



The MacSwine's Tombstone with Cross, Armorial Bearings including a Swine rampant and Inscription in Ancient Gaelic Characters

of some inner court, grown with grass and open only to the sky. It was toward the last, when we were hunting in vain for the secret underground passage which all self-respecting mediaeval castles have, that we came upon the antique platter tucked away in the darkest corner of a forgotten closet.

It was a quaintly beautiful thing, this platter, fashioned of antique pottery in the shape of a great green leaf with the serrate edges turned up to make it platter shaped and the stem curled upon itself for a handle. There was some discussion as to whether we would carry this platter away with us or not, but I do not think there was any real doubt in our minds from the first. The MacSwine had always taken anything he could lay hands on, so had Macfugle for that matter, and were we not immersed, yea, steeped in an atmosphere of freebootery? It went without saying, and the platter went without saying, too, only it caused us a good deal of trouble. Macfugle did not like to carry it down through that hole in the courtyard for fear of breaking it, and we could not drop it from the wall for the same reason. Finally we decided to poke it through between the planks with which the doorway was boarded, get out as best we might, get it and make off. That did not seem difficult. Macfugle had found a space large enough near the bottom of the doorway and was just pushing the lovely thing through when a calm voice said from without:



The Seaward Wing of Doe Castle. Low tide

"The Nearest House, Two Irish Miles away"

"Ye'll not be able to get out that way, sir."

If the MacSwine himself, clad in armor and with battle-axe in hand, had stepped from the walls and confronted us we could hardly have been more startled. We had supposed that no human being was within two miles of us, Irish miles, and now we were caught freebooting, yes, breaking and entering, transgressing the terrible English law which we knew well reached in all its puissance to that far corner of Donegal, and were liable to be taken with our ill-gotten gains in hand. I gave a little yell of dismay, and as for Macfugle he fairly leaped in the air, landing all right, however, platter in hand. Then we scurried through the court and around a corner to hold a hurried council of war.

"It's—it's—the—," said Macfugle.

"Yes," said I with justifiable severity; "that's who it is. It's the constabulary. You've got us into a nice mess, you have."

"I didn't mean to," said Macfugle penitently—Macfugle is always very penitent after the trouble begins—"what shall we do?"

"Do!" I said; "I'll tell you what to do. Go ring that bell and shout 'What ho, warder! what ho!' that's what you'd better do. You will be in an English jail before tomorrow night and you'd better have all the fun you can now. You're a pretty sort of freebooter, to ring a bell and call the police down on you that way."

"I didn't mean to," said Macfugle again with a contrition which turned away even my wrath, and we forthwith set about devising a plan of escape.

It was decided that Macfugle should try to escape by the secret passage through which he had entered, taking

Dunfanaghy, the most Northwestern Town in Ireland

Market Square, Dunfanaghy. Driving Home the Pig

the platter with him, while I was to climb out by my window. If either escaped he was to hunt up the other and, if captured, bail him out if the law admitted it.

"Good-bye, old chap," said Macfugle, clasping my hand; "I'm sorry I got you into this, but we'll stand by one another. If I'm captured, you'll bail me out, won't you?"

"Yes, Macfugle," I said; "if I escape, I'll bail you out." And with a last grasp of the hand we parted.

Macfugle scrambled down through the hole in the courtyard floor, hurried down the dark stairway, and with the platter safe in his hands, bolted through the narrow door into the moat, plunging into three feet of cool sea water which the north of Ireland tide had brought in as if for that purpose.

I rushed up the stairway to the window by which I had entered and prepared to climb out, when I noticed a dark figure just by the corner of the outer wall. Evidently the constabulary were waiting for me. Escape in that direction was cut off, but there remained the secret passage to the moat. Hurrying downstairs again, I crawled into the hole in the paving, scrambled down the narrow stair and fell out of the little door into the same three feet of sea water which Macfugle had just passed through and which was in no wise warmed by the passage.

Being in for it now, I waded along the moat till I could climb a broken place in the landward wall and, dripping, hastened along a ragged hedge. There was no sign of the constabulary, but I found under a hawthorn a forlorn looking figure with an antique platter clasped close to his breast. It was Macfugle.

"Wha—what are you doing here?" he gasped.

"Macfugle," I said, with a glance at his dripping garments and a grim sense

of the humor of the thing, "I've come to bail you out."

"Well," he replied, "you look as if you had just been bailed out of somewhere yourself."

Together once more we hastened through fields and across moorland to the highway, along which we dripped seawater, mingled with Donegal mist, home to Dunfanaghy. The water cheeped and gurgled in our shoes and our garments clung to us with a cold but constant affection, all but Macfugle's vest. He had the antique platter tucked up under this, safe from observation, and it gave a voluptuous rotundity to his figure that made one think of a pouter pigeon.

There was but one policeman in Dunfanaghy. He wore a blue uniform resplendent with brass buttons, a helmet, a belt and billy, and in the midst of all this trouble he used daily to drive home the pig. He was a meek sort of fellow, with the air of one who had a hidden sorrow, and we had christened him "Wearywarld."

We never saw "Wearywarld" coming down street but we thought of the antique platter rolled in an outing shirt and hidden in the very bottom of Macfugle's trunk, but "Wearywarld" never came after it and it reached New York in safety.

TEMPTATION

By Randall Neefus Saunders

Sin is a gaudy insect on the wing, —
A bright dream held to thrill a sense acute,—
And in the bloom we do not feel the sting
Revealed at last in bitter, withered fruit.

'Tis nobler to withstand the sudden blast,
Than let it blow thee wheresoe'er it will;
And strength is added unto what thou hast
In toiling up, not sliding down, the hill.

Northern Type
Photograph by Hall, Buffalo, N. Y.

NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN WOMEN

By Mrs. H. B. Boulden

SOUTHERN womanhood may be said to be perfect, so far as its development extends; but the process has not yet gone forward to the attainment of loftiest possibilities. Northern womanhood, on the other hand, is the result of the grafting of highest perfection upon a defective foundation. Thus each is the complement of the other, and lacks what the other in greatest degree possesses.

The natures of our Southern women show a normal and natural expansion of powers; they are, therefore, satisfactory so far as that evolution has progressed. In them the natural woman has had an unrestrained growth, which is only another way of saying that the physical being has been finely matured and perfected. Fine figures, glowing

health, and a high degree of beauty are the result. Grace and charm of manner follow, together with easy, magnetic, mellifluous speech, and a light play of fancy which has the power to make even commonplaces and nothings seem attractive or amusing. To the same causes are due the absence of unrest in mind and body which is one of their characteristics.

From long cultivation the art of dress is like a native gift among the women of the Southland, and is revealed in striking artistic effects, with fine character notes in the contrasts chosen, and with strength and warmth and cheer in the favored colors. This universal art and taste in dress is often displayed in homes lacking every evidence of aesthetic appreciation; and while this

Northern Type, combining Northern and Southern characteristics
Photograph by Arthur & Philbric, Detroit

A Southern Type
Photograph by Mullen, Lexington, Ky.

fact is often due to limited means which have not the power to adorn house and mistress equally, it is also partly owing to the truth that dress has been for generations the first study, while of interior decoration there is yet an imperfect knowledge.

The women of the South are in manner, at least, light-hearted, not given to too deep thought, possessed of souls undisturbed, for the most part, by the woes of humanity. Even by the most thoughtful, in whom the sorrows of the world are truly felt, it is not in the intense, even agonizing manner experienced by Northern women of deepest sensibilities.

The perfect air of contentment, the ease and sense of secure happy position, is most charming in the women in Southern homes. Long years of opportunity, cultivation and experience have led to high success in the art of entertaining. Even the humblest attain to some degree of elegance in the details of dress, table appointments and decoration, and in the receiving and entertaining of guests. There is a general belief that no one, because of limited means alone, is any less a lady, or on that account should be content with inferior effects. At the same time slavery and the succeeding cheapness of colored service have made possible the leisure which is necessary to the finest hospitality.

There is also a great uniformity in culture in the South which simplifies the social question, and places a full experience of society within the reach of all. Hereditary and social traditions are more nearly equal. There is, therefore, less occasion for exclusiveness and snobbery than in the North, where the differences are great and marked. This may be partly accounted for by the fact that the menial and serving classes North are white, making social distinctions necessary immediately, while the same classes South are black and do not enter into social consideration at all. There is also a seething, restless movement, a striving for place in the social world of the North which does not disturb the greater repose of the South, to the inner life and its outward expression.

The young women of the Southland for the most part let school days finish their education; their reading thereafter is usually of the lightest and for entertainment alone. However, they retain enough general knowledge of many subjects studied at school to enable them to converse with great apparent intelligence upon almost any topic. The fondness for gossip and news leads to the reading of current matters, giving a high average of general information. An inborn interest in politics results in considerable knowledge and conversation of public characters.

The humblest of Southern women have also some appreciation of style,

A Southern Type
Photograph by Mullen, Lexington, Ky.

where there is less cause for struggling and rising. This sense of security increases the quiet charm of the Southern manner and, united with the power to make the most of all acquirements and accomplishments, adds to the perfection of things external. Meanwhile the proverbial warmth of heart and quickness of impulse lends its own completeness and, notwithstanding the reputation of the North for thrift, it is certain that Southern women secure more of comfort and display from a given amount of money. Southern women naturally wish to have beautiful homes and clothes; but unlike their sisters of the North, when means are limited the latter always receives first consideration.

Photograph by Grossman & Owings, Dayton, O.

A Southern Type

A Northern Type
Photograph by Huntington & Clark, Detroit

They seek to obtain, if possible, both attractive houses and raiment, but can content themselves with personal adornment alone.

Among the women of the North a full mind and soul culture has been achieved at the expense of the finest physical powers, or rather conditions unfavorable to the latter kind of excellence have wrought upon another portion of the nature and stimulated it to an ample growth. With this incompleteness of physical development and its accompanying lack of animal spirits and beauty, the foundation of all perfection is absent. But nature, which allows no waste of energy, has built up in its place a beauty of mind and strength of character which lends their cast to the most unlovely face, giving it another kind of charm and attraction which is not of the earth, earthy.

The Northern woman is stronger in her independence and self-reliance, in her individuality and force of character. Her sympathies are not truer, but they are broader, deeper. Even setting aside the menial class in the North, which corresponds to the colored portion of the South, the average intelligence is not higher; but the force and strength of nature is greater; while certain whole circles of women in most cities extend their mental culture far beyond anything which the Southern women ever attain, unless it be in exceptional in-

stances. These highly cultivated women have the mental horizon of the most advanced men; and the heart usually deepens in its sympathies and feelings with the mind's expansion, giving an intensity of desire for the elevation of the race and the overthrow of wrong such as is rarely experienced even by the most earnest women of the South. Such high thoughts and feelings give a lofty poise, and grand independence of character, which, united with a progressive spirit and scorn of popular opinion, is little in keeping with the more conservative Southern nature. Such free minds never stand still; instead they live centuries of development, while their more placid sisters are living days and years.

Consequently, the superiority of Northern womanhood is of the mind and character, not of the physical being

A Northern Type

Photograph by Aldrich & Otto, Buffalo

A Southern Type
Photograph by Perkins, Baltimore, Md.

or in warmth or truth of affections, although the intensifying of thought and feeling lies in deeper, broader channels for the affections and sympathies.

While the average of good taste is not so high in the North as in the South, in the highest Northern circles the aesthetic sense is as superior to that in the Southern as is the mentality of the Northern sisters in advance of that of the others.

The Northern mind is more tolerant, and less subject to prejudices, which is an indication of the lack of individual thought. All things it views more impartially. As a result there is less bigotry in religion, as in other things in the North, the mind being more liberal and flexible and the affections and sympathies more universal.

In the more staid and serious Northern section greater personal charm and

manner should be striven for; while in the South a larger, freer mental atmosphere should be attained. A fusion of the two womanhoods would result in the perfect woman. In the North the power to rise from lowly conditions is marvellous. There is a perpetual upward movement of classes and individuals. Because of this and other facts, it is more nearly in the power of Northern women to achieve perfection than in that of the Southern sisterhood. Given the higher powers, it would be easier by effort of will to cultivate physical, personal and social charms and graces, since the latter are chiefly the result of environment, observation and opportunity, while for the full possession of the highest gift a deep, innate talent and generations of cultivation are necessary.

On the other hand, given a perfect normal basis, the distant future may be depended upon to bring about naturally and without special acts of will, the full flower and fruition of the whole womanhood.

Let the women of the North and South learn of each other and strive for similar perfection.

The Return to the Monastery
From a Painting by E. Zamacois

BENEATH THE MONASTERY BELL

By Arthur T. Winslow

"I envy them, those monks of old,
The books they read and the beads they told."
G. P. R. JAMES.

THAT inimitable "Wizard of the North," the chronicler of goodly romance and adventure, Sir Walter Scott, has given us in his tale of Ivanhoe a scene that must have had many a counterpart in the monastic life of the middle ages. I refer to the meeting, in the hermit's cell, of the Black Knight with Friar Tuck, the buxom confessor of Robin Hood's vandal gang, and to the consequent incongruity, so productive of humor, which arises when the contrast is revealed between the reverent father's outward appearance and his real character. We have in the scene as *dramatis personae* a mounted knight who, seeking shelter as the evening closes about him in a trackless forest, finds himself before a primitive hut, on the top of which stands a rude emblem of the holy cross. His summons for harborage is met with surly replies to pass on and not disturb a servant of God and Saint Dunstan in his evening devotions. Persistence and force compel the inmate to at last offer his hospitality, although in a begrudging manner. Once inside the cell, the knight beholds poverty of good cheer indeed. A corner of the hut for his horse, another for himself, and a handful or two of parched peas for his appetite are the extent of the hermit's accommodations. This meeting, so unpropitiously begun, soon, however, changes. The knight, with rare tact and with all the qualities of a jovial fellow, speedily installs himself in

Two Cronies
From a Painting by E. Grutzner

the good graces of the worthy hermit, and the latter, after a slight skirmishing, throws off his monastic austerity, and the ice of ceremony being once broken, becomes on the spot as jolly a fellow as any of Robin Hood's gang. The results that follow are amusing. Rich venison and pastry and sparkling red wine seem to come forth from hidden closets, as if some Aladdin had rubbed his lamp, and the pious churchman, who a moment before was muttering his aves and credos, transforms his personality into a genial host of rare degree. Further developments disclose nooks of concealment stored with cross-bows, broadswords and other things of uncanonical appearance, all very suggestive of the hunt and the combat. Last of all comes the harp, and merry songs. The cups are filled, and so passes the night.

From a Painting by A. Humborg

The Brother's Solo

"I'll give thee, good fellow, a twelve-
month or twain,
To search Europe over, from Byzan-
tium to Spain;
But ne'er shall you find, should you
search till you tire,
So happy a man as the Barefooted
Friar."

* * * * * *

"Your monarch? Pshaw! Many a
prince has been known
To barter his robes for the cowl and
the gown,
But which of us e'er felt the idle desire

neath the monastery bell. The outer world had one conception of the life in the monastic orders, while those who could wink a knowing eye had quite another. So many revelations have been vouchsafed us through the focus of years that today it is hardly to be expected we shall believe only what printed history has to say concerning an order of things that has now passed away. We have ceased to wonder at

The Warm Hand
From a Painting by J. Frappa

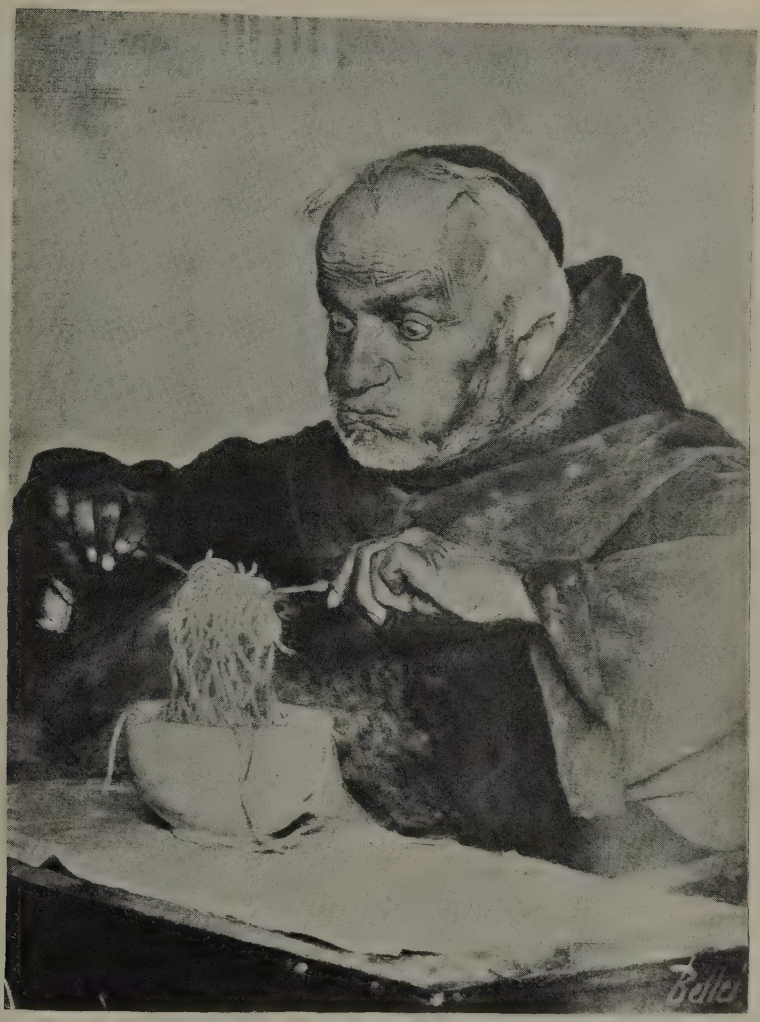
To exchange for a crown the gray hood
of a Friar?"

* * * * * *

"Long flourish the sandal, the cord and
the cope,
The dread of the devil, and trust of the
Pope;
For to gather life's roses, unscathed by
the briar,
Is granted alone to the Barefooted
Friar."

I take this scene of Scott's to be indicative of a vast deal of masquerading that must have been carried on be-

the rotundity of those saintly men, and we smile as we think of the many little deceptions that must have been practised on the ignorant laity. The knight in Ivanhoe voiced what must have been the sentiments of the peasant people when he said, "It seems to me, reverend father, that the small morsels which you eat, together with the holy, but somewhat thin beverage of water, have thriven with you marvellously. You appear a man more fit to win the ram



Breaking a Long Fast
From a Painting by G. Bellei

at a wrestling match, or the ring at a bout at quarter-staff, or the bucklers at a sword play, than to linger out your time in this desolate wilderness and solitude, saying masses and living upon parched peas and cold water."

The monastery walls, like charity, must have covered a multitude of shortcomings. The monks after all were but men, and on some of them their life of privation must have rested with uncomely grace. The list and the nature of the duties expected of them was quite too formidable for us to believe that they were in every case, or even in the majority of instances, fulfilled. We read that their duties were "to pray, groan and weep for their faults; to subdue their flesh; to watch and abstain from pleasures; to bridle their tongues,

From a Painting by A. Humborg

The Wrong Place for Eggs

and shut their ears from vanities; to guard their eyes, and keep their feet from wandering; to labor with their hands, exult with their lips, and rejoice at heart in the praises of God; to bare the head, bow down and bend the knees at the feet of the crucifix; to obey readily, never to contradict their superiors; to serve willingly and assist

Recreation in the Monastery
From a Painting by E. Grutzner

speedily, the sick brethren; to throw off the cares of the world, and attend to celestial concerns with their utmost endeavors; not to be overcome by the arts of Satan, and do everything with prudence."

How many of the above injunctions were religiously carried out it must be left to our imagination to say. Perhaps some of them, as Shakespeare says, "were customs more honored in the breach than in the observance." Certain it is that the monks of old were by no manner of means debarred from all amusements. Bowls was the favorite and a very common diversion among them; but in the opinion of Archbishop Peckham, as appears by his letters, there were other diversions of a far more reprehensible character. Actually at the small priory of Coxford, in Norfolk, England, the prior and his canons were wholly given over to chess playing and cards. It was dreadful; yet true in many another cloister. In other monasteries the monks actually hunted; not only the abbots, but the common domestic monks. Such things were even to be found as monks keeping dogs and hawks in their cells. Peckham denounces these breaches of decorum as grave offences not to be passed over lightly.

Ah! could it all be known, these monks were jolly fellows. Many a side-splitting tale was told in what should have been holy places, and many a cup went round that was ill-calculated to subdue their flesh. Other things were said than their orisons and other employment crept into their hands than meditation and the illumination of manuscripts. Now that the dread and reverence accorded them no longer exists, it is not possible for us to believe at

The Funny Story
From a Painting by E. Grutzner

this late day that their convivial life in the monasteries was not without its practical joke of some sort. In this respect it is very reasonable to suppose that they may have paralleled quite frequently—more so than the pious abbot suspected—a trick or two such as we have cracked in our own college life. Whether or not the guilty ones, or those guilty of any infringement of monastic rules, were ever brought to judgment is, of course, as Mr. Kipling would say "another story," although Frappa in his humorous painting, "The Warm Hand," would like to give us the impression that such an occurrence was not far from being a likelihood.

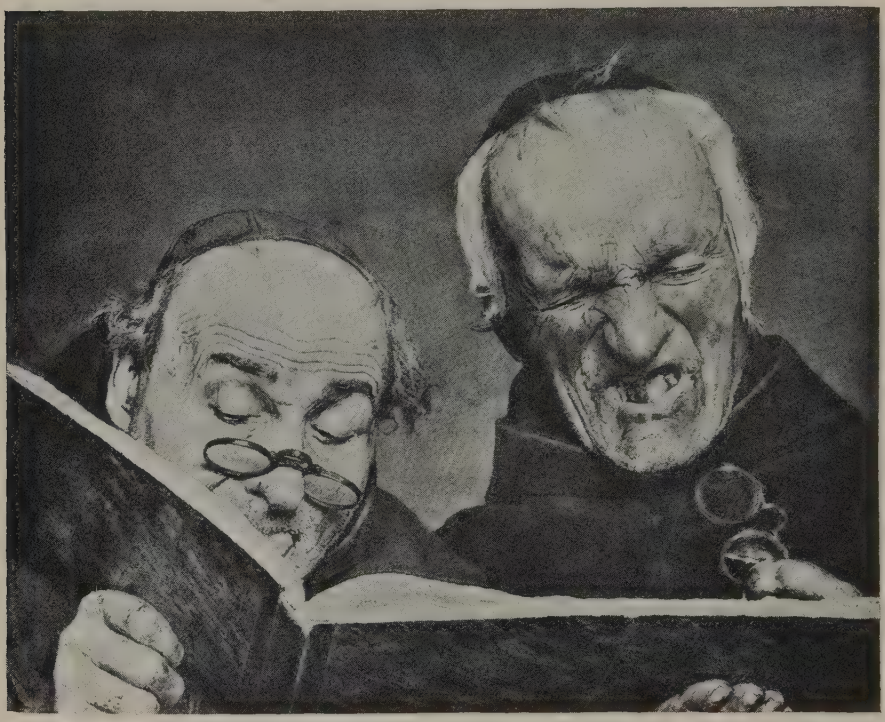
But, after all, it must be confessed that the greatest of all delights to these old monks was eating and drinking. "Sir, I like my dinner!" said Dr. Johnson, and I don't think any one thought

the less of him for his outspokenness. The dinner in a great abbey was clearly a very important event in the day—I will not say it was *the* important event, but it was a *very* important one. It must strike any one who knows much of the literature of this age that the weak point in the monastic life was the gormandizing. It was exactly as it is on board one of the ocean liners, where people have little or nothing to do, they are always looking forward to the next meal. The sound of the dinner-bell is the most exciting sound that greets the ear in the twenty-four hours. And so with the monks in a great monastery which had grown rich, and in point of fact had more money than it knew what to do with; the dinner was the event of the day. It is not that we hear much of drunkenness, for we really hear very little of it, and where it is spoken of it is always with reprobation. Nor is it that of anything like the loathsome gluttony of the Romans of the empire, but eating and drinking are always cropping up; one is perpetually being reminded of them in one way or another. Monastery songs and monastery paintings that attract our attention today are prone to depict the jolly friars surrounded by good cheer. An old poet says: "Who does not know the noble institution of monks? The fame of them has pervaded the whole world; they consume all things, and yet are not satisfied with the birds of the air or the fishes of the sea. They seek many dishes, and a long time in eating them."

In the Monastery Kitchen
From a Painting by A. Humborg

It is true they were excellent epicureans and could tell to a nicety the quality of their food and the flavor of their wine. And concerning the latter

it might be said that few castles during the middle ages could boast of any such wine vaults as could be found in the cellar of almost any monastery. How much of the wherewithal to enjoy life came from this part of the abbey can well be imagined. The scenes of many of the humorous monastic paintings are laid in this storage ground of



An Interesting Book
From a Painting by G. Bellei

the grape juice. Grutzner's "Two Cronies" is perhaps one of the best known. His "Self-contentedness"; "A Taste of the Best"; "In the Monastery Wine-Cellar"; "The Cellarman's Breakfast" furnish similar examples. Edward Grutzner was born in Carlowitz in 1846, and as a genre painter is, of all living artists, perhaps the most widely known. On leaving the Munich Academy he at once attained great success with his scenes from Shakespeare. Later he devoted himself to the amusing side of monastic and hunting life. Outside of his cloister themes his "Abbe's Weakness" and his "Tippling Scene from Ivanhoe" are his best.

The other modern painters who have given us glimpses at the humorous side of monastic life are Hermann, Humborg, Frappa, Bellei and Zamacois.

Hermann's "A Good Story" is so excellently done that it is hard to tell whether it portrays or provokes laughter the most. His other works are "After the Sermon" and "End of the Argument."

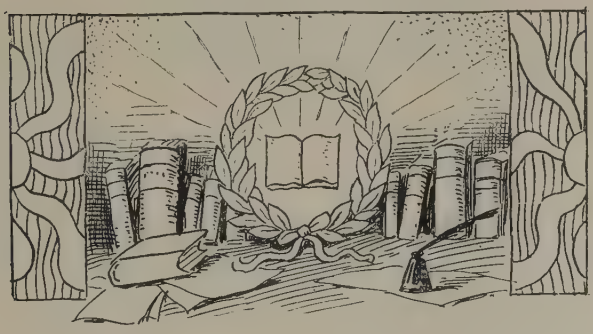
As a genre painter of modern times

few can equal Humborg in his power of depiction. His "A Brother's Solo" is known to every lover of art. Not many painters have caught the face expressions so accurately. His "Wrong Place for Eggs" and "In the Monastery Kitchen" are the two other specimens of his work that have been reproduced in this article.

Eduardo Zamacois, the painter of "Return to the Convent," given on another page, was born in Balaco, Bilboa, in 1842, dying at the young age of thirty-seven. He studied first at the Madrid Academy and later under Meissonier at Paris. His treatment of seventeenth century subjects met with pronounced success. He secured a medal in Paris in 1867, and at Munich, 1870. As Meissonier's pupil he painted every accessory in his work with delight in its picturesque setting, and with superior skill. Minute perfection and a love of the "infinitely little" best characterizes him. His "Begging Monk," painted in 1877, is now in the R. L. Cutting gallery, and his "Disputed Game," 1887, is in the W. D. Rockefeller collection. Other works of Zamacois's that are well known are "Waiting for an Audience," 1868, and "Jester of the Sixteenth Century," 1867.

The two paintings of Bellei, "Breaking a Long Fast" and "An Interesting Book," which are illustrated in this sketch, are both amusing studies relative to monastic life. The other two pictures given are by Grutzner, "Siesta in the Monastery," 1881, and "A Funny Story," 1879.

It is the above painters that have furnished us with the most amusing portrayals of a life that until recently was only known in its austere aspect. We have, perhaps, learned a secret or two from them. Certain it is that the distance of a few centuries has lent an indescribable charm to this old cloister life that is not without its fascination to we whose lives are devoid of any such brotherhood. A tint of Bohemianism so colors the whole picture that it is hard for us to believe other than that to have been a well-hooded and well-fed monk in some picturesque monastery of the middle ages was not after all the worst life that could have been led.



The Dogs Start up Ready to Work when the Time Comes

DOGS AS BEASTS OF BURDEN

By W. B. Noyes

ONE of the most interesting sights to a stranger visiting Berlin, or any of the other German cities, is the number of dogs that are trained to work and earn their living. In America dogs are the companions of men and the protectors of their property. Occasionally in our rural districts they lend an unwilling assistance to the regular household labors by working treadwells for churning butter and for similar purposes. Sometimes large and unusually intelligent dogs are harnessed to children's wagons and do not seem to object to pulling them around, because, like an American small boy, a dog is generally fond of doing anything which is not particularly useful if there is any amusement in it.

A few smart dogs that are unusually apt in learning tricks, will carry bundles or baskets to "show off," but they can very rarely be depended upon to do any systematic work of this kind unless under the eye of their masters, and are generally glad to drop or hide the article they have been carrying as soon as they are free from observation. In the Arctic regions, where there is too much ice and snow to make it possible for horses to get about, even if it is not too cold for them to live, the Esquimaux dogs seem

to have developed a peculiar fitness for pulling the sleds and make themselves invaluable for this purpose.

In Berlin, dogs, harnessed up to little wagons, and trained to drag them about, may be seen in every street in the city. When a traveller who has just arrived leaves his railroad compartment at the depot and tries to find a person who most nearly corresponds in function to an American baggage express agent, he will probably be referred to a "dienstmann," one of a class of very useful public servants who may be picked out on any street corner of the city by the peculiar red cap they wear. A "dienstmann" is generally an old man who usurps the functions of a baggage carrier, and also those generally performed in America by the District Messenger boys.

A Beast of Burden

If there is more baggage than can conveniently be carried on his back, the "dienstmann" disappears for a few minutes, returning with a cart large enough to carry a family's supply of trunks and hand baggage. A big dog is harnessed to one side of the shaft of this wagon, and his master walks beside him with his hand on the end of the pole. Together they pull a load which in this country would be supposed to be heavy enough for a horse.

While the cart is being loaded, the dogs lie down, but start up ready to work when the time comes. Even when these dogs are small, one is surprised at the amount of pulling capacity and physical endurance they display. But the smooth asphalt pavement of the Berlin streets makes the labor of pulling a heavy cart easier for both man and animal, than it would be on a street paved with cobble stone, and one needs to be a brisk walker to keep

up with one's baggage on the way to the hotel or boarding house.

A very interesting characteristic of these wagon dogs is, that they all rather seem to enjoy their work, something which can rarely be said of a horse, a mule, ox, or any other animal trained to work in the service of man, with the possible exception of the elephant. Tender-hearted people who love animals waste much unnecessary sympathy over these dogs, and feel pained to see them tugging away at a work for which they were never intended by their Creator. It is certainly a novel sight for one who has never seen a dog do anything but amuse himself in his own fashion. But these canines take a lively interest in their work, and besides that, the dogs are really very kindly treated by their masters. A horse in a city will undergo any amount of abuse, exposure and hard work and thrive under it, but a dog will soon get sick unless he is well fed and carefully treated. If he is allowed to lie down too frequently in the wet street, he readily develops rheumatism and becomes unable to pull his wagon. It may be for this reason or on account of the innate kindness of the German heart, but one notices that every one of these carts is provided with a little rug for the dog to lie on, and be wrapped up in, if it is cold or wet. If the owner is too poor to provide a rug, he uses his own overcoat to wrap around the dog, a not uncommon sight in the German streets. But the law and police regulations which arrange

"The fruit-women have dogs to help them pull their carts"

every department of German life, are said to have a hand in this also, and to look out for the dogs which are badly treated. There is one reservation the dog seems to make in giving up his time and strength for the purposes of his owner, that of being permitted to bark as freely as he chooses at anything that attracts his attention and of being allowed to fight the other dogs when the occasion demands it, especially the high-bred dogs of the aristocracy, which do no work, and the low mongrel or "yellow dogs" used by the fruit peddler women to pull their wagons. There seems also to be especial jealousy between the dogs which pull the laundry carts and the dienstmann's canines. These dog fights are interesting sights, especially when the harness gets entangled and the fruit in the wagon rolls out in the street. Sometimes the owners of the rival establishments have to take a hand in the affair and fight it out, a proceeding which is promptly suppressed by the nearest policeman or "schutzmann."

The washer-women and fruit-women generally have dogs to help them pull their little carts. You may see a rosy, well-knit peasant woman on one side of the pole and a big dog on the other side, striding along, both apparently oblivious to the heavy burden they carry or the indignity of the work. The Berlin authorities do not seem to question the right of peddlers and hucksters of various sorts to earn an honest living in the streets of the city. Many convenient corners not too much in the way of the stages and "droskies" or one-horse carriages are occupied by fruit or flower venders and by dealers in various small wares. Each of them have their dogs fastened to the pole and during the business hours the dogs are generally to be seen sound asleep on their mats or gnawing bones under the wagon, when they are not helping to drag the merchandise about.

The public market places are also great resorts for these "dog carts."

One who is about the town very late in the night, perhaps an hour or two before day-break, will often see these humble people with their dogs and wagons hurrying along over the bridges and through the dimly-lighted streets to get as choice a corner as they can to sell their fruits and flowers. The

Helping the Dog

poorer people have one dog. When they rise a little in the world they obtain another and do not need to help pull the wagon, unless to guide the end of the pole, and to assist in very steep and hard places. But while these dogs gladly share the burdens and struggles of life with their masters, they are never willing to take more than their share. The sight of the owner, be he man, woman or child, seated in the cart driving the dogs is never seen in Berlin. The dogs will follow cheerfully enough, though they positively refuse to be driven.

STORIES FROM THE PERSIAN

AHMED THE COBBLER

IN the great city of Isfahan lived Ahmed the cobbler, an honest and industrious man, whose wish was to pass through life quietly; and he might have done so had he not married a handsome wife, who, although she had condescended to accept of him as a husband, was far from being contented with his humble sphere of life.

Sittara—such was the name of Ahmed's wife—was ever forming foolish schemes of riches and grandeur; and though Ahmed never encouraged them, he was too fond a husband to quarrel with what gave her pleasure; an incredulous smile or a shake of the head was his only answer to her often-told day-dreams; and she continued to persuade herself that she was certainly destined to great fortune.

It happened one evening, while in this temper of mind, that she went to the Hemmam, where she saw a lady retiring dressed in a magnificent robe, covered with jewels, and surrounded by slaves. This was the very condition Sittara had always longed for, and she eagerly inquired the name of the happy person who had so many attendants and such fine jewels. She learned it was the wife of the chief astrologer to the king. With this information she returned home. Her husband met her at the door, but was received with a frown; nor could all his caresses obtain a smile or a word. For several hours she continued silent, and in apparent misery; at length she said:

"Cease your caresses unless you are ready to give me proof that you do really and sincerely love me."

"What proof of love," exclaimed poor Ahmed, "can you desire, which I will not give?"

"Give over cobbling; it is a vile, low trade, and never yields more than ten or twelve dinars a day. Turn astrologer; your fortune will be made, and I shall have all I wish, and be happy."

"Astrologer!" cried Ahmed,—"astrologer! Have you forgotten who I am,—a cobbler without any learning,—that you want me to engage in a profession which requires so much skill and knowledge?"

"I neither think nor care about your qualifications," said the enraged wife; "all I know is, that if you do not turn astrologer immediately I will be divorced from you tomorrow."

The cobbler remonstrated, but in vain. The figure of the astrologer's wife, with her jewels and her slaves, had taken complete possession of Sittara's imagination. All night it haunted her; she dreamt of nothing else, and on awaking declared she would leave the house if her husband did not comply with her wishes. What could poor Ahmed do? He was no astrologer; but he was dotingly fond of his wife, and he could not bear the idea of losing her. He promised to obey; and having sold his little stock, bought an astrolabe, an astronomical almanac, and a table of the twelve signs of the zodiac. Furnished with these, he went to the market-place, crying: "I am an astrologer! I know the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the twelve signs of the zodiac; I can calculate nativities; I can foretell everything that is to happen!"

No man was better known than Ahmed the cobbler. A crowd soon gathered round him. "What, friend Ahmed," said one, "have you worked till your head is turned?" "Are you

tired of looking down at your last," cried another, "that you are now looking up at the planets?" These and a thousand other jokes assailed the ears of the poor cobbler, who, notwithstanding, continued to exclaim that he was an astrologer, having resolved on doing what he could to please his beautiful wife.

It so happened that the king's jeweller was passing by. He was in great distress, having lost the richest ruby belonging to the crown. Every search had been made to recover this inestimable jewel, but to no purpose; and as the jeweller knew he could no longer conceal its loss from the king, he looked forward to death as inevitable. In this hopeless state, while wandering about the town, he reached the crowd around Ahmed, and asked what was the matter. "Don't you know Ahmed the cobbler?" said one of the by-standers, laughing. "He has been inspired, and is become an astrologer."

A drowning man will catch at a broken reed; the jeweller no sooner heard the sound of the word astrologer, than he went up to Ahmed, told him what had happened, and said, "If you understand your art, you must be able to discover the king's ruby. Do so, and I will give you two hundred pieces of gold. But if you do not succeed within six hours, I will use all my influence at court to have you put to death as an impostor."

Poor Ahmed was thunderstruck. He stood long without being able to move or speak, reflecting on his misfortune, and grieving, above all, that his wife, whom he so loved, had, by her envy and selfishness, brought him to such a fearful alternative. Full of these sad thoughts, he exclaimed aloud, "Oh, woman, woman! thou art more baneful to the happiness of man than the poisonous dragon of the desert!"

The lost ruby had been secreted by the jeweller's wife, who, disquieted by those alarms which ever attend guilt, sent one of her female slaves to watch her husband. This slave, on seeing her master speak to the astrologer, drew near; and when she heard Ahmed, after some moments of apparent abstraction, compare a woman to a poisonous dragon, she was satisfied that he must know everything. She ran to her mistress, and, breathless with fear, cried, "You are discovered, my dear mistress, —you are discovered by a vile astrologer. Before six hours are past, the whole story will be known, and you will become infamous, if you are even so fortunate as to escape with life, unless you can find some way of prevailing on him to be merciful." She then related what she had seen and heard; and Ahmed's exclamation carried as complete conviction to the mind of the terrified mistress as it had done to that of her slave.

The jeweller's wife, hastily throwing on her veil, went in search of the dreaded astrologer. When she found him, she threw herself at his feet, crying, "Spare my honor and my life, and I will confess everything!"

"What can you have to confess to me?" exclaimed Ahmed, in amazement

"Oh, nothing,—nothing with which you are not already acquainted. You know well that I stole the ruby from the king's crown. I did so to punish my husband, who uses me most cruelly; and I thought by this means to obtain riches for myself, and to have him put to death. But you, most wonderful man, from whom nothing is hidden, have discovered and defeated my wicked plan. I beg only for mercy, and will do whatever you command me."

An angel from heaven could not have brought more consolation to Ahmed than did the jeweller's wife. He assumed all the dignified solemnity that became his new character, and said, "Woman, I know all thou hast done, and it is fortunate for thee that thou hast come to confess thy sin, and beg for mercy before it was too late. Re-

turn to thy house; put the ruby under the pillow of the couch on which thy husband sleeps; let it be laid on the side farthest from the door; and be satisfied thy guilt shall never be even suspected."

The jeweller's wife returned home and did as she was desired. In an hour Ahmed followed her, and told the jeweller he had made his calculations, and found by the aspect of the sun and moon, and by the configuration of the stars, that the ruby was at that moment lying under the pillow of his couch, on the side farthest from the door. The jeweller thought Ahmed must be crazy; but as a ray of hope is like a ray from heaven to the wretched, he ran to his couch, and there, to his joy and wonder, found the ruby in the very place described. He came back to Ahmed, embraced him, called him his dearest friend and the preserver of his life, gave him the two hundred pieces of gold, declaring that he was the first astrologer of the age.

These praises conveyed no joy to the poor cobbler, who returned home more thankful to God for his preservation than elated by his good fortune. The moment he entered the door, his wife ran up to him and exclaimed, "Well, my dear astrologer, what success?"

"There!" said Ahmed very gravely, "there are two hundred pieces of gold: I hope you will be satisfied now, and not ask me again to hazard my life, as I have done this morning." He then related all that had passed. But the recital made a very different impression on the lady from what these occurrences had made on Ahmed. Sittara saw nothing but the gold, which would enable her to vie with the chief astrologer's wife at the Hemmam. "Courage!" she said, "courage, my dearest husband! This is only your first labor in your new and noble profession. Go on, and prosper; and we shall become rich and happy."

In vain Ahmed remonstrated, and represented the danger; she burst into tears, and accused him of not loving her, ending with her usual threat of insisting upon a divorce.

Ahmed's heart melted, and he agreed to make another trial. Accordingly, next morning he sallied forth with his astrolabe, his twelve signs of the zodiac, and his almanac, exclaiming as before, "I am an astrologer! I know the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the twelve signs of the zodiac; I can calculate nativities; I can foretell everything that is to happen!" A crowd again gathered round him, but it was now with wonder, and not ridicule; for the story of the ruby had gone abroad, and the voice of fame had converted the poor cobbler Ahmed into the ablest and most learned astrologer that was ever seen at Isfahan.

While everybody was gazing at him, a lady passed by veiled. She was the wife of one of the richest merchants in the city, and had just been at the Hemmam, where she had lost a valuable necklace and ear-rings. She was now returning home in great alarm, lest her husband should suspect her of having given her jewels to a lover. Seeing the crowd around Ahmed, she asked the reason of their assembling, and was informed of the whole story of the famous astrologer: how he had been a cobbler, was inspired with supernatural knowledge, and could, with the help of his astrolabe, his twelve signs of the zodiac, and his almanac, discover all that ever had, or ever would happen in the world. The story of the jeweller and the king's ruby was then told her, accompanied by a thousand wonderful circumstances which had never occurred. The lady, quite satisfied of his skill, went up to Ahmed and mentioned her loss; saying, "A man of your knowledge and penetration will easily discover my jewels: find them, and I will give you fifty pieces of gold."

The poor cobbler was quite confounded, and looked down, thinking only how to escape without a public exposure of his ignorance. The lady, in pressing through the crowd, had torn the lower part of her veil. Ahmed's downcast eyes noticed this; and wishing to inform her of it in a delicate manner, before it was observed by others, whispered to her, "Lady, look down at the rent." The lady's head was full of her loss, and she was at that moment endeavoring to recollect how it could have occurred. Ahmed's speech brought it at once to her mind, and she exclaimed in delighted surprise, "Stay here a few moments, thou great astrologer. I will return immediately with the reward thou so well deservest." Saying this, she left him, and soon returned, carrying in one hand the necklace and earrings, and in the other a purse with the fifty pieces of gold. "There is gold for thee," she said, "thou wonderful man, to whom all the secrets of nature are revealed! I had quite forgotten where I laid the jewels, and without thee should never have found them. But when thou desiredst me to look at the rent below, I instantly recollected the rent near the bottom of the wall in the bath-room, where, before undressing, I had hid them. I can now go home in peace and comfort; and it is all owing to thee, thou wisest of men!"

After these words she walked away, and Ahmed returned to his home, thankful to Providence for his preservation, and fully resolved never again to tempt it. His handsome wife, however, could not yet rival the chief astrologer's lady in her appearance at the Hemmam, so she renewed her entreaties and threats to make her fond husband continue his career as an astrologer.

About this time it happened that the king's treasury was robbed of forty chests of gold and jewels, forming the greater part of the wealth of the kingdom. The high treasurer and other officers of state used all diligence to find the thieves, but in vain. The king sent for his astrologer, and declared that if the robbers were not detected by a stated time, he, as well as the principal ministers, should be put to death. Only one day of the short period given them remained. All their search had proved fruitless, and the chief astrologer, who had made his calculations and exhausted his art to no purpose, had quite resigned himself to his fate when one of his friends advised him to send for the wonderful cobbler, who had become so famous for his extraordinary discoveries. Two slaves were immediately despatched for Ahmed, whom they commanded to go with them to their master. "You see the effects of your ambition," said the poor cobbler to his wife; "I am going to my death. The king's astrologer has heard of my presumption, and is determined to have me executed as an impostor."

On entering the palace of the chief astrologer, he was surprised to see that dignified person come forward to receive him and lead him to the seat of honor, and not less so to hear himself thus addressed: "The ways of heaven, most learned and excellent Ahmed, are unsearchable. The high are often cast down and the low are lifted up. The whole world depends upon fate and fortune. It is my turn now to be depressed by fate; it is thine to be exalted by fortune."

His speech was here interrupted by a messenger from the king, who, having heard of the cobbler's fame, desired his attendance. Poor Ahmed now concluded that it was all over with him, and followed the king's messenger, praying to God that he would deliver him from this peril. When he came into the king's presence, he bent his body to the ground and wished his majesty long life and prosperity. "Tell me, Ahmed," said the king, "who has stolen my treasure."

"It was not one man," answered Ahmed, after some consideration; "there were forty thieves concerned in the robbery."

"Very well," said the king; "but who were they, and what have they done with my gold and jewels?"

"These questions," said Ahmed, "I cannot now answer; but I hope to satisfy your majesty, if you will grant me forty days to make my calculations."

"I grant you forty days," said the king; "but when they are past, if my treasure is not found, your life shall pay the forfeit."

Ahmed returned to his house well pleased, for he resolved to take advantage of the time allowed him to fly from a city where his fame was likely to be his ruin. "Well, Ahmed," said his wife, as he entered, "what news at court?"

"No news at all," said he, "except that I am to be put to death at the end of forty days unless I find forty chests of gold and jewels which have been stolen from the royal treasury."

"But you will discover the thieves."

"How? By what means am I to find them?"

"By the same art which discovered the ruby and the lady's necklace."

"The same art!" replied Ahmed. "Foolish woman! thou knowest that I have no art, and that I have only pretended to it for the sake of pleasing thee. But I have had sufficient skill to gain forty days, during which time we may easily escape to some other city, and, with the money I now possess, and the aid of my former occupation, we may still obtain an honest livelihood."

"An honest livelihood!" repeated his lady, with scorn. "Will thy cobbling, thou mean, spiritless wretch, ever enable me to go to the Hemmam like the wife of the chief astrologer? Hear me, Ahmed! Think only of discovering the king's treasure. Thou hast as good a chance of doing so as thou hadst of finding the ruby, and the necklace and ear-rings. At all events, I am determined thou shalt not escape; and shouldst thou attempt to run away, I will inform the king's officers, and have thee taken up and put to death, even before the forty days are expired. Thou knowest me too well, Ahmed, to doubt my keeping my word. So take courage, and endeavor to make thy fortune, and to place me in that rank of life to which my beauty entitles me."

The poor cobbler was dismayed at this speech; but knowing there was no hope of changing his wife's resolution, he resigned himself to his fate. "Well," said he, "your will shall be obeyed. All I desire is to pass the few remaining days of my life as comfortably as I can. You know I am no scholar, and have little skill in reckoning; so there are forty dates; give me one of them every night after I have said my prayers, that I may put them in a jar, and, by counting them, may always see how many of the few days I have to live are gone."

The lady, pleased at carrying her point, took the dates, and promised to be punctual in doing what her husband desired.

Meanwhile the thieves who had stolen the king's treasure, having been kept from leaving the city by fear of detection and pursuit, had received accurate information of every measure taken to discover them. One of them was among the crowd before the palace on the day the king sent for Ahmed; and hearing that the cobbler had immediately declared their exact number, he ran in a fright to his comrades, and exclaimed, "We are all found out! Ahmed, the new astrologer, has told the king that there are forty of us."

"There needed no astrologer to tell that," said the captain of the gang. "This Ahmed, with all his simple goodnature, is a shrewd fellow. Forty chests having been stolen, he naturally guessed that there must be forty thieves; and he has made a good hit, that is all: still, it is prudent to watch him, for he certainly

has made some strange discoveries. One of us must go tonight, after dark, to the terrace of this cobbler's house, and listen to his conversation with his handsome wife; for he is said to be very fond of her, and will, no doubt, tell her what success he has had in his endeavors to detect us."

Everybody approved of this scheme, and soon after nightfall one of the thieves repaired to the terrace. He arrived there just as the cobbler had finished his evening prayers, and his wife was giving him the first date. "Ah," said Ahmed, as he took it, "there is one of the forty."

The thief, hearing these words, hastened, in consternation, to the gang, and told them that the moment he took his post he had been perceived by the supernatural knowledge of Ahmed, who immediately told his wife that one of them was there. The spy's tale was not believed by his hardened companions; something was imputed to his fears; he might have been mistaken; in short, it was determined to send two men the next night at the same hour. They reached the house just as Ahmed, having finished his prayers, had received the second date, and heard him exclaim, "My dear wife, tonight there are two of them!"

The astonished thieves fled, and told their still incredulous comrades what they had heard. Three men were consequently sent the third night, four the fourth, and so on. Being afraid of venturing during the day, they always came as evening closed in, and just as Ahmed was receiving his date: hence they all in turn heard him say that which convinced them he was aware of their presence. On the last night they all went, and Ahmed exclaimed aloud, "The number is complete! Tonight the whole forty are here!"

All doubts were now removed. It was impossible that Ahmed should have discovered them by any natural means. How could he ascertain their exact number, and night after night, without ever once being mistaken? He must have learnt it by his skill in astrology. Even the captain now yielded, in spite of his incredulity, and declared his opinion that it was hopeless to elude a man thus gifted; he therefore advised that they should make a friend of the cobbler by confessing everything to him and bribing him to secrecy by a share of the booty.

His advice was approved, and an hour before dawn they knocked at Ahmed's door. The poor man jumped out of bed, and, supposing the soldiers were come to lead him to execution, cried out, "Have patience! I know what you are come for. It is a very unjust and wicked deed."

"Most wonderful man!" said the captain, as the door was opened, "we are fully convinced that thou knowest why we are come, nor do we mean to justify the action of which thou speakest. Here are two thousand pieces of gold, which we will give thee, provided thou wilt swear to say nothing more about the matter."

"Say nothing about it!" said Ahmed. "Do you think it possible I can suffer such gross wrong and injustice without complaining, and making it known to all the world?"

"Have mercy upon us!" exclaimed the thieves, falling on their knees; "only spare our lives, and we will return the royal treasure."

The cobbler started, rubbed his eyes to see if he were asleep or awake; and being satisfied that he was awake, and that the men before him were really the thieves, he assumed a solemn tone, and said, "Guilty men! ye are persuaded that ye cannot escape from my penetration, which reaches unto the sun and moon, and knows the position and aspect of every star in the heavens. Your timely repentance has saved you. But ye must immediately restore all that ye have stolen. Go straightway, and

carry the forty chests exactly as ye found them, and bury them a foot deep under the southern wall of the old ruined Hemmam, beyond the king's palace. If ye do this punctually, your lives will be spared; but if ye fail in the slightest degree, destruction will fall upon you and your families."

The thieves promised obedience to his commands and departed. Ahmed then fell on his knees and returned thanks to God for this signal mark of his favor. About two hours after, the royal guards came, and desired Ahmed to follow them. He said he would attend them as soon as he had taken leave of his wife, to whom he determined not to impart what had occurred until he saw the result. He bade her farewell very affectionately; she supported herself with great fortitude on this trying occasion, exhorting her husband to be of good cheer, and said a few words about the goodness of Providence. But the fact was, Sittara fancied that if God took the worthy cobbler to himself her beauty might attract some rich lover, who would enable her to go to the Hemmam with as much splendor as the astrologer's lady, whose image, adorned with jewels and fine clothes, and surrounded by slaves, still haunted her imagination.

The decrees of Heaven are just: a reward suited to their merits awaited Ahmed and his wife. The good man stood with a cheerful countenance before the king, who was impatient for his arrival, and immediately said, "Ahmed, thy looks are promising; hast thou discovered my treasure?"

"Does your majesty require the thieves or the treasure? The stars will only grant one or the other," said Ahmed, looking at his table of astrological calculations. "Your majesty must make your choice. I can deliver up either, but not both."

"I should be sorry not to punish the thieves," answered the king; "but if it must be so, I choose the treasure."

"And you give the thieves a full and free pardon?"

"I do, provided I find my treasure untouched."

"Then," said Ahmed, "if your majesty will follow me, the treasure shall be restored to you."

The king and all his nobles followed the cobbler to the ruins of the old Hemmam. There, casting his eyes toward heaven, Ahmed muttered some sounds, which were supposed by the spectators to be magical conjurations, but which were in reality the prayers and thanksgivings of a sincere and pious heart to God, for his wonderful deliverance. When his prayer was finished, he pointed to the southern wall and requested that his majesty would order his attendants to dig there. The work was hardly begun when the whole forty chests were found in the same state as when stolen, with the treasurer's seal upon them still unbroken.

The king's joy knew no bounds: he embraced Ahmed, and immediately appointed him his chief astrologer, assigned to him an apartment in the palace, and declared that he should marry his only daughter, as it was his duty to promote the man whom God had so singularly favored, and had made instrumental in restoring the treasures of his kingdom. The young princess, who was more beautiful than the moon, was not dissatisfied with her father's choice; for her mind was stored with religion and virtue, and she had learnt to value beyond all earthly qualities that piety and learning which she believed Ahmed to possess. The royal will was carried into execution as soon as formed. The wheel of fortune had taken a complete turn. The morning had found Ahmed in a wretched hovel, rising from a sorry bed in the expectation of losing his life: in the evening he was the lord of a rich palace, and married to the only daughter of a powerful king. But this change did

not alter his character. As he had been meek and humble in adversity, he was modest and gentle in prosperity. Conscious of his own ignorance, he continued to ascribe his good fortune solely to the favor of Providence. He became daily more attached to the beautiful and virtuous princess whom he had married; and he could not help contrasting her character with that of his former wife, whom he had ceased to love, and of whose unreasonable and unfeeling vanity he was now fully sensible.

As Ahmed did not return to his house Sittara only heard of his elevation from common rumor. She saw with despair that her wishes for his advancement had been more than accomplished, but that all her own desires had been entirely frustrated. Her husband was chief astrologer,—the very situation she had set her heart on; he was rich enough to enable his wife to surpass all the ladies of Isfahan, in the number of her slaves, and the finery of her clothes and jewels, whenever she went to the Hemmam: but he had married a princess; and his former wife, according to custom, was banished from his house, and condemned to live on whatever pittance she might receive from a man whose love and esteem she had forever forfeited. These thoughts distracted her mind: her envy was excited by the accounts she daily heard of Ahmed's happiness, and of the beauty of the princess; and she now became anxious only for his destruction, looking on him as the sole cause of her disappointment.

An opportunity of indulging her revengeful feelings was not long wanting. The king of Seestan had sent an emerald of extraordinary size and brilliancy as a present to the king of Irak. It was carefully enclosed in a box, to which there were three keys, and one of them was given in charge to each of the three confidential servants employed to convey it. When they reached Isfahan, the box was opened, but the emerald was gone. Nothing could exceed their consternation; each accused the other; as the lock was not broken, it was evident one of them must be the thief. They consulted what was to be done. To conceal what had happened was impossible; the very attempt would have brought death on them all. It was resolved, therefore, to lay the whole matter before the king, and beg that by his great wisdom he would detect the culprit, and that he would show mercy to the other two.

The king heard the story with astonishment, but was unable to find any clew by which he might ascertain the truth. He summoned his vizier and all the wise men of his court, but they were as much at a loss as their master. The report spread through the city; and Sittara thought she had now the means of working her husband's ruin. She solicited a private audience of his majesty, on the plea of having a communication of importance to make. Her request was granted. On entering the royal presence she threw herself at his feet, exclaiming, "Pardon, O king, my having so long concealed the guilt of my husband Ahmed, whose alliance is a disgrace to the royal blood! He is no astrologer, but an associate of thieves, and by that means alone did he discover the royal treasure. If any doubts are entertained of my speaking the truth, let his majesty command Ahmed to recover the emerald which the servants of the king of Seestan have stolen. Surely the man who by his wonderful art ascertained where all the treasure of the kingdom was concealed, will find it an easy matter to discover a single precious stone."

The king, who loved his son-in-law, was grieved by this information. Still, as the honor of his family was concerned, he resolved to put Ahmed to the test, and, if he found him an impostor, to vindicate the royal dignity by his condign punishment. He therefore sent for Ahmed, told him what had happened, and added, "I give you twenty

days to discover who stole the emerald. If you succeed, you shall be raised to the highest honors of the state. If not, you shall suffer death for having deceived me."

Poor Ahmed quitted the presence quite disconsolate. The princess, perceiving his affliction, inquired the cause. Ahmed was by nature as sincere as he was pious and humble. He related, without concealment or disguise, every event of his past life, and concluded with these words: "You must see, from what I have said, how incapable I am of doing what your father enjoins. My life must answer for it; and my only consolation is, that I shall, in twenty days, relieve you from a husband whom from this time you must despise."

"I only love you the better, my dear Ahmed, for your sincerity and truth," said the princess. "One who has been so favored by heaven must be dear to every pious heart. Be of good cheer; I will turn astrologer this time, and see whether I can find out the thief. All I require is, that you endeavor to be composed, while I consult the stars and make my calculations."

Ahmed, delighted with this proof of affection, and reassured by the confidence of her manner, promised to be obedient, and said he would only venture to assist her exertions by his earnest prayers to that Power which had never deserted him.

The princess immediately invited the messengers from the king of Seestan to her palace. They were surprised at the invitations, and still more at their reception. "You are strangers," she said to them, "and come from a powerful king; it is my wish to show you every attention. As to the lost emerald, think no more of it; it is a mere trifle. I will intercede with the king, my father, to give himself no further concern on the subject, being convinced that it has been lost by one of those strange accidents for which it is impossible to account."

The princess entertained the strangers for several days, and during that time the emerald seemed to be forgotten. She conversed with them freely, inquiring particularly of Seestan, and the countries they had seen on their travels. Flattered by her condescension, they became confident of their safety, and were delighted with their royal patroness. The princess, seeing them completely off their guard, turned the conversation one evening on wonderful occurrences, and after each had related his story, said, "I will now recount to you some events of my own life, which you will, I think, deem more extraordinary than any you have ever heard.

"I am my father's only child, and have, therefore, been a favorite from my birth. I was brought up in the belief that I could command whatever this world can afford, and was taught that unbounded liberality is the first and most princely of virtues. I early resolved to surpass every former example of generosity. I thought my power of doing good, and making everybody happy, was as unlimited as my wish to do so; and I could not conceive the existence of misery beyond my power to relieve. When I was eighteen I was betrothed to my cousin, a young prince, who excelled all others in beauty of person and nobleness of mind, and I fancied myself at the summit of happiness. It chanced, however, that on the morning of my nuptials I went to walk in a garden near the palace, where I had been accustomed to spend some hours daily from my childhood. The old gardener, with whose cheerfulness I had often been amused, met me. Seeing him look very miserable, I asked him what was the matter. He evaded a direct answer; but I insisted upon his disclosing the cause of his grief, declaring at the same time my determination to remove it.

"'You cannot relieve me,' said the old man, with a deep sigh; 'it is out of

your power, my beloved princess, to heal the wound of which I am dying.'

"My pride was roused, and I exclaimed, 'I swear—'

"'Do not swear!' said the gardener, seizing my hand.

"'I do swear,' I repeated, irritated by the opposition. 'I will stop at nothing to make you happy, and I further swear that I will not leave this spot until you reveal the grief which preys upon you.'

"The old man, seeing my resolution, spake with tremulous emotion as follows: 'Princess, you know not what you have done. Behold a man who has dared for these two years to look upon you with an eye of admiration; his love has at length reached such a pitch that without you he must be wretched forever; and unless you consent to meet him in the garden tonight, and become his bride instead of that of the prince, he must die.'

"Shocked by this unforeseen declaration, and trembling at the thought of my oath, I tried to reason with the old gardener, and offered him all the wealth I possessed. 'I told you,' he replied, 'beautiful princess, that you could not make me happy. I endeavored to prevent your rash vow; and nothing but that should have drawn from me the secret of my heart. Death, I know, is my fate; for I cannot live and see you the wife of another. Leave me to die. Go to your husband; go to the enjoyment of your pomp and riches; but never again pretend to the exercise of a power which depends upon a thousand circumstances that no human being can regulate or control.'

"This speech conveyed a bitter reproach. I would have sacrificed my life a hundred times, sooner than stain my honor by marrying this man; but I had made a vow in the face of heaven, and to break it seemed sacrilege. Besides, I earnestly wished to die undeceived in my favorite notion that I could make all who came near me happy. Under the struggle of these different feelings, I told the gardener his desire should be granted, and that I would be in the garden an hour before midnight. After this assurance I went away, resolved in my own mind not to outlive the disgrace to which I had doomed myself.

"I passed the day in the deepest melancholy. A little before midnight, I contrived to dismiss my attendants, and, arrayed in my bridal apparel, which was covered with the richest jewels, I went towards the garden. I had not proceeded many yards, when I was met by a thief who, seizing me, said, 'Let me strip you, madam, of these unnecessary ornaments; if you make the least noise, instant death awaits you.' In my state of mind such threats frightened me little. I wished to die, but I wished, before I died, to fulfil my vow. I told my story to the thief, beseeching him to let me pass, and pledging my word to return, that he might not be disappointed of his booty. After some hesitation, he allowed me to proceed.

"I had not gone many steps, when I encountered a furious lion, which had broken loose from my father's menagerie. Knowing the merciful nature of this animal towards the weak and defenceless, I dropped on my knees, repeated my story, and assured him, if he would let me fulfil my vow, I would come back to him as ready to be destroyed as he could be to make me his prey. The lion stepped aside. and I went into the garden.

"I found the old gardener all impatience for my arrival. He flew to meet me, exclaiming I was an angel. I told him I was resigned to my engagement, but had not long to live. He started, and asked what I meant. I gave him an account of my meeting with the thief and the lion. 'Wretch that I am!' cried the gardener; 'how much misery have I caused! but bad as I am, I am not worse than a thief, or a beast of prey, which I should be did I not absolve you from your vow, and assure you the only way in which you can now make me

happy is by forgiving my wicked presumption.'

"I was completely relieved by these words, and granted the forgiveness desired; but having determined, in spite of the gardener's remonstrances, to keep my promises to the thief and the lion, I refused to accept his protection. On leaving the garden, the lion met me. 'Noble lion,' I said, 'I am come, as I promised you.' I then related to him how the gardener had absolved me from my vow, and I expressed a hope that the king of beasts would not belie his renown for generosity. The lion again stepped aside, and I proceeded to the thief, who was still standing where I left him. I told him I was now in his power, but that, before he stripped me, I must relate to him what had happened since our last meeting. Having heard me, he turned away, saying, 'I am not meaner than a poor gardener, nor more cruel than a hungry lion; I will not injure what they have respected.'

"Delighted with my escapes, I returned to my father's palace, where I was united to my cousin, with whom I lived happily till his death; persuaded, however, that the power of human beings to do good is very limited, and that when they leave the narrow path marked out for them by their Maker, they not only lose their object, but often wander far into error and guilt, by attempting more than it is possible to perform."

The princess paused, and was glad to see her guests so enchanted with her story that it had banished every other thought from their minds. After a few moments she turned to one of them and asked, "Now which, think you, showed the greatest virtue in his forbearance, —the gardener, the thief, or the lion?"

"The gardener, assuredly," was his answer; "to abandon so lovely a prize, when so nearly his own."

"And what is your opinion?" said the princess to his neighbor.

"I think the lion was the most generous," he replied. "He must have been very hungry; and in such a state it was great forbearance to abstain from devouring so delicate a morsel."

"You both seem to me quite wrong," said the third, impatiently; "the thief had by far the most merit. Gracious Heavens! to have within his grasp such wealth, and to refrain from taking it! I could not have believed it possible, unless the princess herself had assured us of the fact."

The princess now, assuming an air of dignity, said to the first who spoke, "You, I perceive, are an admirer of the ladies;" to the second, "You are an epicure;" and then turning to the third, who was already pale with fright, "You, my friend, have the emerald in your possession. You have betrayed yourself, and nothing but an immediate confession can save your life."

The guilty man's countenance removed all doubt; and when the princess renewed her assurances of safety, he threw himself at her feet, acknowledged his offence, and gave her the emerald, which he carried concealed about him. The princess rose, went to her husband, and said, "There, Ahmed, what do you think of the success of my calculations?" She then related the whole circumstance, and bade him carry the jewel to her father, adding, "I trust he will feel a greater admiration than ever for my husband, the wonderful astrologer!"

Ahmed took the emerald in silent astonishment, and went with it to the king, of whom he requested a private audience. On its being granted, he presented the emerald. The king, dazzled by its brilliancy and size, loaded his son-in-law with the most extravagant praises, extolling him as superior to any astrologer who had ever been seen in the world. Poor Ahmed, conscious how little he deserved such praise, threw himself at the king's feet, and begged that he might be allowed to

speak the truth, as he was readier to die than to continue imposing on his majesty's goodness. "You impose on me!" said the king; "this is impossible. Did you not recover my treasure? Have you not brought me this emerald?"

"True, O king," said Ahmed, "I have done so, but without possessing that science for which I have gained a reputation." He then told his history from first to last with perfect sincerity. The king showed great displeasure while listening to his earlier adventures; but when Ahmed related the story of the emerald, intermingling his tale with fervent expressions of admiration for the wonderful wisdom and virtue of the princess, he heard him with delight. After he had finished, the king summoned his vizier and chief counsellors, and desired that his daughter also might attend; and when they were all assembled, he spake as follows: "Daughter, I have learnt the history of thy husband from his own lips. I have also heard much in confirmation of the belief I have long entertained, that thy knowledge and goodness are even greater than thy beauty. They prove that thou wert born to rule; and I only obey the will of heaven, and consult the happiness of my people, when I resign my power into thy hands, being resolved to seek that repose which my declining years require. As to thy husband, thou wilt dispose of him as it pleases thee. His birth, I always knew, was low, but I thought that his wisdom and learning raised him to a level with the highest rank; these, it now appears, he does not possess. If thou deemest his alliance a disgrace, divorce him. If, on the other hand, thou art willing to keep him as thy husband, do so, and give him such share as thou thinkest fit in the authority which I now commit to thee."

The princess knelt to kiss her father's hand, and answered, "May my father's life and reign be prolonged for his daughter's happiness, and for that of his subjects! I am a weak woman, altogether unequal to the task which his too fond love would impose on me. If my humble counsel is listened to, my father will continue to govern his people, whose gratitude and veneration will make obedience light, and rule easy. As to Ahmed, I love and esteem him; he is sensible, sincere and pious, and I deem myself fortunate in having for my husband a man so peculiarly favored and protected by heaven. What, my dear father, are high rank or brilliant talents without religion and virtue? They are as plants which bear gaudy blossoms, but yield no fruit."

The king was delighted with his daughter's wisdom and affection. "Your advice," he said, "my beloved daughter, shall be followed. I will continue to govern my kingdom, while you and Ahmed shall assist me with your counsels."

The good cobbler was soon afterwards nominated vizier; and the same virtue and piety which had obtained him respect in the humblest sphere of life caused him to be loved and esteemed in the high station to which he was elevated.

The designs of Sittara were discovered, but her guilt was pardoned. She was left with a mere subsistence, a prey to disappointment; for she continued to the last to sigh for that splendor she had seen displayed by the chief astrologer's wife at the Hemmam, thereby affording a salutary lesson to those who admit envy into their bosoms, and endeavor to attain their ends by unreasonable and unjustifiable means.

AUTHORS AND BOOKS

"Sir George Tressady." 2 vols. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Macmillan Co., New York.

The recent appearance of Mrs. Ward's latest work in book form, after its run as a serial in the *Century,* very naturally presents the question whether or not the successor of George Eliot in adding another book to her list has at the same time added materially to her strength as a writer. It is to be feared that such a question cannot be answered in the affirmative. In the handling of the story proper of "Sir George," Mrs. Ward has been no less successful that she was in her other two remarkable books, but in this last instance she has shown less thought, less wealth of diction, less social observation, and more tendency to avoid the problem element than characterized her in "Robert Elsmere" and "Marcella." She seems in a measure to have exhausted her insight and argument in the social situation, and her presentation of the question lacks the fire, the depth and the burning earnestness that we found in the previous books. In many cases it is but a restatement of the matter, a re-wording of its aspects, without the getting at anything new.

There is this much, however, that is new about the book. In "Sir George," the author has made it her primal effort throughout the book, although not in the outcome, to present exactly the opposite side of England's most harassing problem than what she did in "Marcella." In the latter Mrs. Ward wrote and argued as a socialist, in "Sir George" she endeavors, against her sympathies and convictions, to argue for the landlords, the moneyed class, and not for the workingman. The result is a foregone conclusion. The task is not so much to her heart as it was in "Marcella." Consequently her last book fails to reach the depth that was sounded in the former.

Mrs. Ward might, with equal propriety, have called her recent work the third and fourth volumes of "Marcella" instead of the first and second of "Sir George Tressady." It is still the character of Marcella Boyce, although under her married title of Lady Maxwell, that continues to be the pivot-personality. It is she around whom everything is grouped, and it is she who wields the most puissant influence. She it is, who through the book, with steady yet unconscious perseverance asserts her character and the stamp of views upon the young English lord "Sir George," who is on the threshold of his parliamentary career. On his return from India he is elected from his district and enters English political life as a representative of the upper-class and its maxims. He has little respect for the new movement of so-called social reform. He believes its moving force to be only the element of pity, pity of a few misguided and wealthy philanthropists for the lower strata of society in the slums. His entrance into Parliament occurs contemporaneously with the agitation of what Mrs. Ward chooses to term the Maxwell Bill. This bill is the keynote of the plot. It serves as the centre-event of the story in the same way as

Lady Maxwell serves as the pivot-personality. The bill that is moving the English nation to its depth is briefly this: The practice of certain trades, such as tailoring, shirt-making, etc., in a man's or woman's own home—that is in the same place as the worker uses to eat and sleep in—becomes a penal offence. This clause of the bill, which represented the climax of a long series of restrictions upon the right of man to stitch even his own life away, still more upon his right to force his children or bribe his neighbor to a like waste of the nation's force, was at that time stirring the industrial mind of England. The other vital clause of the bill provided it a penal offence for a man as well as a woman to work more than ten and a half hours a day. The burden of carrying this clause into action was laid upon the landlords. They became responsible.

It was against this bill that Tressady on his election, and until the last moment, practically pledged himself to vote. But during the months previous to the coming up of the bill in the house, Tressady underwent two new experiences, first, a marriage with a girl with whom he soon found he had little in common, and second, the growth of a close and influential friendship with the Maxwells, the prime movers of the socialist propaganda. His association and intercourse in the enemy's camp slowly produces a radical change in the inner man. Outwardly on his attitude towards the bill he remains unchanged. In the meantime events occur which enable him to see more and more of the situation through Marcella's eyes.

Finally the bill is up for consideration in the House. Excitement mounts high, as the conflict is known to be a close one. At the last moment Tressady, in many respects a traitor to his party, but true to his new insight, speaks and votes in favor of the bill. His action is decisive. The Socialists win and his erstwhile party are bitter against him. The event ends the story of the book.

Mrs. Ward in the outcome of the result re-asserts herself in her proper attitude. It is evident throughout the book that the anti-socialist stand she takes is purely her enforced duty as a writer, but she clearly manifests by the ending, which in the plot is in many respects unsatisfactory, to which party she belongs.

"Sir George Tressady" is undisputedly an offspring of the time. It is not likely to appeal to mere novel readers, but it is fraught with significance to those anxious to keep abreast with the current of modern thought. England and America also are on the verge of a labor and social situation that bears the promise in the near future of striking to the roots of government principles. It is by such books as Mrs. Ward's latest that the pending issue can in a great measure be forecast and in many instances foreunderstood. There are forces today that are working with terrible though unseen influences beneath our social system. It is the duty of every man and woman to know something of these. The mission of presenting this knowledge is the characteristic note of Mrs. Ward's books.

"Chapters from a Life." By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Mrs. Ward in her new book has given us a bit of autobiography that is well calculated to win for itself readers even among those who are prone to abhor the tedious "jottings down" which usually result when a writer's pen becomes personal. Her treatment has been largely in the way of anecdotes and reminiscences, with only just enough of "the things which most influenced me" to give the work the semblance of a biography. Her recollections of the old Andover life and surroundings are told in the same charming, easy style that characterizes her succeeding chapters

on Mrs. Stowe, J. T. Fields, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Celia Thaxter, Lucy Larcom, Lydia Maria Child and Phillips Brooks.

With all of the above lettered personalities she sustained a rare and delightful friendship, which makes what she has to say concerning them replete with interest. Her sketches relative to the different periods of her life and to the publication of several of her best known books are really a literary treat; while in no case is she more interesting than where she speaks of her views concerning the making of books and the treatment of short stories. As a whole, "Chapters from a Life" may be regarded as a remarkably attractive book of both biographical and literary interest.

"The Little Regiment." By Stephen Crane, author of "The Red Badge of Courage." D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Mr. Crane, so widely heralded both in America and England as the latest successful novelist, has continued, in his most recent book, the depiction of the peculiar theme he began with such power in "The Red Badge of Courage." His last effort, however, shows a gain in strength and in command of his material which indicates for the companion volume of "The Red Badge" an equal if not a greater success. That Mr. Crane has certain inimitable qualities of protrayal there can be no doubt. Few writers of fiction, in their choice of descriptive adjectives, have proven themselves as happy as he. As a colorist his work is, beyond question, remarkable. His pen and his resources seldom err when the task before him is the conveying to the reader's mind a particularly vivid or striking scene. On the other hand, the writer shows himself to be singularly weak in the handling of the dialogue and in the picturing of the action portions of his stories. He conducts the reader through five pages of admirable preparatory description of a certain event about to occur only to dismiss the actual event itself when the time comes with a number of words which scarcely cover the space of a page. It must be confessed that at times this leaving to the reader's imagination the filling in of the most vital parts is exceedingly annoying. Of the several short stories included in the volume "The Little Regiment," Mr. Crane is seen at his best perhaps in the ones entitled "A Mystery of Heroism" and "A Gray Sleeve." In "An Indiana Campaign," we find a certain element of humor for the first time apparent in any of this writer's work. Concerning the reception of this new book it is possible that what occurred with "The Red Badge" may be repeated. It is possible, as many persons would like to have us believe, that, after all, Mr. Crane and his book has been much over-lauded. Consequently it is to be expected that such persons will continue to think that anything Mr. Crane writes is nothing more than an hysterical, badly written account of somebody's conception of a battle from a private point of view. It is possible also that such persons may be themselves mistaken. We do not attempt or even wish to award to Mr. Crane an honor equal to that we would offer to a Tolstoi, a Scott, or a Shakespeare; but at the same time we are not quite willing to deprive the young writer of "The Red Badge of Courage" of whatever honor is rightfully his due.

"Legends of the Middle Ages." By H. A. Guerber. American Book Co., Publishers, New York.

A book excellently well calculated to familiarize one with the legends which form the staple of mediaeval literature. These mediaeval legends constitute a sort of literary quarry, from which, consciously or unconsciously, every writer takes some stones wherewith to build his own edifice. Many allusions

in the literature of our own day lose much of their force simply because these legends are not available to the general reader. The book under note has for its aim the bringing together of these legends, and condensing them so that they may be readily understood. Although not in any sense a manual of mediaeval literature or a series of critical essays, the book is rather a synopsis of some of the epics and romances which formed the main part of the culture of those days. Very little prominence has been given to the obscure early versions, and all disquisitions have been carefully avoided. It is rather the main stories of the legendary age that have received the author's fullest attention. The legends of Beowulf, The Nibelungenlied, Charlemagne, The Holy Grail, Merlin, The Round Table, and The Cid are treated in a manner calculated to satisfy the fascination we moderns have for the mystic tales of the "dark ages." So endlessly have the variations of these tales been embodied in our prose and poetry that any work attempting to aid the intelligent reader in his appreciation of literature cannot prove otherwise than a valuable addition to a library of reference.

"Select Poems of Robert Burns." Edited by A. George, M. A. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

In the editing of his last book, Mr. George has shown the same appreciation of his subject, the same thoroughness of method and fitness of selection that characterized him in his previous volumes on Wordsworth, Burke and Webster. The compiler's work throughout the book manifests strongly how well in hand the editor has his subject. An intimate acquaintance with Burns's poetry, resulting from twenty years' teaching of the poet, together with numerous excursions into the highland district of Scotland, is evidence enough, we are inclined to believe, to establish Mr. George's claim as one speaking with authority.

This new volume of Burns's verse is noteworthy, also, owing to its appearance in this centenary year of the Highland bard's birth. It is perhaps the most conspicuous recent attempt to furnish additional appreciation of the poet's work. The selections embodied in the book are in every instance the result of careful study. Burns, more than any other English poet, needs to be read in selections, for his work is strangely uneven, both in form and content. The editor has selected only such poems as portray the power and melody of Burns in his representative moods. Concerning the value of a study of Burns at the present there can be no doubt. In an age of morbid introspection and analysis, his poems, with their simplicity and homely objectivity, their tender and pathetic heart logic, reveal to us "A joy in widest commonalty spread," in which young and old, rich and poor, alike may share; they make the world a lovelier place, and life a diviner thing.

"The Puritan in England and New England." By Ezra Hoyt Byington, D. D. Roberts Bros., Publishers, Boston.

Although a vast deal has been written on the Puritans, yet it is still evident, from a scholar's standpoint, that much more remains yet to be said. There is good reason to believe that in many respects the time has only just arrived when the Puritans, vastly misrepresented during the past two or three centuries, can now be intelligently and impartially studied. The lapse of years has done away with an hitherto insurmountable prejudice. We are now more able to estimate accurately their work and to see how great has been the influence of this people upon our modern civilization. As the beginning of our national life, the work of the Puritans will always be fraught with significance and interest.

The present volume is made up largely of papers previously published in the "Andover Review," and of others that have been read from time to time before historical societies and before students in colleges and seminaries. New topics have been introduced with the purpose of covering, as far as possible, the whole field of the history of an ancestry to which every American owes so much. The book is a remarkable contribution towards a fuller knowledge and appreciation of our forefathers, who, under the limitations of a pioneer life, in the seventeenth century, laid the foundation of this free and progressive nation.

"The Boys of Clovernook." By Mary Barnes Beal. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston.

A bright and attractive story with just enough of the sympathetic to counterbalance the fun and of the dramatic to give zest to the action. Mrs. Beal tells the story of her five delightful boys well; their ups and downs, their frolics and their sorrows, their mysteries and their naughtiness make them all "human" boys, and not a boy or girl who reads but will be glad to form their acquaintance. Each one of the five will be a favorite, from Brownie the mischievous to Rudolf the picturesque; while as for their pets—Sandy and Spot and Scops and that dear little pony Rob Roy—every one of them will become as real and familiar to the boys and girls who read of them as they were to the fun-loving boys of Clovernook. Through all the story runs a thread of plot, an atmosphere of sentiment and a high and healthy moral tone that give life and attractiveness to the narrative, while teaching the best of lessons regarding truth, loyalty, honor, affection and goodfellowship. The book is charmingly illustrated by Etheldred B. Barry and is artistic alike in form and make-up.

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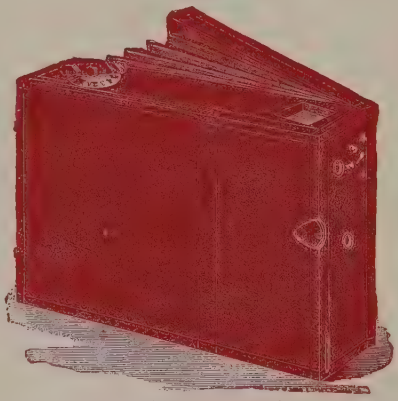

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The Shadow of the Cross

THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. V. JANUARY, 1897. NO. 4

CHRIST AND HIS TIME*

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

THE CHILDHOOD AND HOME LIFE IN NAZARETH — *Continued*

The Death of Herod — The Return to Nazareth — The Boy About His Father's Business — At Home in Nazareth

General View of Nazareth
From a Photograph

THE Holy Family were hardly settled in Egypt when they heard of the death of Herod. Jesus was born in December, 5 B.C., and Herod died in the next April.

There may be other lives as tainted as Herod's—there are none more so—but the unspeakable horror of his death is without a parallel in history. It was the natural culmination of his unnatural life.

Herod had no right to the Jewish throne. He won his way to power by craft and the sword, and held his place by every means that cunning, cruelty and determination could devise. He was the son of Antipater, the crafty Idumean, who stirred up war between the two brothers, Hyrcanus and Aristobulus, the rightful heirs to the throne, and then urged that Pompey be called in as arbiter.

The Roman came, with his army, in the year 63 B. C., and settled the dis-

* Christ and His Time was begun in November, 1896.

Christ and His Mother
From a Painting by Peter Janssen

pute. He obtained possession of the country on false pretexts; stormed Jerusalem; exiled Aristobulus; robbed the high priest, Hyrcanus, of his crown; and departed, leaving the reins of government practically in the hands of Antipater, as the subject of Rome.

With varying fortunes Hyrcanus and Antipater continued in power, until, in the year 47 B. C., the Idumean became so useful to Rome that Caesar made him a Roman citizen and Procurator of Palestine. This was the beginning of the Idumean dynasty, under which Christ lived, which culminated with Herod and disappeared with his sons.

At the age of twenty-eight, Herod was sent by his father into Galilee to quell the wild hordes of zealots and robbers that invested the mountains and made war on everything Roman. Herod did his work well. He was fearless, strong, energetic, and withal a trained warrior. He subdued Galilee; met all the levies of Rome upon that province; and was soon recognized by

"Joseph once more took up his abode in Nazareth"

From a Painting by W. C. T. Dobson

Antony as a leader of such great power that that rising Roman promised him the crown of all Palestine.

A little after this Antipater was poisoned, and Herod with his brother Phasael, by intrigue, murder and constant fighting, worked their way into an unsteady seat of supreme power. But now, Antigonus, a scion of the Maccabaean house, and nephew of Hyrcanus, escaped from exile, raised an army of Parthians, and fell on Jerusalem, capturing Phasael, and driving Herod from the country. Herod fled to Egypt, and building a boat there, by almost superhuman efforts, sailed to Rome. Here he pleaded his cause so well that the Senate made him King of Judea. From Rome he went directly to Palestine, and, with the help of Caesar's army, took Jerusalem, June 10, 37 B. C.; murdered Antigonus, and became the master of the country.

Such was Herod's inauguration as king. Such was the character of his long reign. By nature devoid of everything gentle and lovely, this early education in intrigue and war deepened every dark passion, every evil ambition, every brutal instinct within him. But he was a strong man. It was no weak arm that took Palestine against the odds that confronted him; no mere adventurer that organized from chaos his magnificent Palestine; that built up his rich and powerful kingdom from a land devastated by years of war.

Nothing daunted him, and to gain his end he stopped at nothing. He was without scruple. If blasphemy, servility, torture, deceit, divorce or murder could aid him, he resorted to them as quickly as to fairer means. His policy was one of fair promise and terror at home and a far-sighted servility toward his masters at Rome.

The Infant Christ on the Cross
From a Painting by Bartolome Esteban Murillo

The Christ Child
From a Painting by E. Munier

He had a genius for intrigue and a passion for blood. Proscription followed proscription; citizens, soldiers, priests, women and children were killed. No one was safe that threatened his power or hindered him. The fear of a rival to his throne so haunted him that he went so far as to murder Mariamne, his beautiful wife, and even his own children. As the years of his reign lengthened, his victims numbered thousands, and the slaughter of the Innocents—among whom he hoped to kill Jesus—was only one of countless bloody deeds that marked the last dark days of his life.

Toward the end a loathsome disease fastened upon him; fears tormented him; delirium seized him, and in his madness, he tried to kill himself. Yet, recovered from these fits, he fought for life again, and the passion for blood still burned within him. He knew his time had come, but in his desperate struggle with death he had himself carried to the sulphur-baths of Callirhoe as a last hope. It was all in vain, and he was taken back to his palace at Jericho to die. Here, only five days before his death, he had his son Antipater murdered, and, as a last act and fitting close to his black and bloody life, he ordered

all the chief men and noble families of the land to come to Jericho, where he imprisoned them in the hippodrome, and commanded his sister Salome—a command she did not obey—to have them slain at the moment of his death, that there might be mourning over all his kingdom.

Thus, in the early part of April, 4 B. C., after a reign of thirty-four years from his taking of Jerusalem, Herod died. His kingdom was divided between his sons: Archelaus was appointed king over Judaea, Samaria and Idumaea; Antipas, a younger son, was made tetrarch over Galilee and Peraea; and Philip, as tetrarch, was placed over the lands east of the Jordan.

THE RETURN TO NAZARETH.

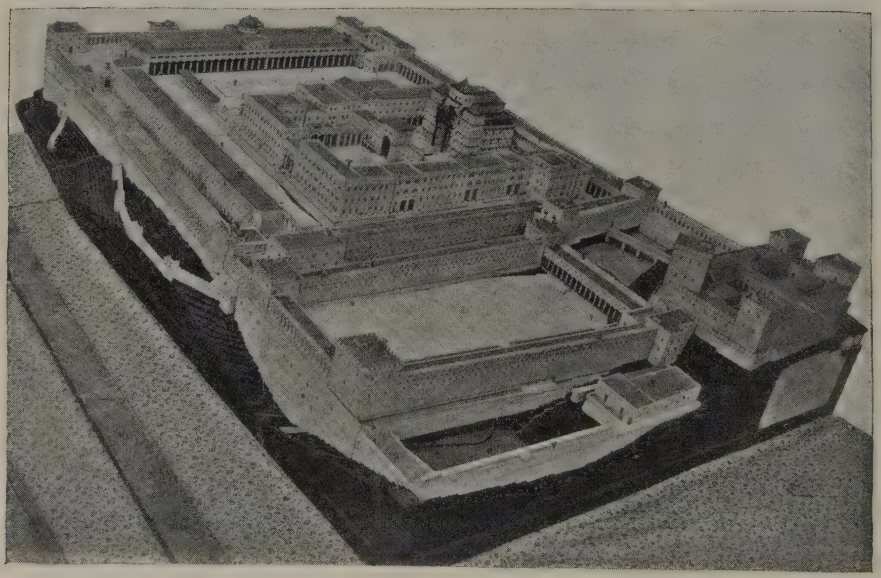
There were many Jews in Egypt, but Joseph had fled thither only for safety from Herod, and, as soon as he learned of that tyrant's death, he was glad to return to Palestine.

Joseph and Mary had left Nazareth, doubtless, with the purpose never to go back, meaning to live henceforth in Bethlehem. They were of David's line, Jesus was to sit on David's throne, and where should the young prince live but at Bethlehem, the ancestral home? It was toward Bethlehem, then, that the Holy Family again directed their steps as they departed from Egypt. Joseph knew of Herod's death, but he did not hear of the accession of his son Archelaus as ruler over Judaea until he entered the country.

Archelaus already gave evidence that he was the son of Herod, having all his father's viciousness, but little of his father's strength. Fearing him, Joseph changed his plans, and, instead of stopping at Bethlehem, kept on into Galilee and once more took up his abode in Nazareth.

Nazareth, at this time, was a small and busy town of perhaps four thousand inhabitants. It lies, nestling at the upper end of a little valley, in Lower Galilee, just north of the great plain of Esdraelon, from which it is separated by a long wall of mountain.

The crowded, narrow streets climb almost out of the valley on the western side. Mounting through these, beyond the uppermost houses, to the highest



Model of Mt. Moriah, Herod's Temple
From a Photograph

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From a Painting by F. Defregger

The Holy Family

The Good Shepherd
From a Painting by B. E. Murillo

plateau of the hills, a scene of grandeur stretches away on every side. This height is the vantage ground of all Palestine. From no other point, not even from the summit of Tabor, can so rich and extensive a view of the country be obtained. You stand 1,788 feet above the Mediterranean, whose blue waters you can see spreading away at the north and west till they melt into the blue of the upper sea.

Still to the northwest, between you and the sea, lies the Bay of Acre, from whose sandy shores hill rises on hill, as they run landward, culminating beyond the fertile plain of El Buttauf, in the heights of Safed.

But far over Safed, and far over the mountains beyond, snow-capped and eternal, towers the giant head of lofty Hermon. Here, where we stand, Jesus often stood, and, looking across the

From a Painting by O. Mengelberg

"We can imagine Christ's eagerness and wonder on this first journey to the Holy City"

wilderness of smaller mountain tops sixty miles to the north, gazed, with swelling heart, upon Hermon's colossal peak, rising against the horizon at the very gates of the land.

How Hermon must have stirred the soul of the young Galilean! Yonder, on the very frontiers of the country, it stands, the fortress of ancient Israel.

Head of Christ
From a Painting by H. Hoffmann

On its side was built the old border citadel of Dan, and as Jesus looked, He might almost have seen on the green slopes the town of Cesarea Philippi, the northernmost point of His earthly journeyings. Yonder, too, in the solitudes of Hermon, He was to be transfigured before His disciples, till His glory should outshine the gleaming splendor of the mountain's glistening crown at noonday.

Turning to the east, beyond Tabor and the Sea of Galilee, the dim outlines of the ranges of Bashan are seen, and far in the southeast, over the mountains of Gilboa and the hidden valley of the Jordan, rise the mountains of Gilead. Just below, to the south, extends the wide plain Esdraelon, walled beyond by the woody slopes of Carmel, which, shouldering their way westward, suddenly leap from their highest headlands sheer into the sea. Behind the long line of Carmel are the mountains of Samaria, and over these, to the south, the gray and stony hills of Judaea.

Such was the horizon of Jesus.

Christ Disputing in the Temple
From a Painting by W. C. T. Dobson

Here, in the valley town, at the home of His parents, He spent all but three years of His life. And no spot in all Palestine could have so harmonized with His lofty and spiritual nature. The scene that spread below Him from the ridge above the town might well stimulate the loftiest aspirations of His soul, and the environment of valley and hill that cradled Nazareth was no less smiling and beautiful. The valley was fertile and cultivated, and after the spring rains the town lay in the lap of green fields, with peopled pastures all around, in an air perfumed with flowers and flooded with bird-song.

Surrounded, as it is, by mountains, and huddled away here in a little valley, we have usually thought of Nazareth as a lonely, stagnant, out-of-the-way place, quite cut off from the outer world. But it was not so. Through Nazareth ran one of the great caravan routes to Damascus, and travellers from every nation of the earth were continually in the village streets. They added largely to the business of the town, they acquainted the Nazarenes with the manners and customs of foreign lands, and kept them in touch with the thought and progress of the great world outside their valley.

But, beside this, Nazareth was the rallying point of the priests of this section. Here they came together before they went up to Jerusalem to take their turn in the Temple. Consequently, it was not only a place of some commercial life, but a religious centre as well.

Of Christ's early childhood in Nazareth we have but the merest word. If left entirely to our own imagination, we should have known that He "grew and waxed strong in the Spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon Him." But with this brief notice in the evangelic narrative—the Apocryphal Gospels tell some preposterous stories of these years—we are obliged to fill up the gap as we like, till Luke, for one moment, lifts the veil from the Temple scene, and we

Head of Christ
From a Painting by Winterstein

see the boy Christ at the age of twelve questioning the Doctors at Jerusalem in the House of His Heavenly Father.

THE BOY ABOUT HIS FATHER'S BUSINESS.

As the geologist, by fossil fragments and, here and there, a stone-frozen foot-print, re-peoples the primal world, or, by a broken blade of horn from the debris of their shell-heaps, writes a life-history of the earliest of our race, so, from this brief moment of revelation in the boyhood of Christ, we may, in part, interpret the silence that enwraps the years in which He grew to manhood.

The Feast of Passover began this year—the year 8 A. D.—on the 8th of April. Jesus had passed His twelfth birthday in December last, and now, in accordance with Jewish custom, He was allowed to go up with His parents to Jerusalem to attend the great festival.

When twelve years old the Jewish boy became of age, and was subject to all the requirements of the law. He then began to receive instruction in the law, and was called "a son of the Torah." At this age he must observe the religious ordinances and he must learn a trade, for he was no longer a child under parental authority, but was *gadol,* or "grown up," and could then marry.

We can imagine Christ's eagerness and wonder on this first caravan journey to the Holy City, how deep the impressions must have been and how

From a Painting by H. Hoffmann

"Eagerly asking them the meaning of these Passover Solemnities"

powerful their influence at this formative period of His life! From the small circle of home friends into the motley crowd of a great band of pilgrims! From the seclusion of the little mountain town into wide, strange lands, holy with history! From Nazareth to Jerusalem!

gray, uncertain light of His mission's dawn, had longed to see His Father's house, had longed to know what the full daybreak of this whitening dawn would be.

From every quarter of the world and by every means, came vast multitudes to Jerusalem to attend the Passover.

The Divine Shepherd
From a Painting by B. E. Murillo

No greater event ever came to a Jewish boy than his first pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and what must it have meant to the boy Jesus! He had looked forward to His visit with deep, half-fathomed feelings of reverence and expectation. Often, from the heights above the town He had turned His face toward Jerusalem, and in the

At these times, Josephus tells us, the city was packed to its limit with nearly three millions of pilgrims. The number may have been especially large at this feast, for it was a time of comparative peace to the borders of the Roman world, and particularly in Palestine. Archelaus had been banished by the Emperor, and Judaea was now

"How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my father's business?"

From a Painting by Holman Hunt

under the Governor of Syria, Quirinius. The bands of zealots were quiet and the pilgrims moved along the highways undisturbed and with little fear.

It was the gala season in Jerusalem. The city was decked for the occasion and every stranger was made welcome. Hospitality was not limited by the city walls. Houses were overflowing and every available spot within and without the walls—courts, house-tops, streets and gardens—were covered with tents for the pilgrims who could not be better accommodated.

But it was not this bewildering throng of people; not the babble of myriad tongues in strange languages; not the festive decorations of the city; not the great walls, the high towers, nor the busy streets that held the attention of Jesus; at all these he wondered, but tarried not until the Temple rose before Him.

To every common pilgrim hither the Temple was the greatness of Jerusalem, but as Jesus stood at the foot of the mount, upon which the Temple rested like a crown of gold and marble, and gazed upon its splendor, He saw His Father's house and yielded to the irresistible impulse to enter and be about His Father's business.

Here He spent every moment of the feast days, so absorbed with the ceremonies and teachings that He even forgot the time appointed by His parents for the return home. As they were not required to remain longer than noon of the third day, Jesus may have been told that they would begin their journey homeward toward evening of this day. By this time the Passover had been eaten and the sacrifices offered, and only those who wished to enjoy the festive holiday season remained the rest of the week. But it was on these last five days of the week that the doctors of the Sanhedrim came out on the terrace of the Temple and taught the people who gathered round them, and it was here Jesus found them, and tarried, while His parents, supposing Him somewhere in the caravan, started out of the city for Nazareth.

In the jam and excitement of the multitudes crowding through the city's narrow gates, it is little wonder that Jesus was not missed. But when the band lengthened out along the wide

Joseph and the Infant Christ
From a Painting by B. E. Murillo

road, they found that He was not with them and thought He must be among their friends. But when they pitched their tents for the night and Jesus did not appear, the parents became anxious and went out among their acquaintances and friends, searching for Him. He was not in the caravan. He had been left in Jerusalem. Lost! It was a sleepless night of anguish and fear. The caravan had camped still within sight of Jerusalem, but their Child, lost in that thronged city, would as well be lost among the wild hills of Judaea.

At dawn Joseph and Mary hurry back to Jerusalem and continue their search. The night comes, and darkness, and grief and despair. The next day, after looking everywhere that an ordinary boy would likely have strayed, they finally go up to the Temple, and, stumbling over the circle that surrounded the doctors, they find Jesus sitting close at the teachers' feet, the centre of the wondering and fascinated group.

Joseph and the Christ Child
From a Painting by Carl Müller

Of the great priests of that time who were perhaps among these doctors was Hillel and his son, Rabbau, Simeon, and his grandson, Gamaliel, a youth at this time about the age of Christ. Then, too, perhaps in the little company was Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea.

When the troubled parents found their quiet son in the midst of these great men—eagerly asking them the meaning of these Passover solemnities, and questioning them about the coming Messiah, and listening in rapt attentions to their teachings, delighting them with His beautiful, boyish face, His frank but modest earnestness, and amazing them by His thoughtful questions and deep insight—they were as astonished as the rabbis.

Mary must have ceased "pondering" over those things that occurred at His birth and at His presentation here in the Temple years ago; she must have ceased to wonder at the awful mystery of His birth, even, else would she now have felt and spoken as she did? But Jesus not only had not forgotten those things—His mother must have told Him all, it would seem—but, as His answer to her shows, He had partially, at least, divined their meaning.

"How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" The first recorded words of Jesus! Simple, beautiful, meaningful. We can never know just their depth of consciousness. Nor did His parents! Like a soft and strange rebuke fell these simple and lofty words. Mary felt them, but she did not understand. And Jesus quietly and unquestioningly went down with them to Nazareth and was obedient unto them.

AT HOME IN NAZARETH.

And now for eighteen years the veil again falls over the life of Christ. The evangelic writers reverently leave this long period of development in the silence of its own holy privacy. And again we are taught that the gospels were not intended to furnish a life of Christ, but to confirm belief in His Messiahship. In His village home, with environments common to every other Nazarene, but with qualities of mind and heart no other being ever possessed, Jesus grew to manhood.

The current of His life was not determined by outward conditions and events. It was channelled from within.

Joseph and the Child Christ
From a Painting by Esteban Marquez

But it was in this simple, quiet mountain home, and among these grand and happy hills, that the deep springs of His life rose, and their pure, sweet waters carry the eternal flavor and fragrance of these untainted sources.

It was not in the synagogue school, nor by the instruction of the rabbis, that Jesus was educated. He probably learned to read and write Hebrew in the synagogue, but little more than this. Certainly He never attended the schools of the rabbis at Jerusalem—there were none at Nazareth—for He had none of their titles to learning. On hearing Him in the Temple once, the people asked in contempt, "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?"

But He did know, and that he owed but little for His knowledge to the hide-bound ecclesiasticism, the arbitrary casuistry, the punctilious hypocrisy of the Pharisees; nor to the shallow

"And the Grace of God was upon H[illegible]n"
From a Painting by M. Fürst

scholasticism of the Sadducees; nor to the exclusive, unnatural asceticism of the Essenes, we are glad. His teachers —"if we may say teachers in speaking of so lofty an originality"—were not the Scribes. Their dead ritualism had deeply versed in the Scriptures, Jesus heard the Bible read every day, and listened while Mary interpreted it with feeling and insight that would have been utterly beyond a Scribe. Whatever the number and relation of His

The Infant Jesus and St. John
From a Painting by B. E. Murillo

its effect upon Him, but it was a negative effect, and forced Him only the more within Himself. Nor were His teachers the Greek philosophers. There were towns near Nazareth that were almost wholly Greek. The Greek language, too, was a common medium of intercourse in Palestine, and, though Jesus usually spoke in Aramaic, we judge from His having talked with Pilate that He also knew the Greek tongue, but we see no trace of Hellenic culture in His life.

The parents of Jesus were His first teachers. In His home, with a mother so high-souled, so religious and so "brothers and sisters"—we would rather believe them brothers and sisters born to Joseph and Mary after Jesus was born,—they were certainly a large and strongly unindividualistic family. There were marked Essenic tendencies; open nationalism; deep and zealous Pharisaism, and burning Messianic hopes within the little circle of His quiet home. In the midst of these pure and hopeful influences Jesus lived; and, while there may have been little sympathy between Him and the others during His home-life, this was, none the less, an atmosphere congenial to His deep, inward development. But

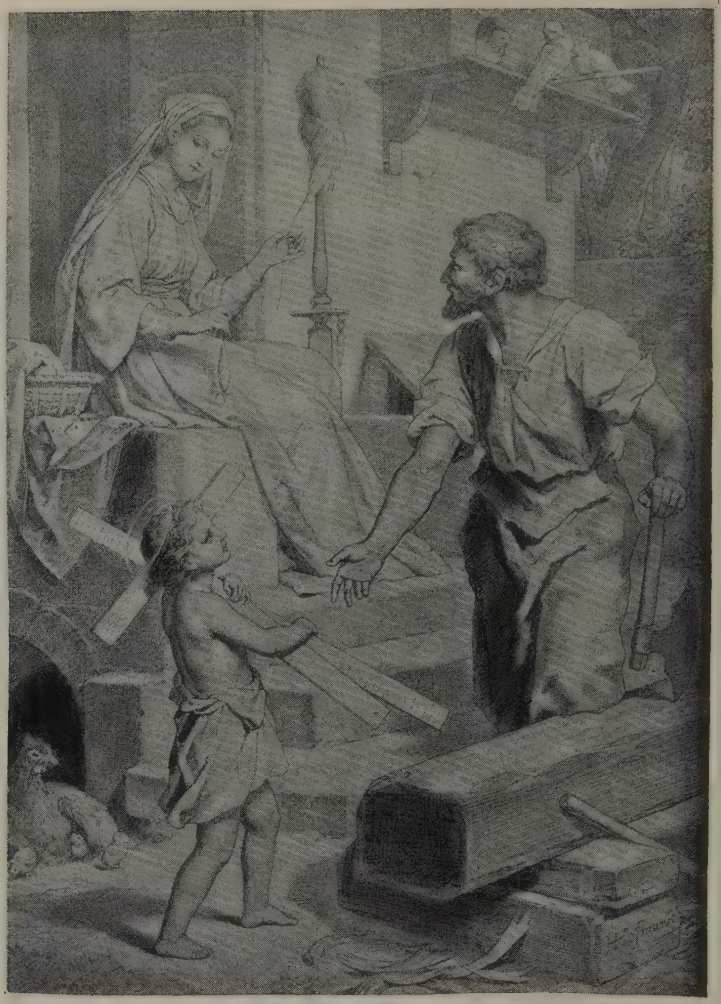
that He loved them, and loved His home, and remembered His childhood there with tenderest emotions, we know from His frequent allusions later to children, and their happy ways, and to His own pathetic homelessness.

But the valley and the hills were about Him, and His sensitive nature, like the lilies that He watched and loved, grew into flower in this world of sunshine and of wild grandeur. More than that of His home, do we find the influence of this nature revealed in Him later.

It was not alone as poet and philosopher, but as a careful and sympathetic observer, that Jesus knew these valleys and hills. He loved the wild things of the wood and field; He knew the little secrets of their different lives, and He felt His kinship with every one, for they were all of one Father. He knew there was One who was caring for the lilies, the sparrows, the foxes and Himself; and in the bending heavens, across the wondrous landscapes, amid the changing seasons, in all Nature everywhere He saw God's first revelation of Himself as Father.

There was nothing strained or unbalanced in Jesus' development; nothing unnatural in His growth during these years. His intimacy with Nature, and their near and sacred fellowship was real and spontaneous. So, too, was

The Childhood of Jesus
From a Painting by H. Sinkel



Christ's Boyhood in Nazareth
From a Drawing by Heinrich Hofmann

His contact with men and His knowledge of them. He knew men, not from some "high solitude above the storm's career" where they moved like pigmies across the "plains extending wide," but as a man among men. He was brother, friend, neighbor and laborer, in common with all men of the village. With them He felt the oppressors' power. Their growing poverty, their deepening misery, their wants, their woes, their hopes, even their threatening unrest, was His. But the conception of a kingdom greater than David's, a kingdom without sword and blood, was shaping itself in His soul. Here in Nazareth Jesus learned the joys and sorrows, the strength and weakness of human hearts; learned to sympathize with man's suffering; learned to believe in man's salvation.

Outwardly He differed little from His townspeople, and when He returned to them as their Messiah, they scouted His claims, for He had left Nazareth a simple village carpenter. They did not see that a great and noble life could be lived among them in obscurity, poverty

From a Painting by J. E. Lafon

"Amazing them by His thoughttul questions and deep insight"

and in humble and constant toil. Idleness, luxury and notoriety often yet stand for largeness of life, when we forget that greatness of soul is a growth from within, and is not wrapped about us with our cloaks.

These years of retirement and of cheerful toil were also years of study and thought. Jesus was not born mentally and spiritually mature any more than He was born physically mature. His mental and spiritual development was not completed in the cave of the Nativity. His grasp of Jewish history; His acquaintance with man and nature; His profound knowledge of the Scriptures; His conception of God; and the consciousness of His power and mission; came to Him as they come to us,—through study and thought, through sacrifice, suffering and prayer.

Especially did He study the Scriptures. The Bible was His text book, His library, His "meat and drink." The Scriptures were the Father's direct revelation of Himself. Jesus knew them profoundly, all of them, even the uncanonical books, and some of them He knew by heart. How well He used them to the silence and shame of His

Christ when a Boy
From a Painting by F. Ittenbach

enemies, we know from the Gospel narratives. It was the spirit of the Book of Daniel, the glorious dreams of Isaiah, the deep fervor of the Psalms, especially, that exalted and sustained Him.

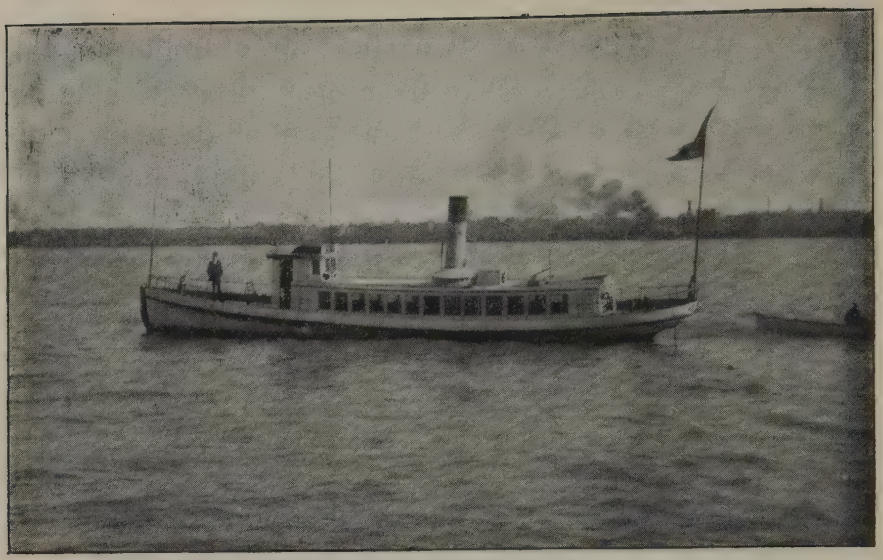
Thus the years of His simple, sinless home-life passed away, till the time of His great preparation ceased. Submissive and content, He toiled in the school of common life, that He might become Life's teacher. Inwardly and outwardly, in favor with God and man, and in sympathy with the aspirations and needs of His people and His time, He grew until His development was complete.

But these happy and healthful influences of His surroundings were external and secondary. They were the atmosphere into which His life expanded, while the sources of that life itself and its constant sustenance lie far back beyond our ken, in the deep and sacred silences of His soul's inner self —the Holy of Holies, where He and His Father met, and where we would not dare to enter.

(To be continued.)

The Infant Christ

From a Painting by H. Winterhalter



U. S. Marine Mail Boat "Florence B."

THE MARINE MAIL SERVICE

By E. J. Peck

ON June 19, 1896, there was inaugurated in Detroit, Mich., the United States Marine Mail Service. The only drawback to the complete success of the undertaking was the fact that passing vesselmen were ignorant of the new system. The initial attempt to deliver the mail was met with a refusal to take the line thrown from the yacht, and as a result the carrier who had made the attempt at great risk of life was righteously indignant. The cause of this rebuff was that the black and white craft known as the "Florence B.," formerly employed by a Detroit firm of vesselmen for reporting, occasioned some of the masters of through boats considerable trouble.

The marine mail service scheme originated with Supt. Charles Swan of the Detroit post-office, but it was several years before he could get the post-office department at Washington to look with favor upon his plan, and it was not until the present postmaster, John J. Enright of Detroit, was appointed that an actual test of the scheme was made.

It required several days to arrange for the trial. Appropriate boats for the service, as well as men adapted to the work, had to be secured. This latter trouble was found to be a hard one to overcome. Competent men did not care to give their service for the small compensation offered by the department. This difficulty was finally overcome by Mr. Enright and Mr. Swan increasing the compensation offered by the department out of their own pockets.

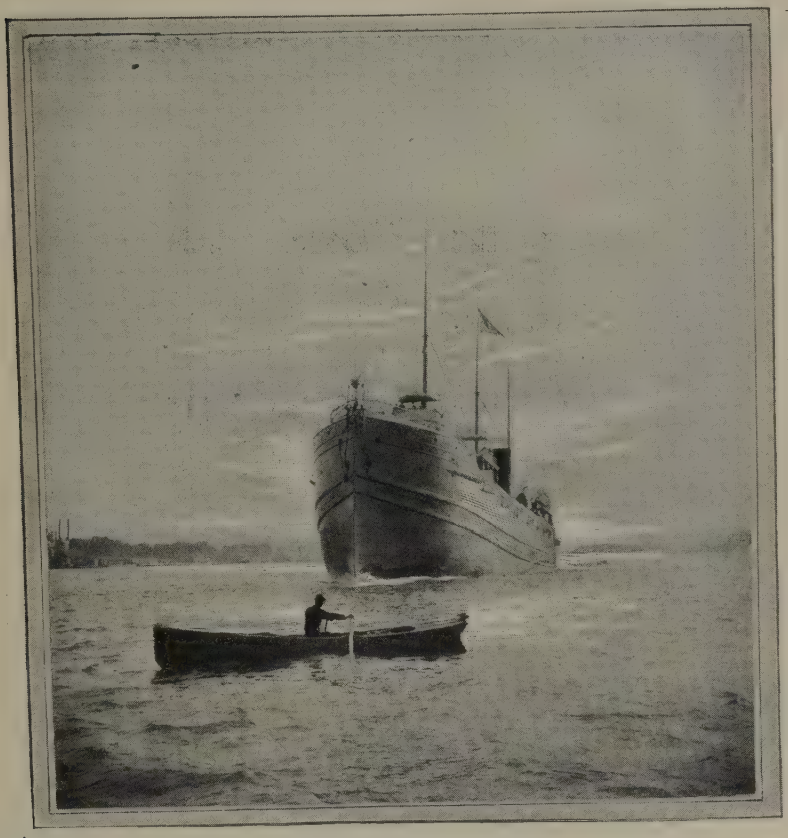
After the arrangements were completed, a favorable day for the experiment was delayed several days on account of a severe storm that was sweeping over the lakes. On June 19th the test was finally made, but owing to the facts before mentioned was not successful. A few minutes later the

steamer "Nimick" was sighted coming up the river carrying a signal denoting that she would not stop.

A small tug, towing a small yawl, in which was seated the carrier chosen to make the attempt, steamed towards the course of the oncoming vessel. When the "Nimick" came within two hundred feet of the tug the small boat was cast loose and the carrier rowed directly in front of the rapidly approaching steamer. Those on board did not understand what was being done, they not having heard of the intended trial. The changed her course the carrier in the yawl rowed into it.

By this time the steamer had reached a point about ten feet away from the small boat. The carrier gripped his oars firmly, and as the rounded bow of the steamer seemed about to strike his boat he gave the oars a quick turn and the yawl slid around the bow without even having touched the steamer.

When about midship the carrier rose and threw a rope to some sailors who stood on deck ready to receive it. It was grasped firmly and the yawl rap-



"By this time the steamer had reached a point only a few yards away"

whistles of the big ship blew out threatening blasts, the seamen shouted their words of warning, and the pilot threw his wheel over as rapidly as possible in a vain effort to pass to one side of little boat; but as fast as the steamer idly passed to the rear of the steamer. As the rope tightened, the bow of the small craft arose in the water, while the stern took in considerable sea. A small rope was thrown to the carrier, who fastened it to the bag of mail mat-

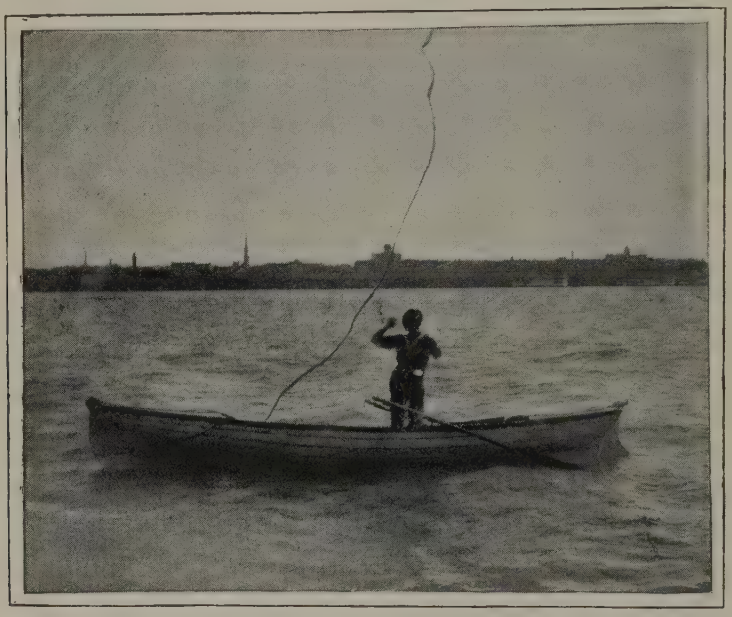
ter and gave orders for the seamen to haul away. In the meantime the business on hand had been made known to the captain of the steamer, and he did everything in his power to assist in the trial.

When the bag had been hauled aboard it was taken off and another bag, containing the mail for Detroit, fastened to the rope and thrown to the carrier. The line holding the yawl was cast loose and the boat rapidly fell away in the wake of the steamer and was soon picked up by the tug, which had remained at close quarters during the trial.

While practically the original plans are being carried out, several minor changes have been made. For instance, it was intended to run a swift yacht alongside the ships, but it was learned that the suction would draw the vessels together with a bump that would be little short of a collision and would probably result in damage to both crafts. It was decided, therefore, to make use of the small rowboat and to have the yacht in close attendance.

To an ordinary person there can be no conception of the work and dangers through which the men who handle the small boats have to pass in order to make the safe delivery of letters. Mariners who send or receive these letters are hardened to the dangers of the lakes, and they think little of the perilous feats of the hardy fellows who carry to them their mail.

In stormy weather the task of delivering the mail is still more dangerous. Any wave might disturb the calculations with reference to the movement of the little boat and upset it in a twinkling. Then, too, it is sometimes not safe even for the ferryboats which ply between Detroit and Windsor to go out. But this makes no difference to the men who handle the mail for Uncle Sam's marine service. While thinking of the business in hand and trying to avoid known dangers, the carriers are obliged to keep a constant watch for other crafts that might at any time run them down unawares. So far, however, no serious accident has befallen



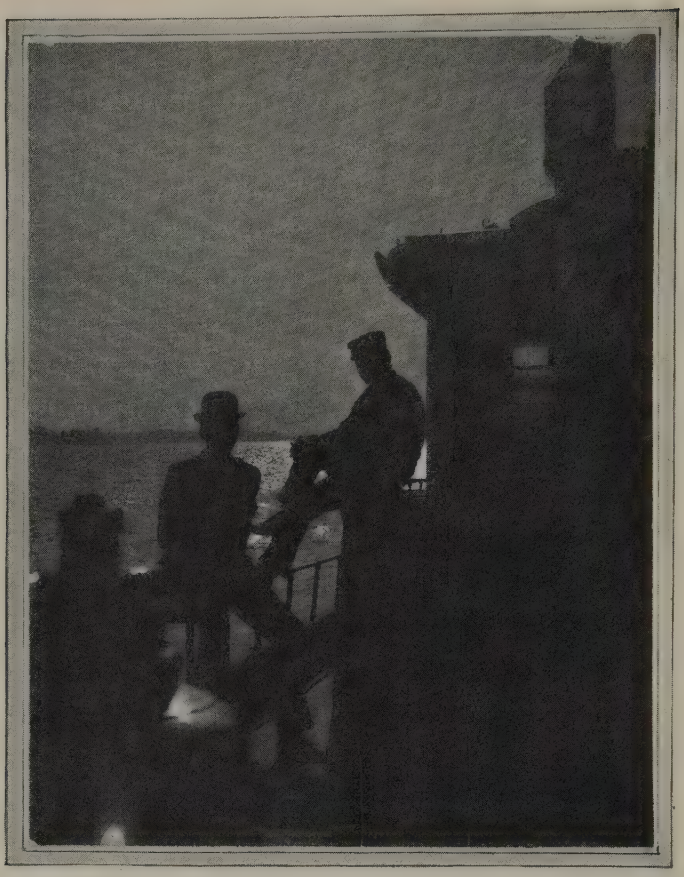
Throwing the Line

"As the rope tightened, the bow of the small craft arose in the water"

any of the carriers, but on several occasions accidents have been narrowly averted.

At night, out on the river in front of an approaching liner, nothing is to be seen but the triangle of red, green and white light. No hull is visible, and until the steamer gets close upon one no sound can be heard. Suddenly the ear detects a faint swishing in the distance as the oncoming bows cut through the water, then a huge black object that looks like a large building in a deserted street on a stormy night looms up on the water, approaching at an apparently frightful speed. The boat is really going no faster than she would in the day time and the chances are that it is not so fast, but the darkness conceals her until close at hand. For a man who

"The line holding the yawl was cast loose"



Waiting for a Steamer at Night

does not possess a cast-iron nerve the dragging through the water in the darkness possesses an absolute terror.

These marine postmen are hardy fellows and are well used to their work, and in mild weather even enjoy the constant dangers that it involves.

The rule of the service is to catch every boat that goes through the river from midnight to midnight. Each day the weather bureau sends to the mail boat a package of circulars containing the forecast for the following twenty-four hours. One of these circulars is put on board every vessel that passes. In many cases they come in very handy, and several cases are known where they have been the means of avoiding disasters. In addition to this, the mail boat always flies a signal flag on the approach of a storm that may be seen for a mile up or down the river.

All mail matter addressed in care of the marine post-office has to go through the main office at Detroit. It is sent immediately to the marine branch at the foot of Bates street.

There is no doubt that the marine postal service has come to stay. In spite of the opposition in some quarters at first, nothing but good words for it can be said now. When the system was first inaugurated the number of letters that passed through the office was less than one hundred a day. At present from 600 to 1,000 pieces of mail matter are exchanged between passing steamers and the marine post-office, so that it is proposed to build new boats for the service for next season.

MARGOT

By Frank H. Sweet

DOWN where the sea moans on the shifting sands, and the trees stop, discouraged, at a height of four or five feet, the people are not fastidious about their picking and choosing. Houses that are large enough to hold them, and tight enough to keep out some of the bitter wind that whistles down from the northeast, are the height of even their most sanguine desires. If the boats have been successful off the Shoals or over on the Banks, the men bring back the surplus in the shape of a few necessary provisions, and in fishing tackle and seines and bolts of cloth. And then, during the long, dreary waiting for the next return of the boats, the women make up this cloth into garments for themselves and the absent ones, and in the making invent new styles that are remarkable only for their novelty. Occasionally a returned fisherman attempts a description of what he has seen at Niel's Harbor or St. Margaret's, and the women adopt as much of it as they see fit, and add as much as they see fit, and the result is the fashion for Reeftown until superseded by a later description.

Reeftown has no gardens; the swirling sand which cuts one's face like needle points prohibits that; and it has no cattle or carriages; the exposure is too much for the one and there are no roads for the other. The sea furnishes food and highway, and its music enters into its dependents and attunes them to its own monody.

There are some thirty houses scattered along the beach, without regard to alignment, or, indeed, to anything save the force of winds and convenience to boats; and they are built entirely of the wreckage which has been donated by the waves. Behind them are the platforms for drying fish, and the seines that are in need of repairs, and the strange piles of fuel which the sea has washed in from all quarters of the world.

These fisher-folk are a light-hearted people, considering the iron grasp of the sea which is upon them. Hard luck is accepted as inevitable, but every good fortune sets them rejoicing like children. And when the fleet returns, there is always a great merry-making, shadowed here and there by a house that is mourning for what the sea has taken. But among the sea-toilers outward grief is of brief duration. It sets more lines in the face, perhaps, and bends the shoulders prematurely; but there is work to do, and hunger is something that mere sorrow will not appease.

Over the fortunes of Reeftown, "the fleet"—as it is proudly called—holds absolute sway. It is a pitiful makeshift of old hulks and ragged sails, derided and looked down upon by the well-equipped fleets of the lower coasts, but it is their all; and if its unseaworthiness causes the stern waves to exact an undue toll of lives, they can only bow and cling the more closely to their one bulwark against privation and hunger.

The thirty houses yield a total of eighty or ninety men and boys, and, as the fleet never comprises more than eight or ten vessels, most of the seafarers are obliged to go on a "lay," or as shareholders with some neighbor. But if their gleanings are small, so are their needs; and when the vessels return empty, there are always clams and mussels which the women gather along the shore, and sometimes wild fruit and small game which the children find on the barrens back of the dunes.

One day a wandering artist with blue eyes and a quick, frank smile found his way across these barrens to the cluster

of weather-beaten houses on the beach. He was still young, and his only destination was the picturesque, and his only limit of time his own pleasure. So he engaged the one spare room of Captain Ben, of the Flying Fish; and under the tiny cobwebbed window—which, by the way, he peremptorily refused to have cleaned of its picturesque untidiness—he placed his easel and arranged his colors and brushes. Inside of twenty-four hours he was a member of the family, and in less than a week he had become acquainted with every man, woman and child in the place.

"Nawthin' stuck up 'bout him," said old lame Dugald on the third day, as he hobbled into the little room that served as general store and post-office and court house. "Why, dang me, if he didn't dig clams with me more'n two hours this mawnin'. An' the questions he asked! Land! almos' seemed like he thought o' goin' in the business."

"Saprie! oui, dat be so. Only it's de lobster he wants for learn, not de clam," cried white-haired Jean Laronde, from his position on a mackerel keg. "Didn' he go out wis me las' night an' help pull in de lobster pots, an' talk an' talk, till he know more 'bout de beizness as me. Eh! monjee! I say he make good man for work, me, Jean Laronde."

"Bah! stop that palaverin'," interposed a sharp-faced woman who had been busily engaged in cheapening a pound of sugar for the last twenty minutes, "can't ye see the man's one o' them artister's who's nothin' to do but talk an' make pictures. An' rich! don't he pay me three dollars every seven days for what I do for him—every seven days, mind ye! an' who ever heard of a man payin' more'n one dollar for board afore? Him learnin' to be a clammer or lobster catcher! Of all senseless idjuts!" and gathering up her bundles from the counter, Captain Ben's Sally stalked indignantly from the store.

"T'ree doller!" ejaculated the old lobster catcher under his breath; "more as I make in a mont'." Surement, Cap'n Ben'll be havin' new sails on de Flyin' Fish if his Sally keeps on like dis. Oui, I say it, me, Jean Laronde!"

"A mint o' money," agreed the clam digger, a little enviously, "an' Cap'n Ben's Sally's a woman to make the most on it. Wall, all I'n say is that the artister is an all-round good chap, if he does cast his money to the four winds. He's jest as common an' free spoken as though he hadn't a cent."

Meanwhile, Nelson Laurence was experiencing a rare enjoyment. The simple-hearted fisher-folk had taken him unreservedly into their friendship, and the rugged outlines of their coast, and their manner of living, and, more than all, their quaint costumes, were prizes which his brush was quick to accept. And now his strength and knowledge of athletics stood him in good stead, for he rowed out to the lobster grounds and helped the old men haul in their queer, hoop-net pots, and he went with the boys across the barrens in search of such game as the solitudes afforded, and with the clam-diggers and mussel gatherers, and, occasionally, when a stray boat came in, he would join it for a few days' fishing outside. He was a good oarsman, a good shot, a good pedestrian, and a good story-teller; and these accomplishments were like so many passports into the hearts of his entertainers.

And then, when he came back from these excursions, they would gaze over his shoulders as he painted some realistic sketch or detail of the work he had been engaged in, and would admire and comment and criticize, and sometimes would reject a picture altogether, and insist on his painting it over again.

"Saprie, mon garcon," Jean Laronde would cry energetically, "what's de use of work dat ain't done right. You mus' learn dese t'ings. Youse pretty good; dat's why youse should be better. Non, non, M'sieu. It mus' all do over again. Dat's what I say, me, Jean Laronde. Put de rope on t'odder side de sail. Any man know dat."

As yet Nelson Laurence had not seen the able-bodied men of Reeftown; they were away on the Banks, and would not return until the darkening sky of the

northeast indicated the approach of the stormy season. So he worked on, doing bits of the coast, and of the fishermen in their rough costumes, and of the women and children in their bright, picturesque colors.

Moreover, he was becoming curious about the return of the fleet. One day a man had complimented him on his rowing, and had added that he should wait until Margot returned; she would show him what fine rowing was; and another had said that most of the fishermen were good surf casters, but none were like Margot. And when, one day, he put a pretty fisher girl into a picture, she looked at him archly and said that when Margot returned he would have to make another picture for her to be in; there was not another girl on the whole coast like Margot.

And so it went on. The boys told him that Margot could beat him all to pieces shooting, and that Margot was the best swimmer in the country, and as for beauty—well, he should wait and see Margot.

At last, in sheer desperation, he went to Jean Laronde.

"Who is this paragon, Margot?" he asked. "She's dinned into my ears as being perfect in everything, and she even goes across to the Banks. I thought women didn't go out with the fleet."

The old man's eye narrowed.

"Margot's de bes' woman on de coas'," he said, shortly.

"Of course. I couldn't doubt that, after all I have heard. But who is she? and how does she come to be in everybody's mouths,—and hearts, too, for that matter? And yet," smiling frankly, "I believe I can answer that last question myself. Already my heart begins to tingle whenever I hear her name. The idea of a girl of eighteen going out in the teeth of such a gale as Captain Ben's wife told me about, and rescuing three children, why, even a veteran surfsman might well have hesitated at such fearful risk."

"Eh, bien! dat's just it," said the old man, his face clearing, "Margot nev' remember de reesk, non. She see what should do, quick like flash, an' she do it." He regarded the young man in perplexed silence for some moments, then went on, "I can no deescribe la belle Margot, saprie! non! Youse a ver' good man, M'sieu; but Margot is no like youse, non; she is no like we canaille of Reeftown, monjee, non! She is what le bon Dieu have made her, just Margot, sweet an' tender as woman, brave as man, strong as martyr, pure as angel, oui, saprie! dass our Margot. I say it, me, Jean Laronde."

The old man's face had begun to glow in his enthusiasm, but now he suddenly checked himself and looked apologetically at his companion.

"Dere is not many women at Reeftown," he said, "an' dey haf hard time an' no advantages, non. You haf see women ev'where, an' our Margot no seem to you like she seem to us."

"I have never seen a woman like Margot," answered Laurence, quietly, "not in all my life."

"Non? Saprie! non?" cried Laronde, delightedly. "Mais, vraiment, M'sieu, she is a le bon Dieu a donne. But you ask who is Margot. Well, she old man Sequin girl. Old man Sequin no good, nev' a bit. Tort Dieu, non! Dreenk, dreenk, dreenk, an' let Margot catch an' cook de feesh; an' boys Narcisse an' Louis too small for keep de family. So Margot look out for ev't'ing; an' when de fleet go out, Margot she take de old boat dat ain't fit for go, an' she take her fader an' de boys, an' saprie! dey catch more feesh as anybody. An' when dey out in boat, old man Sequin get no dreenk, bapteme, non. Margot give it de feesh, he, he! She is one girl, is Margot. I say it, me, Jean Laronde."

One day Laurence saw her picture in the "best room" of a neighbor,—a poor little tintype, made by some wandering photographer, inaccurate in the beginning, and blurred by time. But the eyes that looked up at him were sweet and womanly, and there was something in the easy, firm pose of the chin that made him better understand the stories that had been told him. And that night he dreamed of raging

billows, and of Margot floating serenely above them.

And so the days went by, and at last the air grew chill, and heavy masses of clouds began to drift down from the stormy northeast. The roar of the breakers became louder as they beat against the reefs, and white caps could be seen far out at sea. Warblers disappeared from the barrens, and then the robins and kinglets, and last of all the hawks. The sky at sunset lost its rosy aureole, and leaves disappeared from the trees; and then the women began to make frequent trips to the headland. It was time for the fleet to return.

But again and again they came back with sad eyes. No sails were in sight. The Banks had claimed victims the year before—was the toll of lives to be again exacted? And then at last the clouds became storms, and the storms grew thick with snow and ice, and were hurled against the houses of Reeftown by the fierce winds of the pitiless northeast. There had been nothing like it for years, and the women looked at each other with growing terror in their white faces.

Nelson Laurence entered into all their hopes and apprehensions. By this time, every man, woman and child of Reeftown had become his personal friend, and there was no hope or expectation too trivial to share with him. He knew of Marie's frugal, hard working life, and the slowly increasing stock of pennies that were to buy a boat for Francois when he became old enough to venture on the sea; and of Peter Black's loss of interest in the fishing and everything else since his two boys were drowned, and of Henri's approaching marriage, and Big Tom's contemplated new house, and Helene's anxiety to go away and learn music. And, indeed, why should he not know all their little plans and habits, and share in their apprehensions; was not Margot out with the fleet? So he, too, walked out on the headland, and along the beach, and grew more and more anxious as time passed and no sails appeared.

One stormy day they saw a little, weather-beaten vessel creeping into the harbor. Her flag was at half-mast, and her sails and spars were shattered, and her bulwarks stove. Ice gleamed from her cross-trees and shrouds, and her very sails were coated with it. The women and old men and children gathered about the landing place in silent dread. Whose boat was it? and what tidings did it bring?

As it drew nearer, old Jean Laronde suddenly threw his cane high into the air.

"Saprie! le bon Dieu!" he cried. "It is the Scudding Belle, an' my Guillaume is dere. Vraiment, mon petit fils; c'est vous! c'est vous!"

An hour later all the exuberance was gone, and he was bending heavily upon the cane as he stumbled up the beach, his long, white hair blowing wildly about his drawn, anguished face. The vessel had indeed proved to be the Scudding Belle, and there were two exhausted, half-frozen men on board. But the crew had been four, and neither of the surviviors was Guillaume.

Before night the story was known to every inhabitant of Reeftown, and they whispered it to each other with white faces and trembling lips as they peered through the storm-lashed darkness in vain search of the absent boats.

"An' to think they was almost home when the storm struck 'em," groaned lame Dugald, who had two sons with the fleet. "Another day, an' they'd a been in. Barty says they was so scattered and blacked out by the storm that not one boat knew what become of another."

"But they see some mighty tight work 'fore they got scattered," observed lean Simon, who was alone in the world, and could therefore philosophize. "Barty says some o' the vessels crashed together, an' some had their riggin' blowed clean off, an' some was just turned complete upside down. But seems to me some of 'em's bound to come back all right. When folks does as much as that gal Margot did out there, why, they ain't born to be drowned, seems to me. Barty says her

boat jest broke right up, 'twas so rotten; an' that Margot got her two brothers to the Bobbin' Betty, an' then went back an' helped her father. How she did it in that sea is more'n I can tell. But then, there ain't many men can swim like our Margot can."

"I'm 'fraid it's all up with her this time, though," said Dugald, hopelessly. "Barty says he see the Bobbin' Betty lose her riggin' 'fore the night shet down atwean 'em," and then a wild gust of wind drowned their voices, and almost caught their breath with the blinding sleet it hurled into their faces.

That night few of them went to bed. They wandered along the beach, and into their houses, and back again to the beach, and up to the headland; white and silent, the rain splashing their faces and stiffening into ice upon their clothing. And out of the darkness came only the rush of the storm, and the roar of the breakers upon the reefs, and the wild beating of the hail upon the rocks.

The next day another battered vessel came into port, and the next day another and another. At the end of a week nearly two-thirds of the fleet had returned. But each vessel brought its own tale of disaster and loss—joy to one household and sorrow to another.

But not until the seventh day was news heard of the Bobbing Betty, and of Margot and her brothers and father, and the four men who made up the Bobbing Betty's crew. And it was Captain Ben of the drifting, rudderless, riggingless Flying Fish who brought the tidings.

"We hailed 'em off Judas P'int, two miles down the coast," said Captain Ben, in answer to the eager questions that met him from all sides. "They was fast on a rock, an' couldn't get off. We'd a helped 'em if we could, but there was only Roper an' me, an' we was that beat out we could only just lay on deck an' hang on for dear life."

"Was they all there?" asked a bystander, tremulously, "Jude an' all?"

Captain Ben looked at him pityingly.

"No, Kellup, I'm sorry to say they wa'n't—all," he answered, slowly. "Your Jude was washed off, an' so was storekeeper Lecks' Tommy an' old man Sequin. Seems like Sequin got some rum on the sly from Tommy, an' pretty soon was too drunk to hold on. But for all that Margot would a saved him somehow if it hadn't been for lookin' out for the boys, an' bein' clean tuckered herself. She hailed us as we came by, cheerful an' chipper, like she allers is, but I could see she was pretty nigh used up. Lish an' Mac's Peter was holdin' on to the boat, an' they an' Margot an' her brothers was all there was."

Before he finished, Laurence was bending over one of the small boats, shoving it down the sand toward the water.

"Will some one who knows the coast go with me?" he asked, hurriedly. "Perhaps we may be able to reach Margot in time."

"Not in this sea, you won't, nor in that boat," said Captain Ben, gravely. "Nothin' smaller'n one of our sloops could ride these waves, an' they're all stove. Besides, the wind's dead ag'in us; we drifted in with it an' the tide, but even if our sloops was all right we couldn't beat out in the teeth o' this gale. You're a bold chap, young man, though you're a stranger to me; but 'tain't no use. All we'n do is to wait for the sea to go down, an' trust to 'em bein' able to hold on. There ain't no man in the world would do more for Margot than me."

"Isn't there any one who will go?" asked Laurence, sharply, "it's only a man's life, anyway, and there is a girl out there in need of help. No, not you," as a young fisherman who had drifted in only the day before hobbled toward him on crutches; "your leg is broken, and you have no business even to be out here on the beach."

"Bah! what is a leg!" cried the young fisherman, impatiently. "My arms are all right. Here, you take the other oar and give me this. I understand the sea better than you do. Now, in with you!"

"Saprie! Hold on!" shouted a shrill voice from the crowd, and old Jean Laronde shuffled toward them, his cane

in one hand and his battered sou'wester in the other. "I goin' to steer de boat an' youse will pull de oar. Bien, dat will make him all right. What do I car' for a meeser'ble ol' life now dat Guillaume is gone. Saprie! dar, you Jules an' Squint Eye, shove us off."

Straight into the mad vortex of waves and toward what seemed to be inevitable destruction, tossed the frail boat; now on the crest of a crumbling mountain of water, and then dropping bodily into the sheer, black depths of a shifting ravine. But as it rose again and again from the depths, each time a little farther out and down the coast, the watchers on shore began to breathe a little more freely, and even to look at each other with approving nods of encouragement.

"Mebbe they'll fetch it," said lame Dugald, grimly, but with a doubtful shake of the head. "That old Jean is a rare one to p'int a boat, an' for downright grit an' doggedness there ain't nobody like Steve Leighton. It's the artister I'm 'feared on. He's a bold one, an' a strong one; but he ain't got the sea trainin' that gives sea-muscle. It's in my mind he'll give out 'fore the two miles is fetched. An' then there's the gettin' back."

"They won't try to come back," said Captain Ben, shading his eyes so he could peer farther across the water, "they'll slip into the little cove back o' Judas P'int. Steve won't take no chances when Margot's to be looked out for. If they get to the Bobbin' Betty, there won't be no trouble 'bout the savin' an' gettin' on shore. An' it's Steve more'n the artister that I'm feared on. His leg is broke, an' even a man's grit can't allers keep him from faintin'. 'Tain't no baby work to row two miles through this sea with a broken leg."

And apparently others thought so, too; for as the boat rose and fell, rose and fell, old Jean looked almost as anxiously at the young fisherman as he did at the towering billows that threatened to engulf them; and from time to time Laurence found himself glancing at the set, immovable face beside him, and wondering how a man could suffer such excruciating pain as he knew this man was doing, and yet be able to hold it in such iron subjection.

Little by little the shore fell back in the distance, and at last the headland was rounded; and then, far down the coast, the keen eyes of old Jean saw Judas Point, and off it a small black object that was frequently blotted out by clouds of white spray. Back and forth, with steady, mathematical precision, swayed the strong, muscular shoulders of the oarsmen; and with every stroke the shore receded a little farther, and the black spot approached a little nearer. At last the black object resolved itself into a boat, and upon it Jean could see clinging forms.

"It's all right, boys," he said cheerily. "I see dem. Now, steedy, and don't be excite," as he saw a quick flush coming to their faces. "Saprie! de work be not done yet."

Long and full as the strokes had been before, they now sensibly grew stronger. But the oarsmen did not dare turn, for fear they might miss their stroke. They must let old Jean serve them for eyes.

"Do you see her?" asked Steve, in a sharp, strained voice.

"Margot?" added Laurence.

"Oui, surement! she is dere. An' I see Lish an' Mac's Peter an' de two boys—no, one boy—no, dere's t'odder boy in de water, and Margot's helpin' him up. Saprie! now dey's all right. Steedy, don't be excite. De work be not done yet. Monjee! Margot is one girl, bien! I say it, me, Jean Laronde."

Ten minutes of strong, steady pulling, and then:

"Steedy, now, steedy! Port a leetle! dere—dere! now straight ahead! one, two, t'ree, stop, an' be ready to catch hold. Saprie! dat is good! bien! bien!"

An hour later they were all on shore in the little cove, an eighth of a mile away.

It was a week before Margot recovered from the strain and exhaustion, and a month before Steve was able to limp about with a cane. Laurence visited him every day, and grew to

have a sincere regard and admiration for the strong young man who was conquering adverse circumstances with such quiet determination. He learned that Steve's father had gone the common way of fishermen on the Banks, and that the care of a large family had thus fallen upon the young man's shoulders. But that Steve was equal to the emergency was evident from the fact that while providing liberally for his mother and the children, he was adding a little each year to a private fund of his own.

"Sometime—it may be a good many years ahead—" he told Laurence one day, in a mutual burst of confidence, "I intend to buy a vessel, not like any of these in the fleet, but a well-built and thoroughly equipped one, like those from the south, that is perfectly adapted for fishing. The people here are content to go out in the old way, with poor, ill-fitted boats that cost many lives and only yield the barest living. I have often tried to get them to join together and buy even a single good vessel, but they laugh at me. Our fishing is good, and we have a good harbor. When we are willing to adopt improved methods, I believe we can make not only a living, but a generous profit."

And every day Laurence saw Margot also; at first in her house, and then while she was fishing from the rocks or gathering shell-fish along the beach. And during the first few days there was mingled with his sympathy and admiration an undercurrent of curiosity to know if the reality equalled his dreams. But by the third day this thought was done away with forever.

It was his dreams that had never equalled the reality. Instead of being entirely unlettered, she had educated herself, in a measure, and was even familiar with many of his favorite authors; and her voice, although uncultivated, was as clear and sweet as the birds', or as the sea in its joyous moments, when it sang among the rocks. But it was the eyes through which her pure, strong soul appeared that had the greatest charm for him; and gazing into them, he forgot his mother and sisters, everything save what their unfathomable depths might hold for him.

One day, as they stood together on the headland, he turned to her with a sudden passionate appeal in his face.

"Margot," he began; then he stopped, for one of her hands went up in appealing expostulation.

"Don't say it," she urged, quickly. "I like you, and I don't want any—any difference to come between us. We've only known each other a few days."

"Months, Margot," he corrected, eagerly; "ever since I have been here. Every inhabitant of Reeftown has introduced you to me."

"I am sorry," looking at him with growing trouble in her eyes. "You are like the men I have read about, and I have been so glad to meet you. Why did you—you—"

"Why, Margot?"

"It cannot be," simply. "You were brought up in the world, and will go back to it. I belong to the sea, and love it as I could no other place. You could not be content here; I could not be content there. Besides," a soft flush creeping into her face, "I am to marry Steve sometime. It may not be for years, perhaps, but we are young and can wait. Steve has his family to care for, and sometime he wants to get a new vessel. When it is right, I shall go to him."

She turned and gazed out over the sea, from the horizon of which the rosy aureola of a perfect sunset was now radiating. His eyes followed hers, and presently the tremulous lines about his mouth grew firmer and stronger.

"Come, Margot," he said at last, simply, "let us go back."

Two weeks later there was a sorrowful leave-taking, for every one had grown to look upon Laurence as a personal friend. One of the sloops had been fitted up as strongly as possible, and Steve and Mac's Peter were to take him to St. Margaret's, where he would find a steamer.

The weather was clear and calm, and the trip uneventful. When he reached

St. Margaret's, Laurence drew Steve aside.

"I am going to send a lot of things to my friends at Reeftown," he said, "and I want you to go ashore and help purchase them, and then to take charge of them. But chiefly there is something I want you to help choose for yourself."

"No, nothing for me, thank you," returned Steve, hastily.

"Yes, for you," insisted Laurence. "Now, look here, Steve, you remember telling me about the vessel you are ambitious of possessing. Well, I want you to choose the best one we can find, without regard to price. Wait!" as he saw positive refusal on the other's face, "I am rich, Steve; richer perhaps than you can imagine. I suppose I could buy a hundred—a thousand such vessels as they have at Reeftown—and not be inconvenienced. Now you and I are friends, Steve, and if our positions were reversed, you know you would do as much for me. Can you not be strong enough to do as you would be done by?"

There was a momentary hesitation on Steve's face, then he held out his hand frankly.

"I will take it," he said, "but you must allow me to pay you back when I am able. And, Laurence," a great light coming into his face, "you don't know what this means to me."

"Yes, I think I do," was Laurence's only answer, spoken with an averted face.

WINTER

By Wm. Trant

To Life's winter, Nature's winters bring
  Memories of the past;
Summer friends, Autumn's fears, flowers of Spring,
  Are borne upon the blast.
And dreaming thus on days that were
  Too beautiful to last,
There softly fell upon mine ear
  A sound so quaintly sweet, so gently giv'n,
  'T seemed but an echo, echo fall'n from heav'n —
As though an angel had wing'd past,
And the sound that from her harp she cast
  Still haunted my retreat.
  And note by note its cadence sweet
Fell tenderly and silverly,
  Creating longings for it back again:
  But it died away and left a pain,
List'ning when the next would be.

THE IMPORTANT MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

By Alice L. Anderson

"WHAT is in that box?" Dorothy asked me, as she handed me my second cup of coffee after dinner.

Now when a man has an embarrassing confession to make, and has spent the entire dinner hour in considering by what means he may bring it about most gracefully and with least retributive consequences, to be asked a direct question bearing on the subject throws him on his beam ends, so to speak. To gain time, I assumed an expression of innocence, and asked musingly:

"What box?"

Dorothy began looking at me. I suppose I must be by nature exceedingly straightforward, for I have observed that my attempts at duplicity are invariably unsuccessful.

"That large box you brought home with you and left out in the barn," she answered circumstantially. And she continued looking at me.

The situation was too much for my nerve, and I was about to collapse into a mush of confession when I was struck by a brilliant idea. I composed my features into an expression of subtlety, and answered in my most seductive tones:

"That? Oh, that's a present for you."

Now Dorothy dearly loves to be surprised by little gifts out of season. I saw a rising beam of pleased anticipation in her eye, and I congratulated myself upon having dealt with a ticklish matter so tactfully. At this auspicious moment my politic plans were thrown into confusion by the sudden precipitation of the climax. Upon the air was borne a wailing sound expressive of hunger and homesickness and grief tumultuous, in a voice that was unmistakably canine. I studiously inspected the contents of my coffee-cup, but I was conscious of looking foolish and of being impaled upon a glance from Dorothy's eyes.

"Theodore Stead, you have not bought a dog!" she said declaratively.

"I'm sorry to contradict you, my dear; but the evidence seems to be against you," I answered, plunging, in my confusion, into what I felt to be a fatal flippancy.

Dorothy regarded my guilty countenance for one of those moments which are as long as hours. Then she arose and walked out to the barn, and I meekly followed. The dog was a St. Bernard pup, nine weeks old. He had an artless, engaging air, suggestive of spring violets and the little lambs of poetry, and such other innocent, infantile things, and as he thrust his soft, black nose between the slats of his box and wagged his tail in agitated appeal, my little wife's fortifications of prejudices and opposition went down with a rush. Seizing the slats of the box she shook them fiercely, and finding them fast, she cried imperatively:

"Theodore Stead, why don't you get him out of that horrid box instantly? Where's the hammer? Oh, you darling!" this last remark being addressed not to me, but to the pup, as she gently lifted him from his box and cuddled him in her lap, while I, divided equally between astonishment and gratification, could but look on and murmur in the words of the philosopher, "There's no doubt about it, women is curus."

I like a good dog. After we bought our little place in the suburbs I began to argue with Dorothy that a dog was one of the necessities of life, first, for protection,—our house is several rods from neighbors, and tramps are occasional visitors; second, for company,—we have no children, and I disliked to think of my wife alone all day while I

was away at the office; third, because a dog is a necessary adjunct to a country residence, an ornament to the lawn; and, to conclude, the right thing in the right place. To which Dorothy had replied specifically that, first, she wasn't timid, and, any way, a revolver was worth a dozen dogs for general reliability; second, she liked her own society and didn't want to bother with a dog; third, the ornament-adjunct idea, when denuded of its euphemistical disguises, meant simply that I wanted a dog, which, in short, was the sum and substance of my entire argument.

Rick—somehow we called him that at once, without question, for much the same reason, I suppose, that Adam called a cat a cat, because it looked like one,—Rick, having thus quietly wagged aside the obstructions that I had stumbled at, proceeded to wag his way still further into favor. A man may have supposed himself to be fairly happy, but he finds new reasons for his felicity when he becomes the owner of a dog. Man is too evolved. It makes him feel a little lonely and over-wrought at times; hence his pleasure in the unexacting companionship of the lower animals. There is something very restful about a dog, something very satisfying in the boundlessness of his affection. It gives a man a better opinion of himself to be held in such high esteem, even by a dog. Never, until Rick came, had I the pleasure of feeling that I was fully appreciated. Concerning Dorothy's sentiments I was still somewhat in doubt. Experience has taught me that it is not always safe to judge by outward appearances. I supposed I had obtained an inkling of her state of mind when I came upon her one day cuddling Rick in her lap and bestowing upon him all manner of sweet endearments, such as come so naturally to the lips of women; and I remarked incautiously:

"Oh, you don't like dogs! Nothing could induce you to have one!"

"Theodore," she replied with dignity, "have I not always said that the marriage relation requires of husband and wife an attempt to share each other's likes and dislikes, and to bear each other's trials?"

"Oh, yes, dear; certainly you've always said so," I hastened to reply; and I wish it set down to my credit that I refrained from placing any undue emphasis upon the verb. I have no reason to suppose that Dorothy's mind placed the emphasis there, and that she felt it her duty to punish me, but the next night at dinner she complained of feeling tired, and, when I commiseratingly inquired if she had been making calls, she answered:

"Oh, no; I have no time to make calls now. I have to stay at home and take care of the baby."

"I shouldn't think he'd need to take all your time," I said.

"Theodore," replied my wife, impressively, "you are a person of some intelligence, but you lack experience. You do not know what it is to be suddenly called upon to become father and mother, sisters and brothers, to an infant dog!"

"I suppose not," I answered, with becoming meekness.

"And that reminds me," she pursued, "I wish you would stop at Miss Barton's on your way to the office tomorrow, and tell her that I can't join her class in politics for women. I haven't time. I have to train the dog."

"Now, really, Dorothy," I began, in expostulatory accents. But Dorothy cut me short.

"I cannot endure an ill-bred dog," she said. "If a dog I must have, he must be a gentleman dog, and youth is the time for training."

"Never mind," I responded cheerfully. Of course he is something of a trouble now, but some time he will repay all your care. Look at that jaw. How he will chew tramps."

"He's begun the chewing performance already. Don't forget to buy yourself some new slippers tomorrow," my little helpmate replied.

My punishment ended here. Indeed, I have always been in doubt as to whether Dorothy really intended it as such, and I do not ask her, for, though I have had occasion to remark upon the

extreme sincerity of her character, I have reason to suppose that, upon such a subject as this, she would consider herself justified in using the truth with a certain frugality.

To those unfamiliar with the idiosyncrasies of infant dogs, each day's developments come to be anticipated with feelings of profound interest, not unmixed with apprehension. I will acknowledge that, in spite of my faith in Rick's future, certain incidents of his development seemed to me entirely uncalled for. For instance, he objected to music. I am very fond of singing, and though Dorothy does not compliment me on my voice, she enjoys playing my accompaniments, and we have been wont to pass many a pleasant hour in musical outpourings. But the first time that I sang in Rick's presence, he retreated into the corner, and, laying his head upon the arm of the sofa, he regarded me with a look of pained reproach mixed with affectionate solicitude. As I continued, his emotions increased in intensity, and at the moment when I, absorbed in my own enjoyment, was wandering ecstatically among the high notes, with upper G (which I never can reach) just ahead, he reached the end of his endurance, and broke forth into an anguished whimper culminating in an imperative yelp. Naturally, to pour out one's soul in song under such circumstances is not attended with so much satisfaction as might be desired, and I found myself reflecting upon the inevitable incompleteness of fortune's favors.

While I am recounting the list of Rick's peculiarities, I must not forget to mention his fondness for collections. Our hitherto immaculate lawn was now bestrewn with old shoes, bones, sticks, and other miscellaneous litter, such as the peculiar taste of the canine animal is wont to consider delectable. The strange thing about it was our equanimity under what we once would have felt to be a serious infliction. Dorothy quite outdid me here. I shall never forget the day when, not without some inward trepidation, I called her to the window and in tones of grave import bade her "Look!"

"What is it?" she asked, scanning the landscape for something to look at.

"Don't you see Rick digging a hole in your flower-bed?" I asked.

"Oh, is that all?" replied my adorable wife. "I thought it was something important. The dear! How he is enjoying it."

Such treatment as this is calculated to make a man reflect, and to patch up whatever worn places he may have allowed to remain in his own moral vestments. I began to wonder if I had not been a trifle inconsiderate in imposing upon Dorothy the task of bringing up a dog. Especially did my conscience prick me when I found her one day mending a pair of stockings belonging to our five-year-old neighbor, Tommy Aldrich.

"I've taken the contract," she explained to me composedly. "Tommy simply cannot keep still a moment, and those flying red legs are a constant temptation to Rick. This is the third pair of stockings that he has torn this week, and I don't blame Mrs. Aldrich for feeling a little tried. Rick enjoys playing with Tommy so much that I haven't the heart to forbid him; but I'm training him, and he'll do better by and by."

Dorothy was always great on discipline. The way she steered around that infant dog by a single motion of her finger was to me a wonder—and a warning. I thought her manner was sufficiently impressive, but she was brought up on the wisdom of Solomon and believes in corporal punishment. I saw her whip Rick one day. She held him by the collar and battered him over the head with her little white hand, and he, big dog that he was now becoming, lay down on his back and waved his paws at her in mild deprecation, and as soon as she was through, jumped up and kissed her face in token of his forgiveness. I have great faith in my wife's discipline.

Dorothy herself always insisted that Rick's training had begun ages ago; that he was the product of heredity,

and, falling into a philosophizing strain, that as far as her experience went, the race of dogs was at present superior to the race of men. I think she actually pitied me because I could not boast my descent from a long line of well-bred St. Bernard ancestors. I was sure of it when one day, pointing to Rick as he lay with his nose between his paws, controlling his inward anguish while he watched the cat, unforbidden, devour his dinner, she asked me with a slight accent of reprehension:

"Do you find such chivalry as that among the race of men? Is not, rather, the principle that 'might makes right' the law of man's habit toward woman?"

To which I responded succinctly:

"S—sick 'em!"

But my base design failed utterly. Rick knew better. He glanced anxiously toward Dorothy, and, reading prohibition in her gaze, he merely wagged his tail at me in token of his sympathy, and preserved his chivalric attitude.

This little incident induced in me some serious reflections. While I could find no foundation for the idea, either in history or in reason, I had a feeling that to require of a dog to manifest chivalry toward cats was such a straining of nature that some serious impairment of mental function might result. I detest effeminacy in either dogs or men. Moreover, although jealousy is utterly foreign to my nature, I began to feel sure that my wife had to some extent appropriated my share in Rick. I wanted a watch-dog, not a lap-dog. Rick was now attaining a magnificent size. His growth had been very rapid,—so rapid, in fact, that Dorothy, whose imagination is not less strong than her veracity, had remarked to me not long before:

"Rick rolled under the lounge today and went to sleep, and when he woke he had grown so much that he stuck, and I had to drag him out by the hind legs."

Such an animal as this, I thought, should begin to show signs of some more specific qualities than mere affectionateness and general intelligence; should manifest a spirit in accordance with his size. I longed to hear him growl, to see him show his teeth and drive some strange dog from our yard. I even deplored the unusual scarcity of tramps, who, I felt, should have been on hand to afford Rick an opportunity for exercising his hereditary office as watch-dog. In such a frame of mind, I one day suffered the intense mortification of seeing him turn tail and run before a diminutive pug, who ran out at him from a neighbor's yard, barking with great pretence of fury. My mortification speedily turned to resolve. I told myself that, while Dorothy's method of training was eminently well calculated to develop in a dog the softer virtues, chivalry toward cats, et cetera, it was quite evident that Rick's value as a watch-dog depended upon his being taken into tutelage by a stronger hand. Accordingly, one day while my wife was absent at church, I invited Rick into our room, and, pointing to the dog in the cheval glass, I earnestly adjured him to "sick 'im." My admonitions were at first without effect. It is difficult to develop the instinct of savagery in a dog when it has been persistently and with intention trained out of him. I went down on my hands and knees, and, by way of example, made a feint at the dog in the glass, at the same time bow-wowing fiercely. Rick at first gazed at me in astonishment, then, evidently coming to the conclusion that this was a new kind of a game, he threw himself upon me, and, big, clumsy fellow that he was, pushed me against the glass.

"Why, Theodore, what is the matter with your forehead?" Dorothy asked me when she came home.

"Oh, nothing, only a slight cut," I answered. "I'll order a new cheval glass for you tomorrow," I added, inconsequently.

"Why, mine is very satisfactory," she replied, opening her eyes upon my guilty and battered countenance.

"Oh!" she added, a moment later; and then sweetly:

"Thank you, Theodore."

If ever during my married life there has been a time when I failed to appreciate the magnanimity, the freedom from curiosity of my adorable wife, it was not, it was not at that moment.

My accident with the glass in no wise changed my determination to have a hand in Rick's training. I persuaded Dorothy that, in order to develop properly his watching instincts, it was necessary that he should sleep in the house, where there was something worth watching. My wife derided the idea and the plan together, but finally yielded to my persuasions. I spread a rug in one corner of the room, and establishing Rick thereupon, I sat down before him and explained to him at some length what was expected of him. I think he understood, for he looked intelligent and wagged his tail. I think Dorothy slept well that night. My own rest was much broken. To begin with, Rick snored outrageously. To go on, he woke several times during the night, and being seized with an access of affection, he rose from his rug and, crossing the room, laid his cold nose upon my face. Such an interruption of one's slumbers is, to say the least, disconcerting, and after I had got out of bed and led Rick back to his couch six or seven times, I began to feel that there was truth in Dorothy's assertion that there is labor involved in the training of a dog. She, however, slept through it all, though several times I thought I heard her laughing in her sleep. Dorothy had always a most remarkable sleeping capacity.

"How many burglars did Rick devour last night?" my tormentor asked me at breakfast.

I thought the question quite superfluous, and I intimated as much. It occurred to me, also, that Rick's wakefulness was a necessary qualification in a dog who was to act as the protector of a family, and I explained my idea to Dorothy.

"Yes, but supposing he doesn't happen to waken at the right time?" she answered.

"He will. All dogs wake at the slightest sound," I insisted.

My wife's disinclination to be convinced is often exceedingly trying, and sometimes provokes me into greater assumption of wisdom than my modesty would otherwise allow.

"Oblige me by not taking the trouble to lock up the silver any more," I said, with dignity. "It is totally unnecessary, for we are safe enough with the dog in the house."

My confidence in Rick's reliability led me to the conclusion that his immediate presence was not necessary to our safety. I decided that he might have his bed in the next room. Thence the music of his snores came modified by distance, and a chair laid across the doorway served to protect me from the overflow of his affection.

It was not long after this, that I woke suddenly in the night, as people will wake without apparent reason. As I lay, wearily wondering if I should be able to get asleep again before morning, a slight sound caused me to open my eyes, and, by the light of a street electric, I distinctly saw a man standing by the table, rifling my trousers pockets. For a moment I was dazed. Then I began to wonder where was Rick. But on the instant I was informed of his whereabouts by the sound of a peaceful snore in the next room. I suppose I stirred. The man turned and looked at me, then—he was the stillest burglar I ever saw—he glided down the stairs, and I heard the street door close behind him. Dorothy turned over and asked sleepily:

"What's that?"

"A burglar," I answered, succinctly.

"Well, we're safe enough with the dog in the house," she answered; and with that she went calmly off to sleep again.

When I told Dorothy in the morning, she declared that I had dreamed it, but the absence of my watch and of her ruby ring testified to my veracity. I acknowledge that I was much chagrined.

"We'll sell the dog if you like, Dorothy," I said. "I know he's a good deal of trouble to you, and he doesn't

seem to be of any use for what I wanted him for."

"Sell the dog!" she exclaimed reprehensively. "Theodore, I would as soon think of selling you."

If in this truthful narration I have at times appeared at a disadvantage, let me now redeem my character by evidence of my capacity for a magnanimous reserve. Not by a word, not by a look even, did I reveal a memory of past opposition or suggest the triumph of my own opinion. Instead, I embraced my Dorothy with a fervor which I did not explain, and as Rick, always on hand for a share in any display of affection, thrust his soft black nose between us, I patted his big head and exclaimed with unction:

"Bless the dog!"

A SUBURBAN EPISODE

By Arthur Chamberlain

MY neighbors in Summerview, I regret to say, think that they have a grievance against me.

"Smitherson," somebody says to me every once in a while, "why on earth do you permit a gang of gypsies to camp down on your grounds?" Or, "I say, Smitherson, that gypsy woman that you've had hanging about your house cleared out this morning with our week's washing and half a dozen spoons."

Just at present things have come to a crisis, as you may say; my latest gypsy made off with the minister's horse, and I have had a joint call of remonstrance from both deacons. Of course, my name heads the inevitable subscription list. So, as a matter of justice to my fellow-townsmen, the gypsies and myself, and having "a decent respect for the opinion of mankind," I submit the following explanation "to a candid world."

My wife had gone off on a little visit, so I invited Blayne to come out to Summerview to keep me company. Blayne is unmarried, bookish and shy; he draws and paints, has rather a pretty taste for wood-carving and a regular passion for curious, out of the way information—none of which things serve to fill his pocket-book, as he cheerfully admits. He writes a little, too; but I do that myself, and have not found it a high road to wealth.

We were humming along on the Suburban Express, stopping not oftener than once in five minutes, and I was giving Blayne my views on a particularly knotty problem; namely, whether or not, if your neighbors' hens make a practice of scratching up your early vegetables, you have a right to follow the poet's advice, and

"—fix a place for them to lay"

—appropriating the eggs, of course—when I noticed that he wore the restless air of a preoccupied listener. It is not my way to insist upon any topic, however vital, unless I feel that I am commanding the attention of my audience, so I lapsed into silence and the Summerview Sentinel. Two men just back of us carried on a gruff, growling conversation in what seemed to me a foreign language; but I gave little heed to them. When we left the cars at the Summerview station, they had already alighted, and Blayne seemed rather relieved that they didn't follow in our track. "Anything amiss?" I asked him, jerking my thumb in their direction.

"N—no; perhaps not; but I didn't quite fancy their conversation," he replied.

"Nonsense!" I said. "You city people are so overrun with rascals that

you've forgotten what it is to live in a place where it's quiet and orderly and you can leave your front door unlocked; no tramps to speak of, no robberies—ah! I tell you, Blayne, it's a pleasure to live away from all the crime and confusion of a great city!"

Blayne shied a pebble at a hen, said he didn't doubt it, and we went in to tea. Mary did very well for us, considering that Mrs. S. was away, and after taking a short smoke on the piazza, I rolled out the lawn-mower in quite a contented frame of mind.

"Come, come!" said Blayne. "I can't let you have all this fun to yourself, Smitherson!" and he took the mower and ran it across the lawn two or three times. Then he declared that the grass was too long for that sort of mowing and that the knives weren't half sharp enough, anyway; so he handed it back with a sigh of regret, leaned up against my pickled pear tree —the fruit doesn't ripen, but we beat Summerview on that pickle—and smoked another of my best cigars. It grew pretty dusky; I seemed to hear the hoot of an owl in the distance, and Blayne, who is good at that sort of thing, mimicked it to perfection. I knocked off work, and we went in, saying that it was just the chance to talk over old times, but we didn't seem to remember the same events or the same people—Blayne had forgotten all about that thrashing I gave Ned Jakes and I didn't recall his early devotion to Jennie Kitterton—so we were yawning in each others' faces by nine o'clock, and Blayne declared that it was time to turn in. I went to his door after undressing, to make sure that he was all right, and laughed to myself to find it locked. Burglars, indeed! Then I went to bed.

"Well, old man!" I said the next morning. "Counted the spoons? Like to have me put an electric burglar alarm on the house?"—for everything was as serene as the summer morning outside. Blayne grinned good-naturedly. "That's all right!" he answered. "What was that story that you were telling me just now?" he said to Mary, who appeared with the hot biscuits and coffee.

"There was burglars at the Hebbards's last night; so their girl was tellin' me," replied Mary. "They took Mr. Hebbard's watch and the bills out of his pantaloons pocket, and the spoons and forks out of the silver-basket in the upstairs closet, and made an awful mess, eatin' in the pantry. Half the town's up there, now, an' all the p'lice."

Blayne was very nice about it, but somehow that breakfast didn't seem to agree with me. I had meant to take a day off, anyway, and we spent a good part of it in tinkering the locks and window catches and putting on some extra fastenings. We strolled by the Hebbards' in the afternoon—there was a tacit agreement that we shouldn't call—and saw two-thirds of Summerview's police standing on guard, while the other third, who had been detailed to patrol our part of the town, seemed to feel lonely and aggrieved. But, as he said, "You've got to obey orders, or throw up the job."

Pretty soon an olive-skinned girl came into sight. She had some baskets on her arm, and stepped furtively, like a cat watching for a mouse. "Hullo!" I said, "there's a gypsy."

Blayne quickened his pace and they met a little ahead of me, but I heard him say something that sounded like: *"Sar's'an, miri pen! Rokassa tu Romany?"* I didn't catch her answer, but the girl's eyes widened a trifle, and Blayne went on with the queer lingo, the girl standing quietly, save for her eyes, which twinkled and sparkled in an uncanny contrast to her rather heavy face. When he finished, she went by us quietly enough, but when I turned to look after her she had disappeared.

"What sort of language do you call that?" I said to Blayne. "Romany, my boy—gypsy!" he answered. "Goes way back to Sanscrit for some of its roots and favors modern Persian. It's very corrupt, though, nowadays. You see"—and he gave me a long and moderately interesting account of gypsy

talk, and *argot*—that's thieves' slang—and other singular tongues of the underworld.

"We'll stand watch and watch tonight, if you think we'd better," I said to Blayne as nine o'clock came around.

"'Watch and watch'? Oh, no; needn't do that. You go to bed; I'll sit here and smoke my pipe a bit."

Well, I'd only made the suggestion as a sort of apology for my incredulity as to burglars; so I went off, glad enough, and left him smoking.

I suppose that I must have fallen asleep, for I seemed to see Blayne and the gypsy girl getting married, with the third policeman acting as minister, —and somehow it all seemed natural enough, too,—when I suddenly discovered that I was in bed and that a man was bending over me.

Now, I am no fighter, but that is no reason for a man's not being collected in an emergency. Besides, I had planned long ago just what I should say to a midnight intruder: "All the money in the house is in the tin trunk in the closet, save what is in my pocketbook. The key to the trunk is in my trousers' pocket. All the solid silver is in the dining room." I flattered myself that the burglar would appreciate my frankness and let me alone. This was my opportunity, so I started in, and—would you believe it?—I couldn't make a sound! Something rose in my throat and choked me, and my mouth dried up. "Don't get rattled, old man," said a familiar voice. "'Tisn't a burglar. You know *me!*" It was Blayne.

"Steady! Steady!" he went on, seeing that I was about to speak. "Get up—quietly—and dress yourself. The burglars, three of 'em, are down stairs. One of them went through my pockets, but I played 'possum; I guess he's been in here, for I don't see your watch anywhere."

Perhaps you think that we took a revolver apiece, went down stairs, shot one burglar and held up the other two until our girl, Mary, hunted up the police. That is the conventional thing to do, I believe, but we didn't do it. To begin with, we didn't have the revolvers; a cane in the hat-rack was our most formidable weapon, and *that* was down stairs! It seemed as though I should never get into my clothes, and my suspender buckles rattled in a way to make your hair stand on end. Blayne closed the door gingerly, locked it, and slipped a wire fastener over the key. "If they try up here again that'll give us a little more time to skip," he said.

"Why not skip now—that is, I mean, rouse the neighbors?" I whispered.

Blayne shook his head. It's a long-ish jump from the window; I'd rather not take it unless I must."

"Can't you call across to 'em?" I suggested.

"You may try it if you like," he answered. "But it makes a burglar ugly to have his job spoiled that way, and sometimes he leaves a bullet in you as a gentle hint not to interfere with his business; for it *is* his business, don't you see?"

I didn't see, and I was disappointed in Blayne; I thought he had more pluck.

"Besides," he continued, "one of the chaps is outside, and he has this window right in range."

I seated myself out of the line of the open window—a draft of night air is bad for a man, anyway—and awaited developments. It was so grimly quiet! Just a bit of a rattle now and then, as of metal striking upon metal. I heard once more that long-drawn hoot—strange that I'd never noticed that there were owls about the place!—then a second time, and a third. Blayne answered it, too; was he losing his wits? "I wouldn't do that!" I whispered. Blayne said nothing; he simply beckoned to me. He had a confident air about him, like a general who is certain of victory. I felt that the time for action had arrived, so I stepped firmly but lightly across the room towards the window. Looking over Blayne's shoulder I saw a man leap soundlessly from the shadow of the fence, bringing up just in the rear of

the burglar on guard. Another man seemed to rise out of the ground at the burglar's feet. The man in front struck the burglar a knock-out blow in the pit of the stomach just as the rear man pinioned the burglar's arms, and between them they bound and gagged their victim most expeditiously. A little quiver seemed to run through the shadow by the fence and the dark places under the trees, and then the yard filled silently with what looked to be a set of the most abandoned rogues and vagabonds that ever escaped hanging. I felt my knees giving way beneath me. This was worse than burglars! "It's a mob!" I murmured in Blayne's ear. "We shall all be murdered!"

"Don't you fret, my boy!" he answered. "I'm playing this game now, and I'm playing it to win!"

He stepped squarely up to the window and raised his hand commandingly. A low murmur rose from the crowd below: "*Sarishan, ryor!*"

Romany—Gypsy! I recalled Blayne's little lecture on Gypsydom, and I began to understand matters. This shy student had studied the gypsy speech to some purpose; he had become a mighty man among them—a Macgregor—and the clan rallied at his call.

"Come on, Smitherson," Blayne remarked, turning to me. "We'll go down now; and, by the way, you'd better do the polite to these Romanichals."

The gypsies had not only bound the burglars; they had blindfolded them as well—a delicate hint that future recognition was unnecessary and even undesirable. We regaled the gypsies on bread and cheese and root beer. I coaxed Mary down to help wait on them—she seemed a little upset at first, but she had great confidence in my protection. They drank her health with all the honors, and she deserved it. Mary is a treasure.

We kept up the festivities until nearly daybreak. I found that Romany talk was at a premium even among the gypsies; and I reckoned that with a hundred words one might make quite an impression. Blayne stood in the doorway as the gypsies filed out and melted away into the night.

"Farewell, farewell!" I heard him murmur. "Go your ways, O. Romanichals, Lords of the Fields, brothers of the *kaulo ratti!* Would that I might follow you far and wide! Glad would I be if I might sit in the Romany *tan* and hear your hearty greeting: '*Sarishan! Sarishan! O boro Romany Rye!*'"

Just how Blayne managed things with the police I don't know. At all events, they removed the burglars. "Smitherson," said Ned Jakes the other day—Jakes never bore me any malice for that thrashing, I will say that for him—"Smitherson, what can you find to like about Blayne? Of all the narrow, unenterprising, fuddy-duddies he takes the cake! Doesn't seem to be an ounce of red blood in him!"

But I held my tongue about Blayne, and began to talk politics. I judged there were some things that Jakes couldn't understand.

Being driven to the "runs"

Photographs in this article by J. W. Taylor, Chicago

THE CHICAGO STOCK-YARDS

By Edmund Sebastian Hoch

IT has been stated by an eminent student of civilization that the tastes, habits and character of a people are indicated by the class of domestic animals they breed, and that a nation's advance or decline in civilization can readily be traced to the improvement or degeneration of animals kept for labor or pleasure, or raised to supply food and raiment.

That America's breed of domestic animals, especially those raised for food purposes, has advanced with Amercian civilization is very patent, not only from actual record and comparison, but in the prominent and easily understandable fact that today America furnishes, virtually, the meat food of the world. It has not been long since twenty-eight of America's fine breeding cattle sold in London for $5,850; and the average price of beeves exported from this country in 1894 was $93.14.

So that, in the face of these facts, it is evident that we who live within these beautiful and healthful shores need have no fear but that we are drawing on the very best of the world's supply for our flesh food as far as the quality and supremacy of it in the original, living state is concerned. That we are also favored with the advantage and benefit of the most perfect, safe, and complete method of preparing the flesh of these animals for food of any in operation is also a fact, acknowledged and famous, and it is the interesting, wonderful and admirable details of this system that it is the hope of this article to portray.

These great abattoirs (or stock yards, as they are more commonly called) were established in 1865. Up to

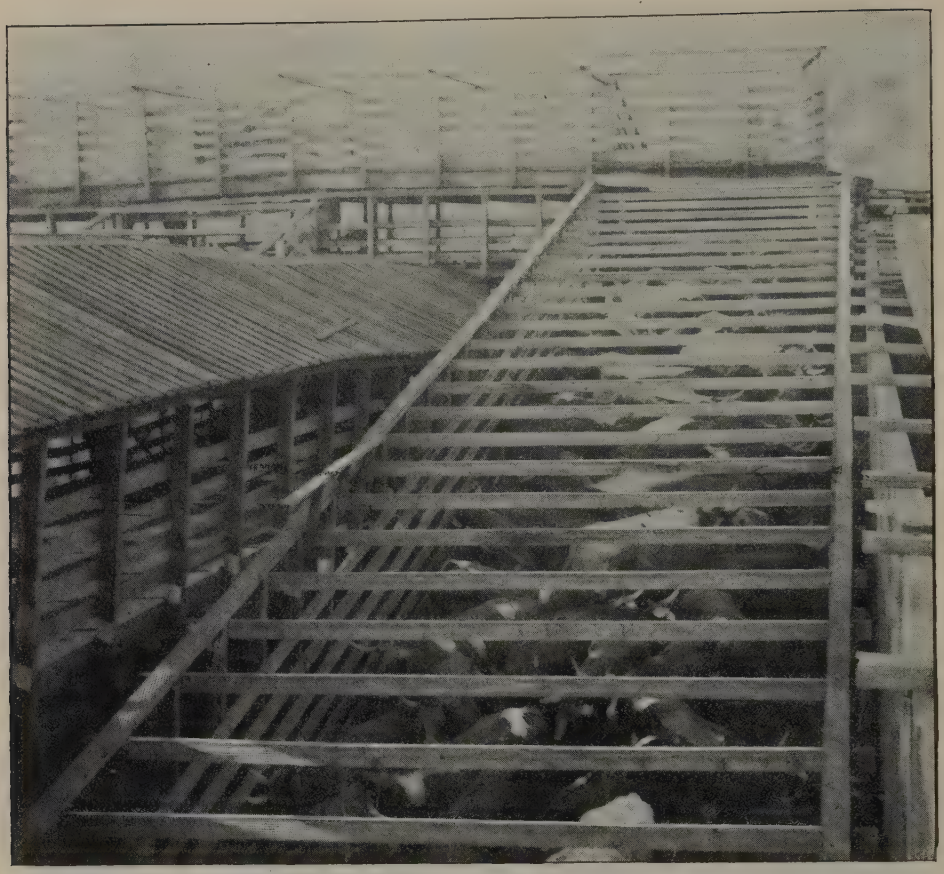
A corner section view of the Yards

The "Mascot" of the Yards

that time the killing and packing business in Chicago had been considerable, but gave no passing promise of the immense industry that was to follow. Cincinnati had held the precedence up to then, or, to be more literal, until three or four years previous, as the supremacy really went to Chicago in 1861-62. It was in view of this increasing business that the railroads entering the latter city got together and established the stock yards. For this purpose they purchased a tract of 320 acres of marsh land, then at the southwestern extremity of the city in the town of Lake, on one hundred and twenty acres of which they erected cattle pens. This tract of land now is not very far from the geographical centre of the city, although it is sufficiently far removed from the real business centre not to create annoyance or inconvenience.

Today the sea of stalls that stretches out within the limits of the yards covers

The Great Union Stock-Yards at Chicago. Exchange Building in foreground, and the Yards stretching away in the distance



Cattle in the "run" on their way to slaughter

almost 450 acres, and the demand is constantly for an increase of area.

These stalls and yards form a complete city. The streets and alleys are laid out regularly and systematically, crossing each other at right angles and dividing the whole area into districts and sections and wards, like city wards, where the different styles of animals are kept. In the centre of the yards is the "Exchange," a plain, low, brick building of three stories, with wings, where the officials sit, and where are also the branch offices of the commission merchants, who have their main offices in the city. Standing about all over the wide stretch of "runs" and pens are the slaughter houses of the great packing concerns, together with the embarking and debarking and transfer sheds for the stock, and the long platforms for the unloading of trains. There is a complete railway station at one end of the yards, supplied with all the facilities necessary for freight and passenger traffic. Each railroad entering Chicago is connected with this station, as it is also with the yards, over five hundred miles of extra track having been built by the different lines for this purpose. The roads do not run their trains directly into the yards, however, but connect with a terminal system of railways controlled and operated by the stock yards company. This terminal system takes charge of all cars of stock and delivers them in place within its limits.

Each outside road is provided with a special delivery platform of 1,000 feet

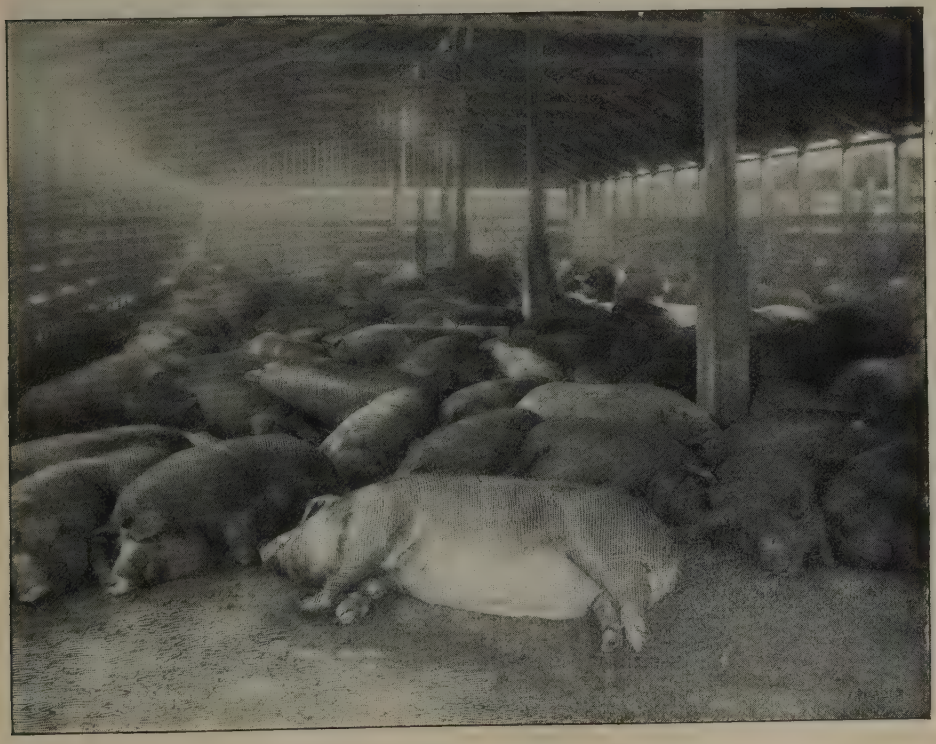
within the yard for unloading purposes. To these platforms the terminal engines of the stock yards company bring all the cars delivered to them by the different lines entering the city. One hundred and fifty miles of track are necessary to be stretched throughout the yards for this interior switching.

In connection with the railroad system there has also been built a canal for drainage and shipping purposes. This canal connects the south branch of the Chicago river with the yards, and is of sufficient depth and width to admit the largest vessels that go on the lakes. Here the live-stock cargoes are received and shipped for and from the lake region and the necessity for special handling and transfer of this immense business obviated.

The capacity of the stock yards is 160,000 head of stock per day. That is, 20,000 cattle, 15,000 sheep and 125,000 hogs. Four thousand cattle pens and two thousand hog and sheep pens are necessary to be kept in constant repair. In the beginning only 2,200 pens in all were required.

The water for the yards is supplied by six great artesian wells sunk to an average depth of twelve hundred feet and with an average capacity of six hundred thousand gallons of water a day. This water is only used for the stock, as its peculiar mineral qualities prevent it from being used for mechanical purposes. Some of the wells contain sulphur, some oxide of iron. All have the qualities that are pronounced by veterinary experts as the most conducive to the health of the animals while in pens.

The outlay on this immense establishment is necessarily enormous. What really was expended to bring it to its present proportions and state of perfection can hardly be accurately ascertained, but as it stands today it represents an investment of at least over $5,000,000. From one hundred to three



Hogs in resting and cooling pens, preparatory to the killing

In the Boning-room. This is one of hundreds of the same kind

hundred thousand dollars per year are spent in improvements and repairs. This only covers the property and expenditure of the stock yards company itself. The value of the plants of the private corporations on the grounds is not less than $12,000,000. And the total capital otherwise invested in their business is equal to at least that much more.

In and about the yards over 25,000 men find employment. The stock yards company of itself employs over a thousand hands, while the two hundred

Near the entrance of the yards stands a large hotel, known as the Transit House, for the accommodation of stock-yards men and stockmen generally, which completes the equipment of the establishment as a city.

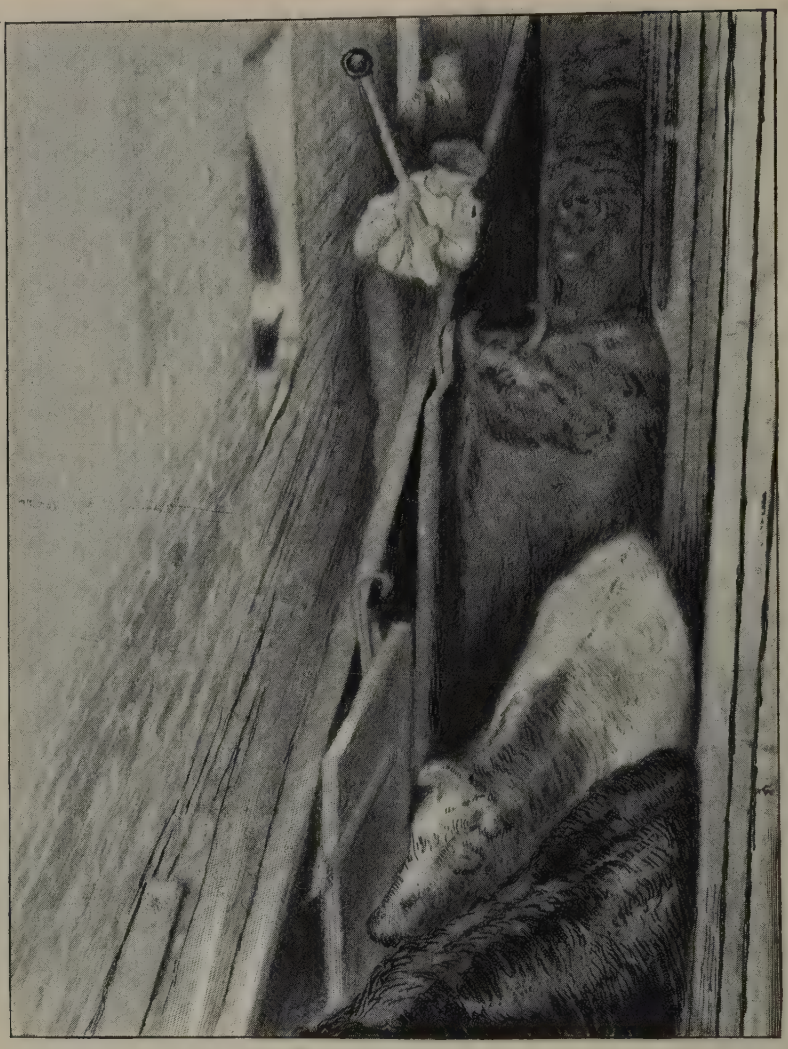
To this great animal caravansary comes a large portion of the stock that is slaughtered in the whole western country. From it the world draws a chief portion of its supply of strength and life. The farmers and stock raisers and buyers all over the West and over a great part of the South get their

Sheep in the "run" ready to be driven to slaughter

or more commission firms doing business there employ 1500 more. The rest of the list is made up by the thousands of employees of the great packing establishments doing business within its limits. About one hundred of these are established. The sum of $20,000,000 is paid out in wages annually, and as high as $150,000,000 worth of meat products have been turned out in a year.

In 1869 a bank was established in the stock yards. It is there now and prospering, and a post-office and printing establishment are running alongside of it.

animal crop together and consign it to the Chicago stock yards. Each cow, bull, hog, or lamb is taken up by the railroad companies, or each car load of them, at their little station stock pens out through the grazing and agricultural districts, and rolled over the rails, rolled over and up until train loads of them have been accumulated, when they all line up at this great maelstrom at the end. Here, into great rectangular pits and stretches of alleys and pens and sheds, the animals are unloaded and ushered, in one great mass and jumble, bleating, howling, squealing, train loads



The Executioner at work

at a time,—in a moment; and shortly after this the work of transition is begun.

This work does not require long. First the great hordes, car-weary and crowded and way-worn, are watered, then weighed and sold, then given over to the slaughterer. The most of them have been consigned for sale at the yards on commission, and the cries of the buyers and sellers soon begin. Arriving at night, as the most of the stock does, this turmoil is confined principally to the morning. It begins early and lasts late, however, as from 5 A. M. to 3 P. M. the rush and excitement continues unabated. During this interval a busier place than the sale pens of the stock yards would be hard to find. Buyers and sellers get together in one great throng, crying and shouting, voicing their demands and their bids, wrangling and lurching for supremacy, much resembling the excited crowds of wheat and stock brokers, wild in the throes of a sensational pit scramble.

After the selling is done the classifying is effected. Each animal is ex-

amined, and all unsound or bruised are set aside to be paid for at reduced rates. Then all are hurried on the great scales —of fifty tons resisting capacity—and weighed, after which each seller is given an official slip certifying to the weight of his particular animals, the purchaser meantime driving his stock off to the slaughter house.

Here the work is brief and speedy, the utmost skill of hand mechanism applied, and the most effective results obtained.

The hogs are drawn on elevated roadways to pens adjoining the place of slaughter. They cool here from three to twenty-four hours and are examined by Government, State and city inspectors who ascertain whether they are sound and fit to be killed for food. After this they are arranged in line for slaughter, caught up by the hind leg with a ring and chains and suspended in the air from two parallel rails. Along these rails they glide, on an inclined plane, by means of a revolving wheel. They are met by the butcher a short distance away, who kills them by a single thrust in the throat of his short, sharp knife.

Gliding on, their movement not retarded nor disturbed by the butcher's thrust, the blood dripping from their throats, and passing into a special reservoir provided, they soon come to a huge vat filled with steam, in which they are plunged and immersed. Raised from this after a few moments by a

Removing the Heads

large iron gate which works automatically, they are placed upon a table, where a ring attached to an endless chain is inserted in their noses, which draws them through a machine called a scraping machine. This machine, preceded by the steam scalding in the vat, removes the hair, every portion of the animal's body being brought into contact with its keen blades, by means of revolving cylinders. After this a heavy stream of water is poured upon the carcasses from a rubber hose.

At this point another careful examination is made of each hog and every portion of it by the inspectors and health authorities.

The head, then, is almost severed and the gambrels exposed, by means of which latter the carcass is again attached to the rails, disembowelled and dressed and the leaf lard extracted. Another slide is made down the rails then to another table, where the head is completely severed and the tongue removed. At the next table the hog is split in two. Then the two separated sides are sent on down the rails into the hanging room, where they are kept at low temperature for twenty-four hours. This done, they are run along the rails once more to the cutting room, where they are cleaned up into the variety of hog meats we hear of about the meat and grocer shops.

The portions that are not sent to the retail butchers in the fresh state, and indeed this is by far the greater portion, are sent by chutes to the curing cellars, where they lie in salt or sweet pickle for sixty days. This is where "short ribs" are made; also hams, shoulders, and breakfast bacon, the former by the dry salt process, the latter three through the sweet pickling.

After the pickling comes the smoking, which takes up from twenty-four to forty-eight hours.

The cellars in which this salting and pickling is done are immense subterranean caverns from which the light of day is rigidly excluded. They cover acres, and on all sides are piled high, in the intense cold, the briny semblance of what a few days previous were walking hogs.

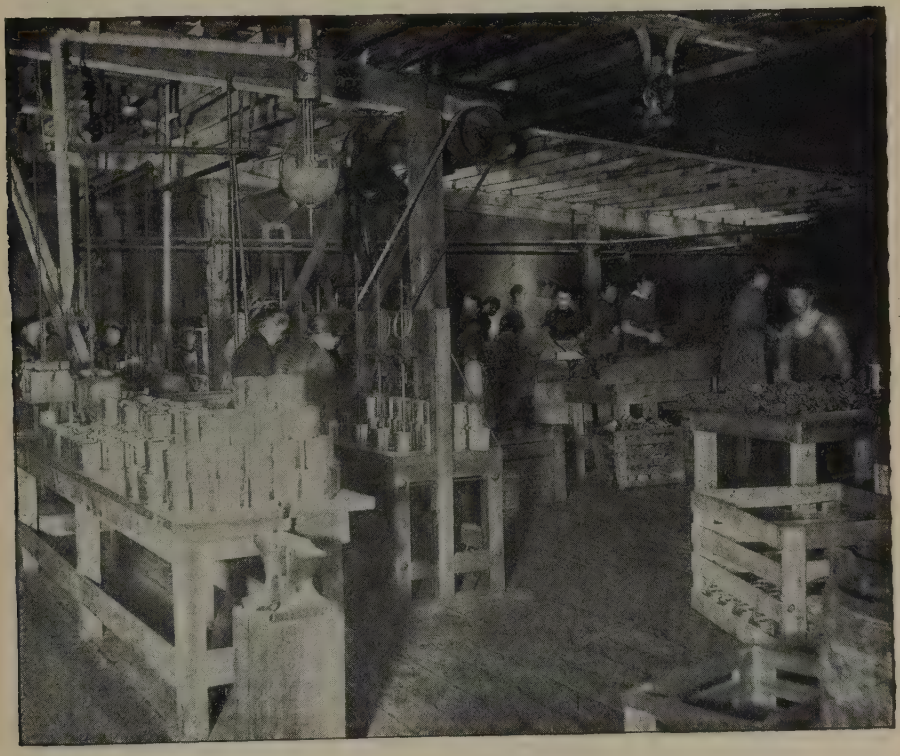
After the cellar duration the meat is stored in warehouses, where after remaining for a few days it is ready for disposition to the consumers.

The process of slaughtering cattle is somewhat different from that of slaughtering hogs.

The cattle are always allowed a day to cool. Then they are driven into short, narrow stalls, divided by falling doors, each stall just large enough to hold two animals. These stalls are arranged in long rows or lines, above and along which runs a footway on which walks the executioner. The work is done here with a sledge hammer. After the animal is felled, a chain is attached to its horns, by which it is drawn into the beef house and bled. In some of the establishments the stalls are so arranged as to have their sides towards the slaughtering rooms lift up by pulleys, the floor then tipping the carcass out. This does away with considerable lifting strain and is considered an improved arrangement.

After this a rope is put around the steer's leg and it is raised by means of pulleys and hitched to a travelling pulley which runs on ceiling rails. The "sticker" then steps up, with a long, narrow knife, and seizing the protruding foreleg, presses it back against the breast, and inserts his knife in the throat, cutting the jugular vein. This does the blood-letting, after which the carcass is passed on down the rails until it meets the "herder," who, with several well-directed hits and slashes, severs the head from the body. This latter is then picked up and thrown down a shaft into a room below, where the tongue and the cheek meat are removed and the rest sent away to the glue factory and fertilizing department. Meantime, the carcass is moving on down the rails on the pulley to what we know as the butchering beds. Arrived there, the butcher takes it down and begins to cut it up. These butchering beds are made of large iron plates set into the floor about two feet apart and perforated with small round holes. The holes are

for spikes or clamps which hold the animal's legs down, so the butcher may work more freely. The "foot skinners" do their work first. They lay back the hide from the legs of the first animal in the row that has accumulated, and then pass on to the next, and then to the next. Then come the "leg breakers," who cut off the legs at the first joint and throw them to one side. The "ripper open" follows, who is succeeded by known by butchers as a "black eye," and which detracts much from the appearance of the beef. The foreman inspects the hides and carcasses carefully after each slaughter, and he is so expert that when he finds any false cuts he can tell just who did it. If a "floorsman" cuts two hides in one day his name is posted on a bulletin board and he is held up to the ridicule of his fellow-workmen.



The Canning-room

the "caul puller," who removes the great sheet of caul fat which covers the entrails. The "floorsmen" then come and begin to skin the carcass. This work requires great skill. The "fell" between the hide and the flesh is all that may be cut; neither of the latter, hide nor flesh, must be touched, and to keep from doing this and still skin the animal is a difficult operation. If the hide is cut it depreciates its value, and if the flesh is cut a scar is left, which is

When the hide has been removed as far down as the back, the carcass is again suspended by means of a pulley and gambrel stick. The upper quarters are scrubbed off with hot water as this is being done, and the hide fully removed and the fell beaten down and removed. The entrails are then taken out and sent down into the intestines room in a chute. The "backbone splitter" steps up now and very skilfully cuts the carcass down the centre. Af-

ter the two halves swing apart they are pushed along the rails into the cooling room, where they are kept for a week or two to cure. It is here that the purchasers for the city markets find them. The beef that is intended for shipment is sent to another room and prepared for the cars.

All this work of converting the living animal into its halved and pendent shape and condition in the cooling room requires just eight minutes.

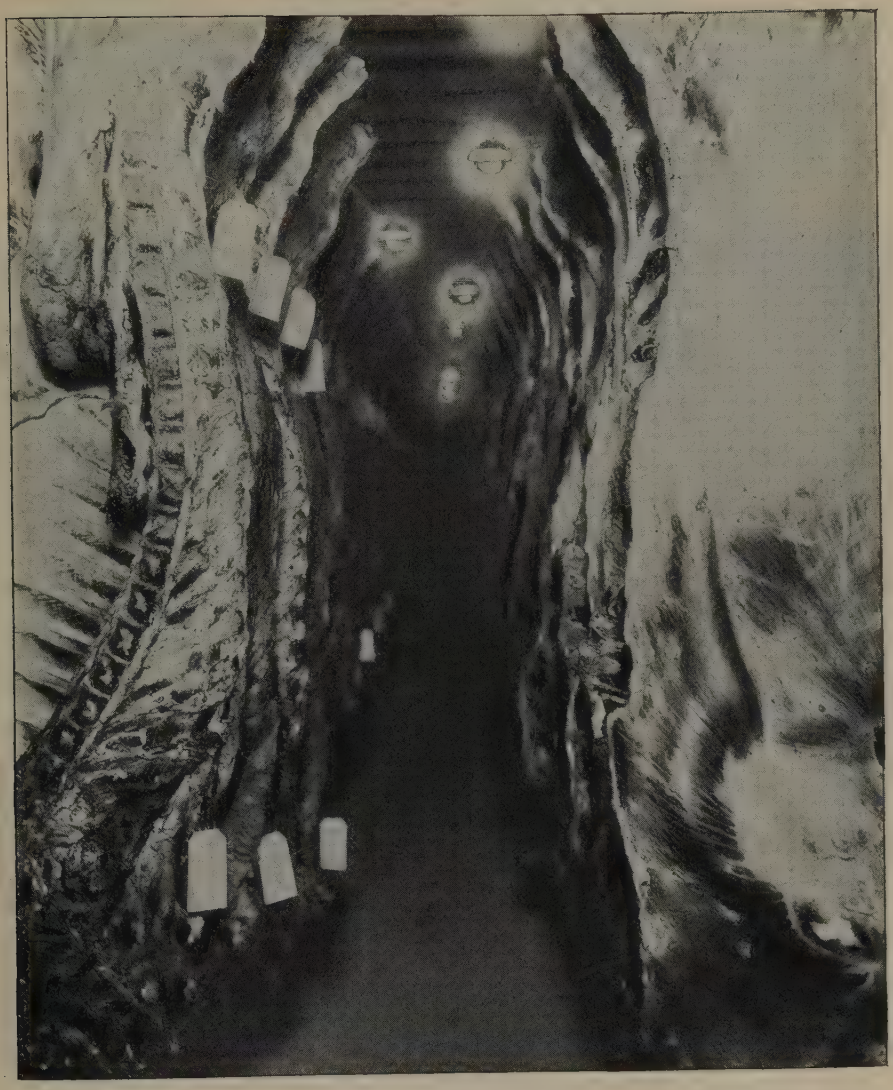
The slaughtering of sheep is more simple. The beginning is very much like that of hogs. The sheep are stuck in the neck and bled. Sometimes they are struck on the head like cattle and bled afterwards. The treatment later, the quartering, etc., is something like that applied to cattle, except that the sheep are not halved, being sent to market, skinned and dressed, in their entire state.

During the entire time that this work of slaughtering is going on the inspectors remain about. There are scores of them scattered throughout the different large establishments on the grounds, and they are always in evidence. The Government inspectors are there, the State inspectors, the inspectors from the city health department, and the slaughter-house inspectors employed by the different concerns to look after their own interests. The duty of these inspectors is a very tedious and responsible one. On them depends the health of the nation and, in a manner, of the world. They have to be most careful and assiduous, and they are. Each animal goes through a most rigid examination at their hands, and is never permitted to pass to the cooling room unless in perfect condition. A number of examinations are held. In fact, beginning with those had before death is administered, the animal goes through at least half a dozen inspections.

THE ECONOMY OF THE INDUSTRY.

So fine has this work of slaughtering and curing been gotten down that absolutely no waste whatever is suffered. Every portion of the killed animal is used. The bones, knuckle bones, skull bones, jaw bones, etc., are used by bone burners and by bone grinders. The teeth are used in the same way. The blood and tankage refuse is used in fertilizers. The gall, for medical purposes. The gall bag and bladder, by putty manufacturers and for snuff packing. The brain is used for food. Hoofs are used as a high-class lubricator for the manufacture of leathers. Tallow, for its many purposes. Tallow stearine used by soap makers, tanners, etc. Oleomargarine fats, in making oleomargarine. Oleo stearine, by lard refiners to give lard a body. Heart, by sausage makers and also by tanners in finishing the face of the leather. Lips, cheeks and lights, by sausage makers. Tripe, honeycombed for food, also used plain. Middles, bladder skins and other internal skins, for sausage coverings—latter used by gold beaters. Weasand dried, by brewers, sausage makers and snuff manufacturers. Hips, horns and shoulder bones made into hair pins, for ladies' combs, buttons, etc. Flat shins, employed by bone cutters in all sorts of fancy bone work. Thigh bones, used for extra fine bone work, such as tooth brush handles. Blade bones, for making knife handles, etc. Tongue, disposed of green, or pickled or canned or cooked. Glue water, which is produced from cooking bones, is saved, as is also stock resulting from condensing the water from tankage presses, and both are used as ammoniate fertilizers. The clean, hard bones, such as jaw bones, skull bones, knuckle bones, as mentioned above, are also calcined and used by baking powder manufacturers. Anhydrous ammonia is also drawn from them, which is used in artificial ice manufacture.

Glue is manufactured on a large scale from the different glutinous substances obtained in the slaughter, and a desirable quality of pepsin is being secured from the stomachs of the different animals. The hides are prepared in such a way as to be exactly ready for the tannery, and to draw the highest prices as a result. Even the wool of the slaughtered sheep is drawn and put to advan-



Sides Suspended in Cooling-room

tage. Formerly the entire pelts were sold to the tanner, now the wool is separated from the hide by an improved pulling process, washed, dried and packed in bales and sold directly to cloth manufacturers, the skins alone being disposed of to the tanners. The improved process of hog scraping by machinery saves the bristles, which are converted into brushes, shoemakers' needles, etc., and made to bring good returns. Not a part or particle of the animal is wasted. All is utilized and in some way made to bring profitable return.

So it may be seen that the art of slaughtering is a fine art, if not a science.

The real meats obtained from the animals are prepared in a thousand different ways—fresh, corned, dried, smoked, pickled; in beef extracts and beef tonics; coarse cuts and fine cuts, and in intermediate cuts, and a hundred other ways known to the expert housekeeper and the trade.

The beef that is shipped is provided with special commodious and perfectly adapted cars for that purpose. The great beef or pork sides are treated in transit just as if they were hanging up in a cooling room. They are suspended on hooks and surrounded by zinc-encased deposits of ice, and made absolutely safe to their journey's end. The great Chicago concerns engaged in the business have thousands of these cars, and they traverse the continent hundreds of times during the year.

The slaughtering and packing industry as described here of Chicago is a pretty fair index of the industry in the West. Chicago's output represents about one-third of the meat-providing business carried on west of the Alleghanies. The packing of the West in 1895 was, altogether, 16,003,645 animals. That of Chicago, 5,293,202. This was greater than any previous year except 1891, which showed a packing total for the West of 17,713,134, and of Chicago, 6,071,659. The other prominent points where the meat industry is carried on are Cincinnati, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Louisville, Indianapolis, Kansas City and Omaha. Of these Kansas City is first, next to Chicago, Omaha next, St. Louis next, and Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Milwaukee and Louisville in the order mentioned. All these cities are equipped with the latest patent processes for killing and curing animals, and turn out vast amounts of meats annually.

"For a Stock-Yard Medallion"

THE approach of the mid-winter season brings with it the conviction that Dame Fashion, in her demands of what shall be considered a la mode, is as capricious as ever. No abatement in the endless exactions of "the passing show" is either forthcoming or expected. The eternal watchword of style is "change," and when the command for a change goes forth it must be obeyed. Today we are apt to consider that woman the happiest who can respond without parley or parlance to each successive command, whatever its nature or its demands may be.

This year, fortunately, the change in the fashions is not so pronounced but what a last year's gown may be furbished up at comparatively little expense, and a somewhat shabby toilet be transformed into a thing of beauty. Skirts are considerably narrower, but the general effect is the same. There must be the faultless fit about the hips, with fulness massed at the back and a moderate flare at the foot. A breadth could easily be spared out of last winter's voluminous skirt, to be used in the remodelling of a waist which may be worn. Sleeves have shrunk decidedly, and it is an easy matter to remodel the immense mutton legs, making them over with a long, wrinkled forearm, the reduced puff being pushed well up to the top. It is wise not to go too far in adopting the small sleeves, for, despite the assurances of the extremists, it is doubtful if the average woman will ever go back to the unbecoming, uncomfortable, tight-fitting sleeves. The tendency is toward moderate designs, and there are many picturesque effects that are a most satisfactory compromise between the exaggerated balloon and the tight coat sleeve.

As might well be expected, the most fetching effects are, as usual, obtained in evening gowns. As these are all-important just at present, in view of the approaching season, it is interesting to note that the latest "mot" from Paris is that they are to be severely simple. Taffetas, moires, corded silks, and satins in pale primrose tints, rose tones, silver and blue, are prominently displayed. Pink and gray is a favorite combination. Black lace over white is being made up extensively. A beautiful dress just completed for one of the first

Miss Olga Nethersole

Gown consisting of skirt and waist of brown figured armure, and cape of brown velvet lined with sable

functions of the season is of pale yellow satin, veiled as to both skirt and bodice, with tulle. A thick ruche of Russian violets catch the draperies here and there. The bodice is strikingly effective, with its narrow puffings of tulle, from decolletage to waist, while the sleeves are loose puffs of tulle, in which violet clusters nestle. A gown of quite pronounced Louis XVI. style is of flowered taffeta, in white and rose color. It is made with a tablier front of creamy lace ruffles, and has a stomacher front, long and pointed, of taffeta and lace, with a tiny ruche at the neck. Many are made in princess shape, and in spite of prophecies to the contrary, most of the skirts remain untrimmed or are simply edged with narrow ruffles.

Other evening toilets are almost entirely of velvet, fur-trimmed and rich with lace and jewels. Champagne is the newest color in lace, and a dirty-looking tint it is, but, after all, fashionable. The princess shape is very much in evidence, as are trains, although hardly a gown has elbow sleeves. The mass of trimming lavished upon the wrists of the

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Miss Anna Held

Skirt of black watered silk, waist with jacket fronts and puff sleeves of pink brocaded taffeta, and full vest and under sleeves of pink plaited mousseline de soie.

long sleeves is too fascinating for lovely woman to resist.

A princess gown of pink moire antique, recently seen as just imported from Paris, was en traine and turned away in front with sharply-pointed revers of white satin, covered with champagne-colored lace. It was otherwise collarless, and was finished with two small revers that made a small V behind at the nape. The under-dress was of ivory crepe de chine, a deep flounce headed with two rarrow ruffles of the champagne lace trimming it to the knees. The bodice pouched over the sash, which was a lace scarf, the two ends passing through a slit in the side seam of the pink overdress, knotting there with ends that reached to the hem of the skirt. The under-bodice had

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Miss Frances Percival

Empire front gown of wool crêpe, with silk stripe.

a thickly jewelled yoke and a jewelled choker of pink velvet, a large square bow of ivory moire being placed on the bust between the lace revers. The sleeves were of pink moire antique, tight and plain, save for a bit of jewelled trimming as epaulettes, the sleeve widening very much at the wrist to give room for a puffy and befrilled undersleeve of ivory crepe and champagne-colored lace. A little pink capote, with a jewelled crown, tiny black finger-length tips and a tall white paradise feather, completed a wonderfully dainty frock among the gorgeous creations that were the rule.

As for materials this winter it seems to be cashmere that is carrying the day. Gowns for the street, gowns for the house, gowns for evening wear—one can not have too much of it. It is wonderfully successful in soft folds or built en princesse, with stiff silk petticoats, and much lace and fur for trimming. It comes in every possible color from the darkest to the lightest, and in several qualities. The double-faced is that worn to the greatest extent. In bright coquelicot, a flame color is being used most daringly by the Parisien modistes; it is stunning, edged all about with narrow bands of gray and white grebe, and with stole of mouse gray velvet also edged with grebe. The large cabriolet hood lies on the shoulders of the red in moire velvet lined with grebe breasts, and a wide real lace scarf is tossed lightly about the coiffure, fastened to the cape under the chin with a huge bow, the ends reaching to the hem of the wrap at the knees. This lace is edged with a line of grebe, a most fashionable bit of millinery. Scarfs of lace a half yard wide are worn by the smartest of women tied in a huge bow under the chin, the ends reaching to the hem of the velvet pardessus, and the whole scarf is uniquely edged with a line of sable or seal, a row of tails finishing the ends.

Next to cashmere come the rich face cloths, which in their best qualities have a surface like satin. Then broadcloth, almost soft in its most expensive qualities, then a thousand and one silk and wool stuffs ribbed and watered in Bengaline or moire antique effects. The coarse open canvas wools that are new this season, those so coarse that one can almost stick one's little finger through a mesh, having been thought by some to be too cool for winter wear. It hardly seems likely, as the stuff is too thick and woolly, but for such as do find it so there is still newer stuff that gives the same effect without this disadvantage. It comes in black and purple and dahlia as coarsely woven, but backed by a thin silken lining which shows through another cover, just as the unlined shows its bright colored silk underskirt. In black it has a bright green and yellow back, in purple a vivid scarlet, in dark blue a green, and so on, another real lining of the same color as the backing, of course, used as well.

Sail cloth is also very fashionable. It is a species of coarse, though handsome, canvas, which is both distinguished and becoming. On bodice and skirt the cloths are braided, and the buttons are generally gilt. Woollen boucle materials are much in vogue, and they suit the amazonian figure exceedingly well. The design of this gown is admirable for skaters. There is enough, yet not too much, width in the skirt, and the braiding is ornate without being showy. Geranium and claret colors will be popular this winter, and serges of these hues, bordered with astrachan on skirt and jacket, will be to the fore on smart sporting occasions. Braids of black, of black and silver, of black and bronze, are now much worn both on skirts, coats and capes, and designs may be chosen which occultly, yet surely, enhance the beauty of nature's curve lines.

As we are now in the midst of the winter season, it is to furs that we must look as being the thing of the moment. Furs are more fashionable than ever this year, either as single ornamentations, for most peltries are separate from the mantle and coat, unless the fur takes the form of a simple collar and revers on a tailor-made wrap, or as a trimming especially for the still popular short jacket, being composed of

Mrs. Lillian Langtry
Gown of cream white satin with elaborate design of silk embroidered lace.

bands round the edges and as tabs fastening the fronts, which are square, pointed or rounded.

Winter furs appeared first with the addition of passementerie, braid, cord, beads and spangles; now things have changed, and peltry has become a lovely indispensable supplement to such finishes, and is even arranged in various fussy styles and flutings, which are however, remarkably becoming. While on the subject of fur let us advise those of our readers who wish to be economical to buy a pelerine and muff to match and wear all their fur-trimmed coats and mantles.

The new sacque coats are an immense improvement on the models worn last

year, the blacks being more graceful with the flutings falling just in the middle, and the sleeves—a large bishop before, now a full graceful bell—have a smarter appearance and are becoming to many more figures. Some of the most elegant sacques are trimmed with a fur figaro falling in points on the fronts and going apart up the back, where they join above at the place where the fluted pleats begin. Outdoor coats and capes have collars, revers and epaulettes of fur, two kinds of the same color being often taken, and the fronts and edges are adorned with bands either put on in the same fashion or with fur buttons added.

Many of the fashionable long mantles worn in preference by married and matronly dames are tied down at the waist behind, and have large fur capes and long cuffs. The cape, being detachable, may be worn singly at a matinee, or in making calls in a carriage, and the mantle itself left with the muff, in the cloakroom or hall.

Furs are most generally chosen the color of the materials they are intended to trim, and are employed quite lately, as already mentioned, in preference for ornamental purposes. The fur skirts and bodices introduced last winter were too stout and heavy to have a great success, besides giving an awkward appearance to any but very slim figures. This year, however, immense changes are observed in the so-called fur costumes, and the jupes have narrow fur breadths supplemented by wedge-shaped stripes of velvet and velours du Nord, or the new silver and gold powdered moire, braided face cloth, etc., while the fur bodice is trimmed with an open bolero, figaro or zouave jacket of the moire or velvet, and the modified gigot sleeves slashed with fur.

Of the stylish gowns as presented in their manifold varieties in this number of the magazine, we have first the one worn by that frolicsome little Frenchwoman, who burlesques so effectively the enormous theatre hat, Miss Anna Held. The skirt is of black watered silk, with fulness massed at the back and a moderate flare at the front. The waist is a short round one, with jacket fronts and puff sleeves of pink brocaded taffeta. A full vest and under-sleeves are of pink plaited mousseline de soie over a tight fitting lining of pink taffeta. Cuffs, crush collar and epaulettes are of same material as waist. A ruche of mousseline de soie decorates the end of the under-sleeves, while there are tabs of the same on the collar. A girdle of black velvet with gold buckle, and also a bias roll of the velvet on cuffs, epaulettes and jacket fronts, complete a charming gown.

The costume worn by Miss Frances Percival is an empire front gown of wool crepe with a silk stripe. The garment is fitted in front at the waist, while the back is enhanced by a watteau effect. Over the shoulders and around the neck is a white net fichu, knotted loosely in front. The skirt, cut en traine, is edged at the bottom by a knife pleating some four inches in breadth.

The gown in which Miss Olga Nethersole is presented consists of a skirt and waist of brown figured armure, with neck-band of sable, on which is fastened a white lace jabot. A jewel passementerie girdle defines the waist line. Over the gown is a cape of brown velvet lined with sable, and with collar and muff of same fur. A round hat with a soft high crown of brown velvet and brim covered with white lace trimmed with a bow of white figured taffeta ribbon and violets, forms the head covering.

The evening dress worn by Mrs. Lillian Langtry is made of cream white satin cut in waist tres decollete, with square front and back. Over the material itself is attached an elaborate design of silk embroiderd lace, which extends also down the front breadth of the skirt. Edging the neck of the bodice are flowers of miniature size, while at the shoulders are medium-sized puffs capped with lace.

HANS HOLBEIN AND HOUSE DECORATION IN LUCERNE

By R. H. E. Starr

NO one can walk through the older part of Lucerne without having his attention strongly attracted by a number of more or less gaily frescoed houses. Few, however, would ever think of connecting them in any way with the sixteenth century, and none would ever imagine any relation between them and Hans Holbein. In the first place, the houses are too evidently freshly done to savor of antiquity, and, in the second place, we are too apt to associate Holbein with the court of bluff King Hal of England to think of him in a Swiss summer resort. To the lovers of the arts and of antiquity, however, the Lucerne of today has many interests beyond those of a fashionable watering place. Here the historian can find new treasures in every corner; here, also, will the lover of music hunt out the house where Wagner lived and wrote, and the little ale house where he used to sit and sip his beer; and here, too, will he who cares for painting spend many happy hours in hunting up the many traces of Hans Holbein.

It was in 1526, I believe, that Erasmus recommended Holbein to Sir Thomas More, and so caused the former to seek his fortune at the gay court of England's jovial king. It was fortunate for Lucerne that before this time both Holbein and his father were staying there. More fortunate for her was it that at this same time Jacob von Hertenstein, the head of one of her noblest families, determined to have his new stone mansion frescoed both within and without, and still more fortunate was it for both her and him that his friend Oswald Myconius, an old companion of Luther and Zwingle, recommended to him Hans Holbein, the younger.

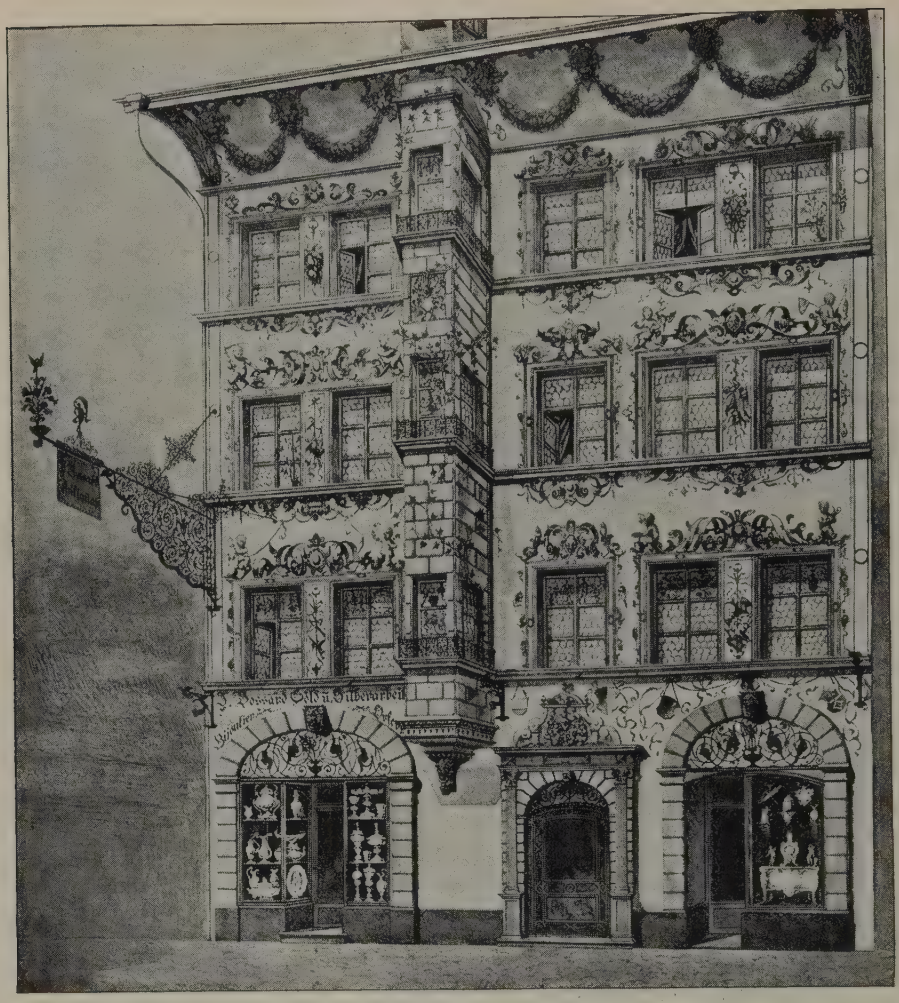
So somewhere between 1516 and 1519 Holbein set to work to decorate the new Hertenstein house, situated in what is now known as the Kapell Platz, just opposite the old Peter's Kapell. The building consisted of four stories and a basement, or, according to our way of counting, of five stories.

The lowest of these, or the so-called basement, was left bare. Separating it from the one above it was a Tuscan pilaster. On the next story to the left of the large window, above the door, were depicted three allegorical female figures. Encircling these and connecting them and the smaller windows with the large one above mentioned were beautiful festoons, done as none but Holbein could do them. The six windows on the right were similarly connected with wreaths, in whose curves were painted groups of children—some engaged in mimic warfare and others in more peaceful sports.

Between the windows on the next story were engraved the armorial bearings of Jacob Hertenstein and his four wives, while on the same story was painted the main picture of the fresco. The subject of this was the old story taken from the Gesta Romanorum, of the king who tested his sons by telling them he would make him heir who should shoot him through the heart. The king was represented sitting in his royal chair, his heart pierced by the arrow. He is dead, but he is still the king, and sits as stately as in life. One son is pointing to his arrow and claims the reward, while the other breaks his bow in indignation.

On the story above was a representation of Caesar's triumphal procession, copied with modernization of costumes and weapons from the engraving by Mantegna.

Decoration on the Hotel des Balances
Photograph by C. Hirsbrunner, Lucerne



Bossard House in Heggis Gasse
Reproduction of the old Haus Willmann

On the last story were pictured the five virtues from scenes in Roman history, and above them, under the overhanging cornice, the arabesques.

The copies of these old frescoes are now kept among the city archives, where they may be seen on special permit only. They were made by the Lucerne artists, Eglir, Marzohl, Schwegher and Olrich von Eschenbach, and the Italian, Trolle von Lavena. Much of the delicacy and power of the originals have, of course, been lost. That was inevitable. It does seem rather a pity, however, that so much of the scroll and wreath work, that belongs so thoroughly to Holbein, should have been omitted. Still the copies are close enough to show us Holbein's early manner very clearly. The most remarkable thing about the whole work is the wonderful way in which he made use of the simplest architectural features in his design. There is not a window or door that has not been made to play a part in the general scheme of decoration. As a result, instead of having a house with paintings on it, you have house and pictures comprising one great work of art.

House of Herr Bossard's Father on Hirschen Platz

A Reproduction of an old Fresco by Hans Holbein, Jr.

I have already spoken of the copy on the third story of Mantegna's engraving. This is only one evidence of many that we find in these frescoes of how at this period Holbein was influenced by that master. Every here and there we find little things that show how much Holbein had him and his methods in mind; and every time we find them the result is pleasant.

The erection of this new Hertenstein mansion, with its gay and at the same time instructive interior, was the beginning of a fashion which soon spread. The old wooden houses that has given Lucerne the name of the "wooden stork's nest" were pulled down one by one and in their place were built stone dwellings with facades decorated with frescoes. Many of these old houses are still standing; but with one exception their frescoes are unfortunately all gone. The one exception is the old house on the wine market, commonly known as Bell's House, and we are not sure that even this dates so far back as Holbein's day. The style and coloring are, however, both of that period, and at any rate afford us a fair example of the so-called Facaden-Malerei which then prevailed. The colors are, of course, much faded, but it is still possible to trace out the golden scallop-shells and friezes of the first floor and the rose-red scallops, friezes, and medallions of the second.

As late as 1880, however, there was one genuine example of the Holbein period still standing. This was "The Haus Willmann" on the opposite corner from the old Hertenstein house, which its owner determined to strip of its frescoes and repaint in 1880. Luckily, however, a Lucerne goldsmith, Herr Bossard, with a love for both art and his native city, asked permission to have photographs taken of them so as to reproduce them on his own house in the Weggis Gasse. The permission was given, the reproductions made, and a binding link woven between the Lucerne of Holbein's day and that of our own.

The design on the "Haus Willmann" was very simple, but also very effective. In reproducing it on his own house Herr Bossard naturally found some changes necessary owing to the differences in the architecture of the two buildings. Beyond these, however, the reproduction is exact. The photograph of it shows how effectively both the festoons and scrolls have been used to cover up the rather faulty architecture. Inside as well as out the house has been restored to its original sixteenth century style. The court is ceiled with glass, and paved with mosaic, and the furniture is that of old Lucerne.

Had Herr Bossard merely reproduced the frescoes of the Haus Willmann he would have been a public benefactor in preserving such a relic of the Holbein age. But he was not satisfied to rest here. He began to stir up his fellow-townsmen to do the same. The first results of this were seen in the rather simple decorations done on the Schuhmacher house in the Metzger Rainli in 1885. Neither design nor work is in any way remarkable; but the whole thing is full of interest as being the first result of Herr Bossard's efforts and still more perhaps as being one of the earliest public efforts of the Lucerne Art School.

The head of this school is Serephein Weingartner, a born genius for decorative designing. His brother is Herr Bossard's master workman, and to these two belongs, next to Herr Bossard, the most credit for the present advanced stage of this revival in decorative art. These three have worked long and hard to bring back all the past beauty possible of their city; and with the aid of Weingartner's clever assistant, Meyer, and his pupils Limacher, Segesser and Benz, they are fast succeeding.

The next great step was made by Herr Bossard in 1887, when he finished restoring his father's house on the Hirschen Platz. Determined to keep fresh not only the old Lucerne Facaden-Malerei, but also Hans Holbein's connection with the town, he chose as the design for his father's new house-front one which had been made by Holbein

Bell House and also Müller the Apotheke
Photograph by Hartung, Lucerne

for a Swiss house and which still existed in the Louvre. Here again the design had to be altered slightly to suit the shape of the new walls, but so far as was possible is an exact reproduction. There are only four changes of any consequence. The first of these is the introduction of the "Ring Dance" in the second story, designed by Bossard from a number of valuable rings in his collection, through and around which the babes dance merrily. The second is the introduction upon the Tuscan pilasters of the same story medallion portraits of his chief workman Weingartner to the left, of his friend Meyer and Rhyn in the middle, and of his first patron, Merian of Basle, to the right. The next is a change in the third story. In the original the woman clasped by a god offers her breast to him; here she offers him a

Gasthaus zu Pfistern
Photograph by C. Hirsbrunner, Lucerne

Fresco on old Hertenstein Mansion by Hans Holbein, Jr. Copied by Schwegler

From a Photograph by Permission of C. F. Prell, Lucerne

Haus zum Frieden
Photograph by Hartung, Lucerne

cup. The fourth and most interesting is that on the top story, in which, where Holbein had depicted only three figures of Old Age destroying the work of life, a fourth was now needed. This Herr Bossard designed as a man in the act of pulling down a large pillar in such a way as to let it fall on himself. Perhaps it was intended as a lesson to his town-fellows—that by destroying their towers and old frescoes they had brought destruction on themselves. The whole work has been done both carefully and well. It brings back the spirit of the olden time and at the same time adds a true work of art to those already inside the turretted walls of the historic city.

From this time on the leaven worked rapidly. In 1889 Herr Muller, who lives two doors from the Bell House mentioned above in what was from 1529 to

1879 the house of the "Butchers' and Fishers' Guild," determined to fresco his dwelling so as to bring back its former history.

In 1893 came the decoration of what is now the most strikingly attractive house in Lucerne—the Hotel des Balances, just off the wine market. The design here is most elaborate and is calculated to improve the architectural appearance of the house at the same time that it declares its history. For this house has a history. In 1389 it was the town hall—as is shown by the procession in mediaeval dress under the eaves. In 1503 it was the schoolhouse. In 1519 it was the "Inn of the Red Doors," so named on account of its proximity to the shambles, whose doors were painted red. In 1586 it had become the house of the "Guild of the Vaffran"—a group of whose members is pictured at dinner. In 1836 it was converted to its present use and given its present name. All this is written in the legend on the walls which also states that in 1893 it was decorated in accordance with the wish of its present proprietor, whose portrait, together with that of his wife, are done in stone above the arches of the adjacent windows.

This all relates to the main part of the hotel. That to the right in the photograph now belongs to the hotel, but was formerly separate, being the old "Schutz Haus," or Bowmen's House. On this account the patron saint of the archers of Lucerne, St. Sebastian, is pictured on its walls. The medallions above are portraits of Gerard Pfyffer and of Weingartner and his wife.

So much is contained here, so many figures are represented, so many different colors are necessarily present, that under the hands of any artist short of a genius the total effect must have been both chaotic and gaudy. This has been avoided, however, by the skill of Weingartner. The figures have been so arranged as to suit the plain front of the house and at the same time to appear to the best advantage in the situation of the building between and partly behind others. The color-scheme, too, has been carefully thought out, so that there are none of those jars one feels so often even in much more simple designs. Add to these an admirable background with drawing well calculated to bind the whole together and make it a unit, and you have as the result a work of art full of warmth and richness.

The year 1894 saw three more houses frescoed. The most impressive of these is the "Gasthaus zu Pfistern," on the Kornmarket. This, too, is an old house with a history which once more is told us by the legend painted on the left side of the front. On St. Bartholomew's Day, 1407, is was bought by the Bakers' Guild, one of Lucerne's oldest and proudest organizations, that still has its committee. The present proprietor of the inn, Herr Sigrist, in his decoration has done all in his power to keep up this former use. Over a white ground has been painted a double-stemmed grape vine, from which the branches spread in every direction so as to cover nearly the whole house. From these hang all the old coats-of-arms of the Bakers' Guild with their rich colors and quaint devices, while in the space between the parent stems there are engraved a sack of flour, an oven, a loaf of bread, and a pewter drinking-pot, as symbols of the past use of the building. In its simplicity it presents a marked contrast to the Hotel des Balances. Weingartner was once more the designer, Carl Griot was the architect, and Weingartner's pupils, Oscar Limacher and Emil Segesser were the painters. Here again, too, the work is beautifully done. The vine seems to stand out from the house and you feel almost surprised that its gaily colored fruit does not wave in the breeze from the rapid Reuss near by. There is no crowding and, at the same time, no stiffness. You feel that everything is in the right place and that nothing else would do; and yet you never feel that it has been put there for a purpose. All is easy, graceful, and natural.

The second of these ninety-four additions is situated on the Wine Market. The Rev. Mr. Rawnsley in his admirable little treatise has happily styled this

the "Haus zuna Frieder." The central picture is the soldier's return to the peace and quiet of his home and family. To the right stands Gaspar Hertenstein, a huge figure in armor, with the date, 1476, below, while on the left towers Frischans Theiling, leaning on his old-fashioned double sword. The moral of the whole is given in the following inscription:

O Frieden wee bist
Du so ein edler schatz
Und hast bei den Lenten
So wenig Platz.

Which may be translated:—

O place, what a noble treasure thou art; and yet what a small place hast thou in this world!

The color-scheme is unfortunately poor. The background is not adapted to the picture; and the whole thing jars. The absence of Weingartner is evident.

The third of the ninety-four trio is the old house in the Muhlen Platz in which in bygone days the town millers used to dwell. The design here is of the simplest, being merely light scroll-work surrounding and setting off the rather striking face of Joseph Troxler—the last of the town millers.

During the last two years more houses have followed Herr Bossard's example, so that now there are perhaps a score or more which by their more or less elaborate frescoes show the revival of the decorative art of Facaden-Malerei. One of these is that owned by Muller, the apothecary, who, after a space of six years, has taken the cue set by his next-door brother in eighty-nine. If the apothecary was behind his brother in point of time, however, he has not been so in the excellence with which he finally had the work done. Both design and work are everything that could be desired. Below the attractive oriel window with its copper hood one can see in stone the portraits of the man and his wife who built the house in 1540. In the gable are painted the owl and the bat, whose blood mixed together was formerly looked on as a sterling remedy, while below is inscribed the following Latin motto, copied from an old brass mortar still in use in the shop:—

"Stultorum incurata pudor
Malus ulcera celat."

Beneath this come the chief plants used in medicine, below which are medallions of Aesculapius, Cysatus, the one-time learned town clerk, Paracelsus, and the goddess Hygeia. Lower still, a group of lusty children are showing the power of health to fight sickness, here, as often in old parables and allegories, represented by dragons and serpents. Besides these we have a representation of the Fall in Eden, in which a serpent with the head and breasts of a woman twines itself about the tree of life. In her hand the woman holds the usual apple, but below runs a new motto: "Amor medicabilis nullis herbis." In addition to these symbols of the present use of the house we find to keep alive its past memories the crests of its former inhabitants—Lisat in 1570, Forrer 1595, von Lauffen 1627, and Segesser 1836—while surmounting all on the bracket of the oriel window is that of the present owner, Herr Muller.

Among the other houses recently decorated may be mentioned the Victoria Hotel, with its cherubs and panels by Weingartner, the Seidenhof, with its frescoes done by the Art School, and last, but by no means least, a modern building on the Theatre Strasse. In this last house the architect and painter have united and worked in harmony. The windows and door have in the true old Holbein fashion been made use of in the design and entwined with festoons and scrolls done in those old greys and blues of which Holbein was so fond. It is a genuine treat to see a new house done in such an artistic and harmonious fashion.

More noteworthy than any of these, however, is the recently-decorated Kaufmann Haus on the Reuss. From top to bottom it is old Swiss and is in every way worthy of old Lucerne. The gable is in the genuine 15th century style, as also the double-window

with its arch, the blue and white shutters, the two stylish but simple stanchions, and the escutcheons of the "Hertenstein" and "Pfyffer" joined by a plain iron chain and suspended from an iron ring. On the projecting roof stand two dragons which give both finish and character to the building, while the old-fashioned sun-dial below the double window in the gable serves admirably to connect the latter with the rather curiously shaped windows of the upper part of the house. Between these latter windows hang circular shields, copies of those now in the town hall which were taken by the Lucerners at Giornico in 1478. The third and fourth stories are connected by a graceful garland, suspended easily by colored ropes, while the space between the first and second is admirably filled by two lively-looking goblins.

The main picture is a representation of the battle of Giornico. In one place the Swiss, headed by a typical peasant of Uri, are rushing to the attack. In another a man of Lucerne is bending over a fallen enemy, clad in full armor, while in a third, a warrior tries in vain to drag his wounded chief from the field. Most effective of all, perhaps, and certainly most touching, is the scene where a noble-looking youth, though struck to the death, still tries to support himself on his broken double-sword, while his adversary still has his broken spear in his hand.

The designs are by Weingartner and the painting by Meier and the Art School. Both are well and artistically done.

These facades while in themselves deeply interesting are still more so when we consider that they form only one part of a revival in the decorative arts as well as in the love for the antique. Both art and antiquity have been pretty badly treated in Lucerne during the early part of the present century; so any amount of respect or interest which the citizens may show between now and the year nineteen hundred will do no more than balance the accounts for the century. Fortunately they seem inclined to display a good deal of both. The two most conspicuous ways in which these show themselves are first in the iron work now seen so much on the stores, and second, in the various attempts which are being made to keep alive the memories of "Alt Luzern" by interior frescoes.

To do anything like justice to the first of these would mean a new article. A great deal of the iron work done by the best Lucerne smiths of today can compare favorably with that done by their ancestors of mediaeval fame. We see specimens of it everywhere—in the balconies of the houses, in the hotel signs, in the window guards of some of the leading shops and in the weather-vanes. It is all both artistic and serviceable. Some of the signs are so full of both grace and expression that they make one almost wish to take them in out of the streets and place them among other art works. But to do so would at once spoil their value and their meaning; for this iron work, like the frescoes, tries where it is possible to tell at least a part of the story of the building which it adorns.

The preservation of old Lucerne life and manners by interior frescoes is unfortunately not so far so generally evident. The two most noticeable examples of it are in two "Beer-halles," "Muth's" and "Eintracht." In the former of these we see first of all a splendid reproduction by Weingartner of the old-time wooden houses that formerly lined the Reuss. Then we come to the old towers of historic fame, most of which have now unfortunately fallen. The whole collection serves admirably to give a good idea of Lucerne as it was in Holbein's day—a good surrounding for the burgher or stranger alike as he sips his beer and takes his ease.

The collection in the "Eintracht" is of quite another character, but quite as instructive and interesting. Here you see the old costumes as worn both in business and pleasure. In one picture you have a cheese market going on, in another a game of bowls. Farther on two dandies of Holbein's day swing

down the street, while next to them you see a tender leave-taking or a still more tender love-making. In one corner two old gossips sit talking; in sharp contrast to their age and stiffness a lively village dance is in full swing in the adjoining fresco. Every position in life, every business, and many pleasures are portrayed. All are well done; and in each the curious may find something not only to amuse, but also to instruct him.

Even as it is, Lucerne is at once a beautiful and interesting place. Nothing short of a loss of its lake and a destruction of its many old buildings and picturesque bridges and streets can change that. Many of its most interesting features, both past and present, are, however, steadily ignored or missed by its thousands of annual visitors. If this present revival in decorative arts goes on many more will necessarily begin to take an interest in these things. No one can walk through streets or along a river flanked with gaily decorated houses or shops and hotels ornamented with magnificent pieces of "grill" and iron work without beginning to wonder what it all means and trying to find out. Still more the man who can go to "Muth's" or the "Eintracht" and drink his beer and not take an interest in old Lucerne as he sees her there must have a dull spirit indeed. So we may soon expect to find in Lucerne a new thing—a town which by its present activities will attract its visitors' attention to its past.

Note.—The author wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to Dr. van Liebanau's thorough book, "Die Olte Stadt Luzern," to the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley's admirable little treatise, "Two Walks About the Ancient City of the Wooden Storks' Nests," and especially to Mr. A. Ramsauer, who afforded him every help and kindness.

ON BOARD THE ROSE MARIE

By Stamburg R. Tarr

VERY different from the usual steamboat cook was the applicant for the vacant position upon the Rose Marie—an old side-wheeler that combined the functions of slow freight-boat with those of tug. The festivities consequent upon meeting a long-parted friend, during her two days in Ottawa, had proved too much for the retiring incumbent. Consequently Captain Dobell had informed poor Katie that she was no longer an indispensable adjunct to the ship's company. His remarks were couched alternately in English and French—according as a phrase of one or the other seemed to apply with greater force. While the storm was progressing, a poorly dressed woman had stood upon the wharf scanning anxiously the tugs and barges along the shore. There was the strength that suffers and endures in the pale face that looked so much older than it ought—a face with tender gray eyes amid the cruel lines of hardship and pain. Beside her, with hand clasped in hers, stood a child of three. Like the woman's, its worn dress was carefully mended and neat. She was darker than the mother, a sturdy child—quite happy now in watching the change and hurry upon the dock and the moving river. With an excited wave of his hand and a choice Saxon expletive, the captain finally dismissed the maudlin appeals of the sobbing Kathleen. Gently pulling the child, the other woman walked quickly toward the irate dignitary. Trembling a little, but with a firm voice, she asked whether he required another cook.

"Oui, mais je—I no tink you do at all," he replied in no unkindly way, surprised at such an inquiry from a person of her appearance. "You nevare cook on boat before these firse tam, non? W'at you do wit' l'enfant? Can't ta' 'er 'long."

"Oh, I couldn't leave her," she exclaimed in fright at the thought, "but she will be no trouble to you. Please, captain, give me a trial."

Captain Dobell was not given overmuch to fine scruples, but he hesitated about consenting to this delicate, sad-faced woman exposing herself to the rudeness of a river crew. However, he must have a cook before leaving—that was plain, and he must start that morning, too. Well, if she brought the child along that would be some company and protection for her, anyway. So the woman stepped over the gangway with her child, and without further ceremony was installed in her tiny kitchen as cook of the Rose Marie.

"Ba gosh. She'll no lak' it moche, I'm tink," said the captain to his first engineer. That worthy, being a native of Glasgow, always disdained to make use of any language except his own, although he understood French well enough; so he was usually addressed in broken English.

"Well, Cap'n, gin A ken ony mon thet daur molest yon wumman or the bairn, he 'ill hae to settle wi' ma'sel'," and there was a gleam that meant resolution in Angus McLeod's keen blue eyes.

And later in the day, when an undersized, but exceedingly talkative, deckhand named Legere made some offensive remark in reference to the newcomers, the tall Scotchman rose slowly from his lounging position against a pile of salt sacks, and grasped the shoulder of the speaker so that he jumped with pain.

"Din'na ye say the like again!" he thundered. "Ye dairty-mouthed peegmy, A wud throttle ye, but ye're no hauf a mon."

"Saprie! I not mean dat—true."

McLeod said no more, but the gleam in his eye now was dangerous enough

to make a larger and braver man than Legere shake.

Like the generality of French river hands the crew of the Rose Marie (consisting of three men besides mate and assistant engineer) were a good-natured enough lot—not quite responsible when a little extra whiskey could be had, but not likely to distress wilfully a timid woman. As to little Rita, though never allowed out of sight by her mother, the child was made a pet from the first, and many were the playful kindnesses showered upon her by the demonstrative Frenchmen. They showed a degree of rough chivalry, too, toward the mother —addressing her simply as "Madame," instead of trying to elicit her name, which she had never volunteered. Beyond a respectful salutation, or a kindly remark about the child, even the Scotchman made no attempt at engaging the new cook in conversation. It was early in July when she entered upon her tasks, and when the heated term of August followed upon a week of wet weather she was still engaged in her weary routine.

One evening after supper, when the captain was taking his turn at the wheel, McLeod was leaning by the side of an open window smoking.

"Seem lak' Madame look a leetle seek—w'at yo t'ink?" said Dobell, shifting his quid of "beaver" and expectorating with an air of assumed unconcern.

"Aye, she's unco' pale, an' coughs," replied his companion slowly.

"Bon Dieu! De work's too hard. I wonder w'y she kip herseff at it, eh?"

Angus made no response, as he gazed steadily at the channel ahead. He puffed a great cloud of smoke—and wondered too.

A little later, as he passed the cookhouse, he stopped a moment and playfully caught up little Rita, with whom he was a great favorite.

"Mr. McLeod," called the mother, gently, from within the cabin, where she was busy washing dishes. As usual after supper, the crew were all lounging on the lower deck.

"Aye, Madam," and carrying the child he set her down in the doorway.

"May I speak to you—just for a minute?" she asked timidly.

"Aye, an' mair, gin ye wish," was the kindly response.

She seemed almost afraid to commence, and her fingers toyed nervously with the dark curls of the child.

"Perhaps you wonder what—what kind of a woman I am, Mr. McLeod," she began in a faltering voice, looking up sadly. But the kindly blue eyes encouraged her to proceed. "I'm not here through choice—and I don't think I'll stay many weeks longer," she added with a weary smile, after a fit of coughing had interrupted her. "I am a stranger, Mr. McLeod, but you have been very kind to Rita—and to me, too —and there is no one else I can ask." She paused again and looked in tearful love at the child, who had slipped away to resume her play with "dollie" upon the deck. "If anything should happen to me—suddenly, you know—will you take her to the Orphans' Home at Ottawa?—they were very good to her once when I was in the hospital. And I want to ask you to do something else—will you try to deliver this letter?"

She handed him an envelope, which she now took from the bosom of her dress. It bore the name: "Thomas Wheeler," but no address.

"It is my husband," she said simply, "but I don't know just where he is." Then in words that McLeod knew were from a breaking heart, she added faintly, "I heard he was boating somewhere along the river, but I am afraid he has not the—the same name, now, and I cannot find him."

And then for a moment she forgot she was not alone.

"Oh, Tom,—Tom," she sobbed, and her hands grasped the table as though she were about to fall.

The engineer caught her arm. She thanked him weakly as he guided her to the old wooden chair in the corner of the cabin.

"Missus Wheeler," he said gently, in his deliberate fashion, and the unaccustomed use of the name roused her. "A'll dae ma best tae find yir mon an' gie him yir letter. An' about the bairn,

dinna fash yirsel'—ma ain sister Mar'get, wha's nigh-bye Rocklan', wud be glad to gie a name tae the wee lassie. She's aye grievin' sair thet she hae nae w'ans o' hir ain."

"Oh, God will bless you for your good heart, and—"

"What like is yir mon—in lukes?" he interrupted hastily.

Her voice broke as she answered. "Tall, and dark—and handsome," she said with a pathetic proudness. "Rita favors him more than me. Oh, you will try to find him, won't you?"

"A'll dae ma maist," he said quietly, and left her. "But A'm no sure hoo A'll treat him," he muttered to himself, as he stepped out on deck. "The blagaud. A'm nae saint masel', but the very deil wud no trample sic affection as yon." And his great Scotch heart filled with pitying wonder at the patient strength of the frail woman.

"Aye, the luve of a wumman. My God! but it's a michty thing." And lighting up his pipe he puffed in a way to rival his own engine.

All day it had been insufferably hot; then the sun had sunk from a conflagration of clouds into a river of flame. As the August twilight drew quickly on, the motionless atmosphere became almost suffocating. The slow-moving paddle-wheels seemed to pause in weariness before every turn, and the engine throbbed as though gasping to get its breath from the lifeless air. The chief engineer was seated upon the after rail, his chin upon his hands. It was past his time for turning in, but the night air was so intolerable that he had not gone below. He sat on, awaiting the coming thunder-storm, and gazing at the darkening hills away back from the north shore.

It was now quite dark. In his unrest he rose to take a turn or two around the deck. The door of the kitchen (from which the little sleeping cabin of the cook opened) contrary to custom had been left unclosed so as to catch any possible breeze. He stood before it a moment—in an emotion of protecting pity—then moved on as a sound of smothered coughing struck painfully upon his ears. When he returned to his seat at the back of the boat, the pipe between his teeth had burned quite out —unnoticed. As he gazed up the river into the night, he was thinking of something besides the long tow of lumber-barges whose flickering lights pierced the darkness through which they were slowly gliding.

Above the throb of machinery he could hear the crew making merry below, with song and fiddle—it was too hot for the customary jig. Just before dark the Rose Marie had stopped at Rockland to pick up a barge that had been loading there. One of the barge hands had come on board, and as he brought with him an unopened bottle he had been given a hearty welcome and induced to spend the night. The talk turned upon the recent three days' stay in Ottawa. According to the boasting accounts, each of which vied to outdo the other, a month's wages must have been pretty nearly disposed of. The new-comer, too (who, though he spoke the language of the company, was evidently not French himself), had a glowing tale of a high spree in Montreal.

"Parbleu! There is not much money on the old scow this trip," laughed the mate. "Our Scotchman left his in Ottawa, too—but at La Banque Nationale."

"Sais pas!" exclaimed McLeod's assistant, who had left the engine-room for a moment to taste of the festivities, "Madame, the cook, doesn't leave much on shore, anyhow; she stayed at the wharf the whole time. So one might find something in the little trunk at the foot of the bunk in the kitchen cabin."

"Ha! ha! What do you know about the cabin of Madame? Only first engineers can look there," and Legere gave one of his suggestive grins.

"Oh, even you can have the privilege of seeing the box through the window, for that matter," said the Scotchman's second, contemptuously. "But have a care, mon petit, it would go hard were you overheard just now." There was a general laugh at the apprehensive glance from the little coward as he made

sure that McLeod was not within earshot.

"Bah! d—!" he exclaimed, regaining his nerve, "he is asleep in his bunk this hour or more."

The stranger had listened attentively to the jesting, though he did not take any part in it.

"Is the captain alone?" he inquired,—"I'll go up and offer him a drop, too," and taking the bottle, he went up on deck. The hatchway was so situated that it was not directly in sight of the steersman—neither could the intruder see the engineer, screened as he was by a projecting corner of the after cabin. He groped his way stealthily in the gloom. The storm was almost ready to break, and a premonitory flash of lightning deterred him for a moment. He reached the open door of the cookhouse, and slipping off his boots sneaked through to the inner apartment. Just as he stooped to feel for the box, the woman commenced to cough, and awaking suddenly, became aware of the intruder's presence.

Starting up in her alarm she clasped her arms about the sleeping child and cried faintly, and then more loudly, "Oh, help! help!"

But the sound could never have reached those below through the noise of the boat and the shouting laughter. The captain, too, heard nothing of it; but around the corner of the cabin a bended head was suddenly raised. Before the intending thief could do more than think of checking the calls for aid, he felt himself held back, and a strong grip closing upon his throat. Both were strong, and for a moment or two their struggle was a fierce one. Then, for a second, a vivid flash made of night an unearthly day.

"Tom!" cried the woman, and in a paroxysm of coughing fell back insensible upon her pillow.

"Mary! My God!" came almost incoherently from the throat of the wretch, just as McLeod's fingers were tightening upon it. Then the engineer loosened his hold, and both men stood by the bedside.

"An' sae she's found him," muttered Angus, grimly, but not addressing the other. "Dinna greet, Rita, lassie," he said soothingly to the sobbing child. Then striking a match, he hurriedly lit the little lamp from the bracket above the bed, and held it so that the light fell upon the white face on the pillow.

"Ye d—— brute, hoo cam' the blude?" he demanded through half-clenched teeth.

"By God! I didn't so much as touch her," cried the frightened wretch. "It's her coughing."

"Ye've killed hir for a' thet, ye heill-born," hissed the Scot, and a crash of thunder seemed to join in his fierce denunciation. But his immediate concern was relief of suffering, not retribution.

"Div ye wet hir a wee bit," he said, handing the other a jug of water and a towel from the little stand in the corner. "We're juist abune the village noo, sae A'll hae the cap'n stop at the wharf an' A'll gang ashore tae fetch Dochter Ross—he'll dae a' ony mon can."

"And then I suppose you'll arrest me?" said Wheeler, sullenly.

"Ye dastairdly coward," came the demand of scornful rage, "wud ye leave hir noo? Aifter a' yir work; surely, ye'ill be no quite sic a wratch. A'll promise gin ye bide wi' hir noo, A'll dae ma best tae heelp ye escape yir dues. A cud tell the rest thet ye o'ercam' yir wife wi' joy at the sooden sicht o' yir braw face," and with this parting burst of irony and angry contempt he went out to speak to the captain.

It was a matter of only a few minutes to reach the wharf, and Angus, having jumped off without waiting for the boat to touch the pier, was hastening through the storm to the sleeping village upon the hill.

Meanwhile, in the little cabin the pale sufferer had slowly come back to life. The sight of her husband's long-sought-for face bending above her, and the touch of his fingers upon her forehead, filled her with a bewildering joy.

"Where am I, Tom?" she exclaimed. "Oh, I know," and she trembled with the terror of remembrance. "No, no, I

wasn't dreaming—a man—I couldn't see his face—was choking you. Oh, Tom, how did it happen?"

Was it only to escape the last accusing of his poor victim? Was it mere cowardice that sought to shift the blame upon another? Was it, perhaps, to make happier the death of a loving woman, whose life had been cursed through his? Who can distinguish the direction of all the motives entering into that composition of forces which moves the will of man to a deceit like Wheeler's?

"I saw someone slouching into the cabin, and then I heard a cry. I knew it was yours, Mary, and—and I rushed in to save you."

Love like hers is faith as well. "Oh, my own brave Tom! You did come back to me—at last, didn't you? Kiss daddie, Rita," she said tenderly to the child, who still shrank in fright from her father.

"You'll be good to her, Tom, dear, won't you,—when I'm gone?" She perceived no note discordant to her joy, in his confusion of manner and mumbled reply, as she tenderly stroked his rough hand.

McLeod and the doctor were carefully picking their way along the ramshackle wharf.

"So you really want me to make the woman believe that her villain of a husband was acting as her protector?" the latter was saying.

"Aye, dochter! Ye see, in the dark, an' the tussel, she cud na verra weel ken which wes which—an' gin she believes thet hir ain mon wes fichtin' for hir again the ither, she micht dee mair peacefu' like."

"But then she must think you are the cowardly villain."

"It's a hard eno' thocht—but she maun dee in peace. An' forbye she 'll ken the richt o' it—God grant it!—hereaifter."

Hurrying past the questioning group upon the lower deck, they ascended to the cabin. The doctor entered; Angus McLeod stood motionless in the storm without.

The alternating glare and crash, and the roar of the down-coming torrent, raged about him unheeded. A long quarter of an hour elapsed before the doctor reappeared.

"Is it ower?" was the low-toned question.

"Yes, she died clasping her husband's hand. The lying wretch had made her believe him her rescuer, before I came—it was just as well, I suppose. You will be glad that she did not seem to have recognized his opponent at all."

"A thank God for thet!" he said, fervently. The doctor partly understood, and his hand-clasp was as warm as his heart.

Early next morning the captain looked into the engine-room.

"W'at 'bout de leetle kid, eh?" he said in evident anxiety. "Sacre! Seems lak' dat scamp mak' off widout her some tam' las' night. You t'ink we find any frien's of Madame?"

"A'll tak the lassie masel'," said Angus, simply, looking intently at the indicator upon the boiler. "A hed promised the mither A wud."

BETHLEHEM TO-DAY

By Frank G. Carpenter

PALESTINE is much the same now as it was 1,900 years ago. The greatness of its history has magnified its size, and it is hard to appreciate how small it is. You could lose it in one of the counties of Texas. You could ride across it in a few hours on a railroad train, and to-day a second-class ticket from Joppa to Jerusalem costs you only a dollar.

The mountains of Judea would be lost in the Alleghanies or the Rockies, and the Mount of Olives is so small that you can go out of Jerusalem, walk past the garden of Gethsemane and be at its top in an hour. Standing here you can look clear across Palestine. On a bright day you can see the thin, silvery Jordan tied as a string to the great tin pan of the Dead sea on your left, and the vast, sparkling Mediterranean away over the plains of Sharon on the right.

King David made a great fuss about his all-day's trip from Jerusalem to the Jordan, but the distance is only fourteen miles, and the Sabbath day's journey from the holy city to Bethlehem is not more than six miles.

Jerusalem contains about 40,000 souls, and the walls around it inclose less than a half section of land. You could crowd the whole city on a good-sized farm, and Bethlehem covers hardly more than a garden patch.

Both towns lie in the hills of Judea, and they will show you in Jerusalem just where Herod lived when he got excited about the coming of Christ and massacred the innocents. I walked over the same floor upon which Pontius Pilate stood when he gave up the Lord to be crucified. The walls of Jerusalem are 38 feet high. They would reach to the top of a four-story house, and they run around Jerusalem, cutting it out in the shape of a diamond.

The roofs of the houses are flat. There are no chimneys and no windows. Many of their rooms look like vaulted caves, floored, walled and ceiled with stone, and those which open on the street are of this character. The streets have no sidewalks, and the shops are merely holes in the wall. The streets are vaulted and winding, and in going through them you think of the catacombs and appear to be going through long, vaulted caves.

The town is so densely populated that one room often constitutes a house for a family, and the narrow streets are packed with people of all descriptions. They are so narrow that no carriage can enter Jerusalem, and in going to Bethlehem I had to walk from my hotel through the city and out of David's gate before I could get a conveyance.

The ride from Jerusalem to Bethlehem can be made in less than an hour. It is one of the most interesting journeys of the world, and it is through a most interesting country.

My trip to Bethlehem was made in the spring. The hills were then dotted with olive groves, whose leaves shone like frosted silver under the bright sun of Palestine, and the plains through which the road passed were covered with grass.

These were the plains on which the shepherds lay when they saw the star, and there the shepherds graze their sheep today. I saw perhaps a dozen bearded men in sheepskin coats who were watching their flocks on these Judean hills, and their eyes were kind, and their faces full of character.

In one place I saw a family of four, a husband and wife and two children, which might have represented the holy family, with the addition of John the Baptist. One child sat in the mother's arms, another squatted cross-legged on the ground, while the father lay on his elbow and looked curiously at me as I drove by. The faces of all were fine,

and you will see nowhere more striking features than those of these natives of Palestine.

It is out in the country districts of Palestine that you realize that you are in the lands of the Scriptures. I saw a dozen old men during the journey whose patriarchal faces and long white beards reminded me of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and an old turbaned Syrian wearing a long beard who rode behind me on a donkey made me wonder if he was not a second Balaam, and why his long-eared beast did not open its mouth and speak.

Away off at the back I was shown the site of the town of Mizpah, where the prophet anointed Saul as king when he was out hunting his father's asses, and the inn into which Christ turned to break bread when he conversed, incognito, with two of his apostles was shown to me. The site is now occupied by a Greek wine shop, with a billiard table as an accompaniment, and it is within a few miles of the spot where "David with his little stone the great Goliath slew."

I passed this place in going to Bethlehem, and I find that there are plenty of stones there still, and a lusty, bareheaded Syrian youth was playing among them, though I did not note that he had the sling of his mighty ancestor. It was not far from this point that I rode through the identical land that was owned by Boaz, the richest farmer of his day, when he fell in love with Ruth and disgusted his neighbors by marrying out of his sphere.

I don't wonder that Boaz fell in love with Ruth. The Bethlehem girls are among the beauties of the East, and you will find more pretty girls in the hills of Judea than in the same amount of territory anywhere else the world over. A shipload of these Bethlehem maidens, if they could be transported to the great Northwest, would capture the bonanza farmers of the Dakotas just as Ruth captured this great land owner Boaz, and when they came back to Washington as senators' wives they would be the belles of the capital. These Bethlehem maidens are fair-skinned and bright-eyed.

They have straight, well-rounded forms, which they clothe in long dresses of white linen, so beautifully embroidered in silk that a gown requires many months of work. This dress is very much like an American woman's night gown without the frills and laces. It falls from the neck to the feet, and is open in front in a narrow slit as far down as a modest decollete dress. Over this gown they wear sleeveless cloaks of dark red stripes, and the head they cover with a long shawl of linen embroidered with silk. Each girl wears her dower on her person in the shape of a necklace of coins, and the forehead of each maiden is decorated with a crown of coins, some of which are silver and others gold. They do not hide their faces, like the Mahometan women, and their features are clean-cut and refined. I have seen fair samples of the pretty girls of most of the countries of the world, and the Bethlehem girls are the equals of any. They are as intelligent as they are pretty, and I found that those with whom I traded usually got the best of the bargain. There is little poverty in Bethlehem, and the girls whom I met were well dressed for the Orient, and they seemed well-to-do.

As you near Bethlehem you find the hills grow more ragged. Their sides are covered with stones, and you see that they were terraced into gardens in the days of the past. About a mile from Bethlehem I stopped for a while before the tomb of Rachel. It is a little square building, covered with a white dome, and it is situated in the midst of a Mahometan cemetery. It is worshipped by Musselmen, Jews and Christians, and its walls are covered with the names of travellers. A little farther on you find David's well, and then go round a corner and come in sight of Bethlehem.

The Bethlehem of 1894 is one of the most prosperous towns in Palestine. It is bigger today than it has ever been, and it now contains about 6,000 people. It does a big business in making beads for the Catholic pilgrims and the Russians out of mother-of-pearl, and the most of the pearl paper cutters which

come from Palestine are made at Bethlehem. The people make a great many backs for prayer books, and they are thrifty in the extreme. The town runs along the sides of the hills in the shape of a horseshoe, and it stands out against the sky, with big hills rising all around it. Its architecture is much like that of Jerusalem, save that the houses are newer and cleaner. They are built of stone, and they are more like stone boxes than comfortable homes. Most of them are one story, and they stand close to the cobblestone sidewalks, without yards or gardens.

There are no sanitary arrangements to speak of, and these houses and a lot of big churches make up the town. The people composing it are chiefly natives. They are Greek Christians, and there are only 300 Mahometans and sixty Protestants in the place. I asked for the stable in which Christ lay in the manger. I felt sure of finding it, for in Palestine every spot is marked, and, though it is now nearly 2,000 years since the events of Christ's life took place, the guides of Judea can show you every spot which His fingers touched and mark out every foot of land upon which His feet stood. I was told that it was at the western side of the town, and I found a great church built over it.

Just opposite this church there was a saloon, and my turbaned driver spent his time in this while I visited the church. It is a great stone structure, ragged and old, with centuries of hard usage. It was built, it is said, 1,500 years ago by the Emperor Constantine. Its roof was once covered with lead, but the Turks stripped this off and made it into bullets when they captured it, and killed Christians with the product.

The church has again passed into the hands of Christians, and the services were going on as I entered. I stopped for a moment and watched the Greek priests, who, in long black gowns, were chanting their service, while boys in bright-colored dresses swung incense lamps to and fro. There were, perhaps, two hundred men and women standing at worship within the great hall, and the ceremonies were very impressive. Leaving this hall, I was taken down into the crypt of the church and thence to the stable where it is said Christ was born.

I went down a winding staircase, carrying a candle, and at last found myself in a great cave about twelve feet wide and forty feet long, the ceiling of which was about ten feet high. The cave-like room was floored with marble. Thirty-two lamps burn day and night within it, and it has an altar at one end, under which is a silver star set into the marble pavement, where you find an inscription in Latin stating that on this spot the Virgn Mary gave birth to Christ.

I was not surprised to find the stable a cave. I saw many such in Palestine, and a great part of the animals of the country today are stabled in caves. This stable, however, has been changed by the decorations of the church, and it is impossible to realize the real scene of Christ's birth while in it. I looked at the manger. It is made of marble, and it is said to be the identical manger in which he rested. There is a well at the other side of the crypt, where the holy water is said to have burst forth at this time for the use of the holy family. I looked down into this well. It is said that the star that guided the magi fell into it, and that it still shines down there in the water, but that it is only visible to the eye of the purest virgin. I looked into it, but being of the other sex, could, of course, not see it.

There are a number of other chapels about the stable, each of which has its traditions, but the incense, the marble and the gaudy church decorations about them take you far away from the reality and make you think rather of the marble stables in which the Roman Emperor Caligula kept his golden-shod horses rather than the donkey and camel stable in which Christ was born.

From the real stables of the Bethlehem of today one can better learn just how the stable of Christ appeared. I visited one after leaving the bedizzened and over-decorated sanctuary under the church. The stable is a cave, the floor of which is of

rough stone. It has a number of chambers, which open into a sort of court, and in these chambers are donkeys, camels and horses. They eat out of stone boxes, and in front of them, on the floor, men and women lie sleeping on the stones. There is no bed clothing, except their blankets, and they squat upon the stones when they eat their meals. A ragged, dirty Bedouin has charge of the whole, and his rates are about five cents a day per animal. The manger of Christ was probably one of those hollowed out stone boxes, and the Virgin Mary, in all probability, slept upon the stones or the straw.

Within one of these stables I saw a Bedouin woman with a sleeping baby on her knee. She had just been feeding her child, and one breast peeped out between the folds of her coarse, rough gown. Her head was bound with a gaily colored shawl. There were rings on her fingers, bracelets upon her fair, round arm, and a gold ring in her nose. Her face was, however, as sweet as that of any Madonna I have ever seen upon canvas, and her baby, just out of its swaddling clothes, looked as pure and innocent as the most famous representation of Christ. It was a scene for a painter.

Christmas is always a great day in Bethlehem, and the coming Christmas will be celebrated in its usual splendor. Thousands of people go from Jerusalem, and while you are reading this article, the priests are preparing for the service of Christmas night. There will be sermons in the churches, beginning at 10 o'clock, and then in a procession the priests and the monks will march down the winding stairs into the crypt and visit the grotto of the nativity.

They will carry with them a waxen image of a little child, which they will place in the manger, and as they do so they will chant the story of the nativity. This child will be dressed in the finest of lace, and it will rest in the manger on rose-colored cushions of silk embroidered with gold. During the service the patriarch of Jerusalem will go through the ceremony of taking up and laying down the child, to correspond with the words of the chant, and the service will last for several hours.

On Christmas night all Bethlehem watches, and the day is one of joy and feasting. Bethlehem has more Christians than any other town in the Orient, and its people are proud of the fact that Christ was born within their walls.

A STORM

By James Courtney Challiss

A fearful wind swept through the land
And devastated every part;
With cruel, unrelenting hand,
Pursuing fast its deadly art,
It turned all life to desert sand.
The wind was Grief; the land, my heart.

AUTHORS AND BOOKS

"Kate Carnegie." By Ian Maclaren. Dodd, Mead & Co.: New York. $1.50.

"Kate Carnegie," Ian Maclaren's first long novel, now appearing in book form, saw its initial publication as a serial in the Woman at Home, in England, and conjointly in the Bookman and the Outlook in America. With the exception of a few new characters, important among which are General Carnegie and his daughter Kate, the personnel of the book is much the same as the Bonnie Brier Bush and the Days of Auld Lang Syne. We are still greeted by our old friends Peter Bruce, Carmichael, and Marget Howe, and we still feel the rugged charm of those "Drumtochty" scenes that have now grown so dear to us. And right here it might be well to say a word or two relative to this particular spot in which so many thousands of readers have grown to take an almost native interest. I quote from the Bookman of December, 1895: "Logiealmond, Ian Maclaren's 'Drumtochty,' is not marked on the maps of Scotland. It is neither village nor parish. It is an estate, for many generations that of the Lairds of Logie, but now the property of the wealthy Earl Mansfield. It is about eight miles by four in extent, and is situated some twelve miles northwest of the ancient city of Perth, along the foot of the Grampian Hills, whose rugged peaks form, roughly speaking, its northern boundary, while the river Almond, Maclaren's 'Tochty,' marks its limits on the south. The name is of Celtic origin, and signifies 'The Valley of the Water.'

Dr. Watson's latest story has for its leading two characters, around which the interest of the tale centres, Carmichael, the young Free Kirk minister, and Kate Carnegie, daughter of the old, but boyish-hearted general, who having spent the prime of his life in Indian service, returns at the opening of the book to the home of his boyhood, and initiates Kate into the scenes of auld lang syne. But besides the episode of love which results from the meeting of these two strongly marked individualities, the writer, apart from the main thread of the story, has interweaved sketches of Drumtochty life of the kind that have become inimitable in their portrayal of the sturdy Scotch nature.

It has been well said of these sketches that of late years none have been written that can compare with them in their power to reach the heart. It is a matter of extreme regret that their number in the future is to be limited, as Dr. Watson expresses himself as not likely to continue the publication of these Drumtochty tales. Perhaps he is apprehensive of the day when it will become the proper thing for tourists to invade with their modernized presence a land that has meant so much to him. But that day, withhold it as one would wish, cannot be far distant. Already we hear that the 'signs of the times' have begun to force their unwelcome way into this Perthshire parish.

"Conditions have been changing of late, by the force of modern inventions, and probably it will not be long before some corresponding alteration will be observed in the character of the people. Reaping machines assist some of the farmers in their harvest; bicycles (old-fashioned rattle-bones) carry the quarrymen to and from their work; and Posty, a young and active successor to Ian Maclaren's stern-visaged theologian and "sermon-taster," carries the mail

on a fine pneumatic-tire machine. The Free Kirk Manse is fitted with electric bells throughout; and Mr. Watson was quite shocked, on his last visit to his old home, to find that a 'bus is now running twice a week between Logiealmond and Perth."

"The Country of the Pointed Firs." By Sarah Orne Jewett. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York.

Mr. James Russell Lowell's characterization of Miss Jewett's earlier stories, "They are properly idyls in prose," was never more true of any of her work than of her last, "The Country of the Pointed Firs." The book, viewed from whatever aspect you please, contains scarcely the semblance of a story, or even the thread of a story, but is rather one of those charmingly simple little studies in word-painting that are inimitable with a few such writers as Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins, and perhaps Bjornson.

We have sketched before our eyes a painting of seemingly no greater importance than the portrayal of so humble a life as that lived in our New England fishing villages, and yet at Miss Jewett's hands the apparent commonplace gives way before the inner significance of things. However humdrum and uninteresting to the outside world the lives of these people may seem, yet at the final analysis we are perfectly well aware that to the people themselves their own lives are indeed affairs of tragic concern. It is one thing for an alien to call a life simple and unprofitable; it is quite another for him to live such a life. Were it possible for him to do this last, either by actual co-habitation or by a sympathetic oneness of heart, like Miss Jewett's, we are inclined to believe that the world he was prone to scoff would turn out, after all, to be a world as fraught with beauty and sweetness and real worth as any that can be found where the current of life flows faster.

Miss Jewett's "Country of the Pointed Firs," and by that she means certain secluded, but picturesque, little nooks along the Maine coast, is a land of quaint charm, into which she breathes a spirit of reality rare in its portrayal of scenes and characters. We have an isolated little bit of existence pictured with appreciative fidelity; we have types of men and women of roughed natures and stern lives, and we have beneath all this the pathos and humor incident to these hard and lonely lives. But the humor is not of a cheerful kind, for it is the humor that lies next to tears.

"Artie." By George Ade. H. S. Stone & Co.: Chicago.

Zealous advocates of the slang story as both Mr. Townsend and Mr. Crane have been, yet it would seem that they have both been recently outclassed by the appearance on the field of Mr. George Ade and his "Artie: A Story of the Streets and Town." The best and quickest thing that can be said of this book is that it is verily a marvel, regard it as you will. For the past year or two we have been duly impressed with the fact that slang as a literary element was slowly and insidiously forcing its way into our current fiction; but, frankly, we never dreamt of its becoming so fine an art as we have found it to be in this latest example. Its predecessors, "Chimmie Fadden" and "Maggie," are left so ignominiously in the rear by it that the reading of either of them is now a comparatively tame amusement. By this we do not wish to be understood to mean that the book itself, or its hero, Mr. Artie Blanchard, are either of them entities to which no exceptions can be taken. Far from it. The first is hardly likely to live after the present century; regarding the after-life of the second, we hesitate to prophesy. But Artie himself, notwithstanding all contrary considerations, is certainly a genius, at least when it comes to expressing an idea in words that are remarkable for their distortions of good Johnsonian English. Such another man for saying a thing in words that are at the same time English and not English would be hard to find. In spite of his slang, however, Artie, unlike so many other characters of the town,

never descends into the realm of the coarse or the vulgar; under all his worldliness and reckless jollity, the reader is forced to believe that there is, after all, a vast deal of self-respect and integrity in him. He's a good fellow at heart, albeit he is conversant with the world and the world's ways. As a study of a not uncommon type in the finely evolved complexity of our metropolitan life, he is unquestionably both deftly and cleverly drawn by his creator, Mr. Ade.

Although it would be far from our purpose to commend such books as forming any considerable portion of our reading, yet we are loath to exclude certain isolated cases like "Artie" from their rightful claim upon one's recognition.

"With Open Face;" or, Jesus Mirrored in Matthew, Mark and Luke. By Prof. A. B. Bruce, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"With Open Face" is another collection of those New Testament studies that have made the name of Prof. Bruce, known to Bible students everywhere. The book is more than its double title would suggest. It is more than a mirroring of Jesus. That might be said of the first three chapters. Here the writer frames the prophetic picture of Jesus by Matthew; the realistic picture by Mark; the idealized picture by Luke, and hangs them in a light that illumines anew our whole conception of these three gospels.

The rest of the book is a series of papers on widely different phases of Christ's life and ministry that entirely escape the notice of the ordinary reader. The "Synagogue Ministry," the "Escapes of Jesus," the "Mission to the Publicans," are chapters full of new thought and stimulus. "Jesus longing for Apt Disciples" and "Gethsemane," are expositions of some of the more hidden passions of the Master's soul, so clear, so simple, so real, that we feel as if heretofore we had been looking into the "open face" of Jesus through a veil.

The last chapter—somewhat out of place, it seems—is a "Christian Primer," a short catechism on the life of Christ for children.

Altogether, Prof. Bruce has not written a more readable book than this. His style, always clear, simple and strong, is here at its purest, and the book, as he says, is the outgrowth of severer studies, and is intended for every common reader of the gospels.

Like all things that are simple and true, "With Open Face" will find a place in many a preacher's library, as well as among those of the laity. It is one of those fresh, broad and awakening books that ought to be assimilated by every clergyman, for it is the kind of religious serum that means death to the bacilli of theological must.

"Pebbles and Shells." By Clarence Hawkes. Published by the Author: Hadley, Mass.

Mr. Hawkes, so widely known as the "Blind Poet of New England," has given us in his little volume of verse, entitled "Pebbles and Shells," an interpretation of nature that is rare in its purity, and rarer still in its appreciation. The denial of a bodily sense has seemed to have privileged him with a sweetness and truthfulness of conception not given to us whose daily lives see so much of the things that are merely outward. In his best poems there is a depth of thought and feeling, a spontaneity of grace and cheerfulness, that augurs well for so young a writer. His verses have the prime merit of reality—faithful in description, prolific in imagery, pure in diction and simple in form and context. As a rare interpreter of the true inner sense of things, and as a seeker after what Matthew Arnold calls "sweetness and light," Mr. Hawkes bears the promise of a happy poetical future.

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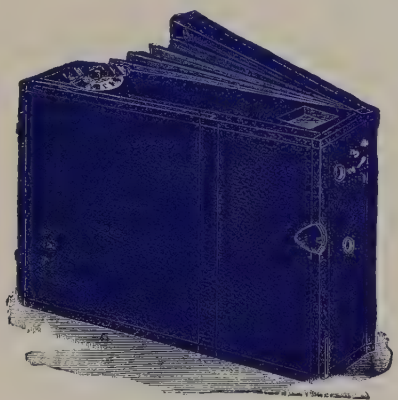

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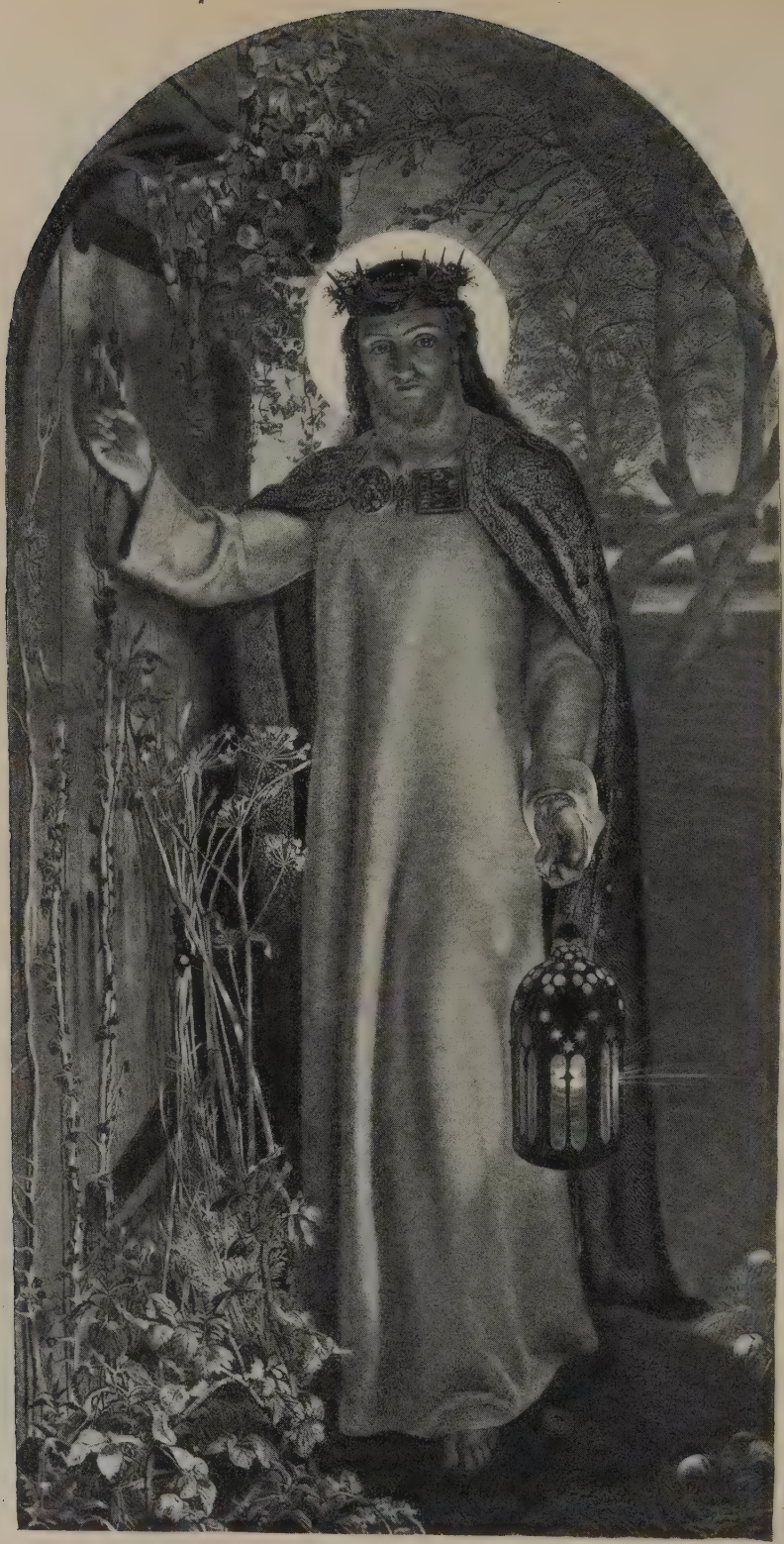


From a Painting by Holman Hunt

The Light of the World

THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. V. FEBRUARY, 1897. NO. 5

THE LAST OF SIR EDWIN LANDSEER'S HOUSE

BY CHARLOTTE ROSALYS JONES

The Challenge

THE progress of civilization sweeps away many interesting landmarks, and it has no more potent assistant than the railway, whose iron hand — like Death in Horace's Ode — knocks with grim impartiality at door of palace and hovel alike, and summons them to disappear and leave no trace behind.

Necessary as it is, it seems deplorable that a house so crowded with artistic associations as the home of the late Sir Edwin Landseer should be demolished to make way for ordinary modern mansions to be constructed for the accommodation of some hundreds of tenants, the site of whose present residences will form the roadbed of a new and important railway system.

Several visits to the empty and spacious house in St. John's Wood Road, and numerous confidential chats with the old man in charge of the property, revealed some interesting facts. With pardonable pride he announced that he was William Pedder, the former gardener of the great artist, and, in his declining years, his personal attendant and constant companion.

There was a perceptible tremor in Pedder's voice when he said, pointing to the ringbolts in the studio floor: "There is where I used to tie the animals that Sir Edwin used for models, and almost the last picture he painted was of me a-holdin' two dogs." It seems that this picture, with another of a donkey race, was really signed by the artist and given to the excellent Pedder, who sold them to some member of the Landseer family.

When the house was bought by Sir Edwin Landseer, it was an unpretending place, but, as his fortune increased, he gradually turned it into a luxurious mansion, arranged to suit his own tastes and to afford him the most favorable facilities for pursuing the art to which he was so devoted. The very house seemed emblematical of the owner's art life, which was one constant stride towards the realization of his ideals, and one could not fail to be reminded of some points of the great painter's history as the empty rooms were traversed for the last time under the sympathetic guidance of his old attendant.

The artistic precocity of the boy Landseer is well known, as his father who fostered his son's talent in every possible way, reserved from a large number of the boy's productions several which were made when the lad was five years old.

In Monkhouse's fine folio devoted to Landseer there is an excellent reproduction of a drawing of two sheep made when the artist was eight years old; another of the "Senegal Lion," drawn a year later, shows that even at that tender age the boy who was destined to become the most famous animal painter of his time evinced a most appreciative knowledge of the animal world.

The Shepherd's Chief Mourner

At thirteen, young Landseer appeared as an honorary exhibitor at the Royal Academy, sending two simple studies, the one of a mule, the other of a dog and puppy. In this same year he posed as the model for Hayter's Academy picture of "The Cricketer." In the following year a more notable portrait was made of him by Leslie, the famous American artist, who represented on his

The Late Sir Edwin Landseer, R. A.

Lion at Trafalgar Square, London

canvas a scene from Shakespeare's "Henry VI.," where Clifford murders young Rutland. The latter character was a portrait of Edwin Landseer kneeling with a rope around his wrists. The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and afterwards passed into the gallery at Philadelphia. Even then, Fuseli, the venerable keeper of the Academy, called him his "little dog boy," so much genius had he shown in drawing his favorite animal.

William Pedder

Gardener for Sir Edwin Landseer, and Last Personal Attendant.

In 1824 Landseer made his first tour of Scotland with Leslie and Sir Walter Scott. The pleasures of deer-stalking, once tasted, he repaired year after year to the Northern wilds, and was more prone to bring away sketches from the chase than antlers. In his roomy studio he enlarged or developed these sketches into some of his most celebrated pictures.

It is certain that Scott's novels made a deep impression upon Landseer, and the friendship between the two great men must have been mutually helpful. It has often been stated that Sir Edwin Landseer resembled Scott in his mode of work, except that he kept less early hours; that he loved to lie in bed late, and compose his pictures, as Scott did his novels, in the transition period between sleeping and waking. But his old attendant denies this statement, and asserts that his master was an early riser, and that it was just as much his habit to paint with marvelous rapidity from eight o'clock till dark, as to take

"PEACE"

up his station on a small seat outside his studio, and there remain for hours perfectly idle. It has also been said that the initials "E. L." could be found on the back of this favorite seat, but a close inspection revealed no such evidence of petty vanity; the man who has signed some of the most celebrated pictures of modern times had no need to

leave his initials cut on a piece of perishable wood.

There are, indeed, many accepted statements concerning the house that do not bear the light of investigation. It has been said, for instance, that it was called "Maida Vale," after the pet dog of Sir Walter Scott, which Sir Edwin had painted while on a visit at Abbotsford. Certain it is that he painted the picture, but it is equally true that the house has never been known as anything but simply No. 1 St. John's Road, until within a few years, when it has been known as No. 18.

It was here that his neighbors were astonished at the spectacle of the Queen waiting at Landseer's door while he mounted one of the groom's horses to ride with her; the reason being that he was to paint Her Majesty on horseback, and this enabled him to study his royal sitter. This incident was of great importance, because Sir Edwin was the first person to become a familiar guest at the Palace from the artistic or literary circles of England after the accession of Queen Victoria. Her Majesty has always been extremely fond of dogs, and it is said that her first act after returning from her coronation was to lay aside her sceptre, take off her crown and robes, and wash her little spaniel Dash.

Under such a Queen the great painter of dogs was certain of royal notice, and he became a welcome guest at Bucking-

"WAR"

ham Palace, Windsor and Balmoral. On such familiar terms was Landseer with Her Majesty that, being a most punctual person himself as regarded engagements, he actually dared mention to the Queen, on one occasion when she came to the studio for a half hour

The studio, which has been the scene of many royal visits, was a large room, with neutral tinted walls and carefully arranged windows to regulate the light. The high, double doors, through which Landseer's living models were brought to be attached to the ringbolts in the

A Naughty Child

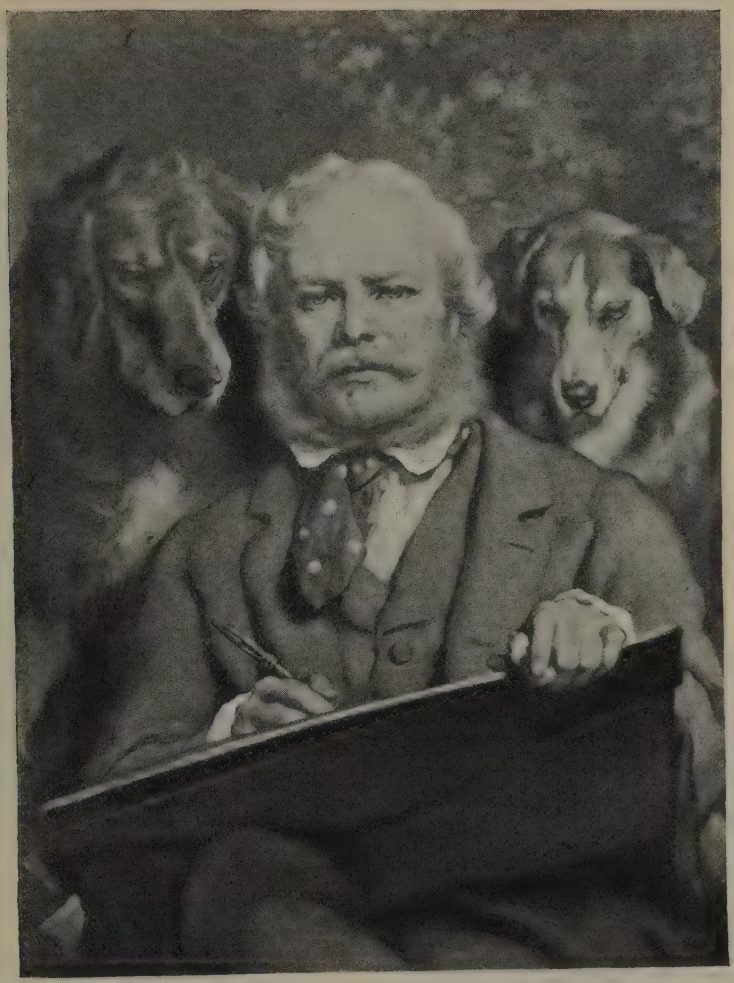
appointment, that she was three minutes late.

"Never mind, Landseer; never mind," replied the Queen, good-naturedly.

"And she didn't go over her time," said the faithful Pedder, "for I let her in, and I let her out; and I know she stayed just twenty-seven minutes, because I timed her by my own watch."

floor, were large enough to admit the enormous canvasses and frames he often required; and later on, when finished, the pictures that have become household words, were taken out to be exhibited, engraved and distributed all over the world.

The room, empty as it was, seemed full of memories; only the impressions



Sir Edwin Landseer and his Dogs

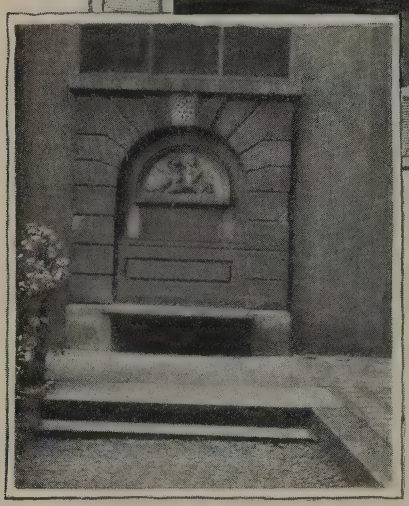
of the frames on the wall remained, one particularly deep line indicated the place where the "Monarch of the Glen" hung while awaiting an appropriation from the Government to buy it for the Refreshment Rooms of the House of Lords; the bill was never passed, and so this well known picture was finally removed, to become the property of Lord Londesborough.

Near the studio was a room devoted to the hanging of unfinished sketches, which were made on millboards of generally uniform size; when needed, they were brought out into the studio to be modified, or the idea carried on into other pictures; in this manner such subjects as the famous "Peace" and "War" were treated; the artist's favorite method, however, was to paint directly from the model, and his favorite model was always the dog, for which he reserved his love and enthusiasm throughout his life.

One of the secrets of Landseer's popularity was his choice of subjects; he never forgot to reflect the spirit of the times. When the Arctic explorers set out, with the eyes of all England following their dangerous course, he painted the polar bears finding the

Union Jack on the untrodden ice, and named it "Man Proposes, God Disposes." In the days of Rarey and the horse-breakers he exhibited the "Taming of the Shrew," "Free Trade" and "Protection," with Disraeli's portrait in

Studio Door



Sir Edwin's Favorite Seat,
Outside of Studio

the latter, made as interesting a subject to Englishmen of that day as the same idea treated differently would to Americans at this period.

A good deal more of Landseer's time than is generally supposed was given up to the painting of children. Into this very studio came a small boy one day, brought by his mother, who was anxious to have his portrait painted; but the prospect of standing still so long by no means suited the views of the youngster, who accordingly retired to a corner in a very sulky manner. Landseer added the poor dress, the book turned over and the broken slate, and the result was "The Naughty Child."

As a sculptor, we know Landseer best by his colossal bronze lions in Trafalgar Square. The obliging Pedder gave an amusing account of his part in the arrangement of the models for the last imaginative picture the great artist painted, in which the cast of one of the famous lions was placed on a pedestal in the garden and a young lamb was tethered near it. Despite all their efforts, the lamb refused to assume the peaceful position required in order to realize the prophesy that "the lion shall lie down with the lamb." At last, becoming discouraged with the obstinacy of his meeker model, Sir Edwin retired to luncheon, leaving word that he should be notified when the proper

"pose" was secured. "I watched," said the old attendant, "until that lamb sidled up and lay right down by the lion, and then I went and tapped lightly on the window, and Sir Edwin came out; but he could not get the view he wanted, for a full blown almond tree stood right in the way. 'Cut down that tree, Pedder, and don't disturb the lamb,' said Sir Edwin to me; and back he went to his luncheon. In no time I had it down, and out came Sir Edwin, and he said to me: 'Pedder, you're my man; you don't give anyone time to change his mind'; and then he made a sketch in less than ten minutes."

From an aesthetic point of view, the house, now doomed to fall under the pick-axe of the demolisher, was disappointing; but it must be remembered that thirty or forty years ago the art revival in architecture had not set in, and the London of that day contained none of the artistic red brick and red tiled structures now so common in its streets and squares. Still, the house, or, rather, the mansion—for its size entitles it to the dignity of that name—was not

Wild Cattle at Chillingham

without a certain charm. The stuccoed exterior was toned down by age to a sober and not unpleasant gray, which harmonized well with the luxuriant verdure of a garden which was almost without rival in London.

The architecture, of the pseudo-classic style, which was popular at the period, although not picturesque, gave scope to the owner's partiality for adding to and enlarging the interior. Here and there on the outside Landseer had let into the wall plaster bas-reliefs of classical subjects. Along the cornice of the porter's lodge was a cast of a portion of the frieze of the Parthenon. The grounds about the house consisted of nearly three acres of prettily diversified gardens and lawns, with trees of a size unusual in London, among them an ancient mulberry tree, destined, perhaps, to be converted into souvenirs and sold as "Landseer tobacco boxes."

Sir Edwin Landseer received at this very house more notable people than any other artist has ever done, with the exception of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Not only the royal family honored him with frequent visits, but the Dukes of Bedford, Devonshire, Wellington, Athole and Abercorn were his friends, and gave him sittings, as did Bulwer, Disraeli and Paganini. Landseer was on terms of intimacy with Dickens, Thackeray and Sidney Smith; and it is easy to realize how he found his original dining-room too small wherein to entertain the brilliant coterie of friends that surrounded him in his later years.

A spacious billiard-room testified to his love of the game, and this seemed to have been his only recreation, except a daily walk to the "Zoo."

One could fancy the congenial party of friends, brought together by hasty messages from the artist at the eleventh

Landseer's House. (Front View)

It seems a pity that so charming a spot should be uprooted. Even the contractor for the work of demolition feels a pang at the prospect, and in conversation actually unbent his mind and confessed he hoped to be able to spare at least one tree as a memorial of the spot where the great painter lived and worked and died.

hour, dining in the new room, with its Pompeian decorations; and then, perhaps, adjourning to the studio, to find a lion, which had died at the Zoological Gardens, occupying a corner, or a donkey might still be tied to its ringbolt in the floor, forgotten by the painter when he had suddenly decided to give a dinner party. When the studio walls were

covered with pictures, his distinguished guests no doubt indulged in friendly criticism, and Landseer himself was among the gayest of the critics; but after they were all gone, and the faithful Pedder had closed the doors and extinguished the lights, Landseer was often overtaken with fits of depression, and these, at the last, almost developed into melancholia. He was so devoted to his art that he always remained a bachelor, and his sister presided over his house.

"Artists' Corner," in St. Paul's Cathedral

From this place in St. John's Wood a memorable company of mourners followed the great artist to his last resting place in the southeast crypt of St. Paul's. All the members of the Royal Academy who were not detained by illness, representatives of the royal family and the art world were present. Eloquent sermons were preached the following day by Bishop Claughton and Dr. Hessey. The latter referred to the "Artists' Corner" of the Cathedral in the following striking passage:

"Where Reynolds lies, great in his delineation of man, happiest artist in seizing and perpetuating the noblest and best expression of mind in his features; where Turner lies, happiest artist in fixing the sunbeam as it flitted over some glorious landscape or venerable ruin; there Landseer has taken his place. He sleeps with them, side by side, happiest artist of another part of the creation, the animal world, which, like His other worlds, the Great Artificer of the universe hath made beautiful in his time."

The Good Shepherd
from a Painting by Franz Molitor

CHRIST AND HIS TIME*

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

THE WORLD AWAITING JESUS

The Fulness of Time — The World Awaiting Jesus — The Jews of the Dispersion — The Preparation in Palestine — The Reception of John.

THE thirty years of obscurity and humble home life are done. The fulness of time is come, and God sends forth His Son. Jesus is prepared to go forth from Nazareth into the world, not a village carpenter, but the world's Messiah. And the world is prepared to receive Him. The hour has struck for both Jew and Gentile; Israel's needs have reached their greatest depth, her hopes are at their height; Greece has given the world a common tongue, a common civilization, and in her philosophy a common preparation for the higher truths of Christianity; Rome has welded the notions into a single world-realm and given law and order to the whole; and Jesus comes into the world with His Everlasting Kingdom as the world under Rome comes out of narrow nationalism into universal empire.

This period of transition marked the crisis and the climax of Roman and of ancient history. Rome was the centre and capital of the nations. She had pushed her empire to the boundaries of the world. There was nothing beyond these borders worthy of conquest

* Christ and His Time was begun in November, 1896.

The Forum in Rome
From a Restored Drawing

and possession. From the mountains of Scotland to the jungles of Africa, from the Atlantic to the lands beyond the Euphrates she held sway, unifying the most dissevered lands and peoples, and incorporating their heterogeneous civilizations into a Hellenized-Romanism, with factors Judiastic, Oriental and even Germanic.

Rome the city has become Rome the empire; but the stupendous transition had not come about without revolutions in every phase of life and thought. Christianity was born while the world was in the throes of these changes, and it was this universal upheaval, shaking the foundations of society, that broke up the heathen soil of the world-field and made it ready for the seed of the Gospel.

This preparation of Rome was threefold: material, intellectual and religious. Life and property of Roman citizens everywhere were safe. The din of great battles was over, for there were no more lands to subdue; and Augustus ruled over a world of peace and security. "Safe are now land and sea; the cities flourish in unity and peace," says an inscription commemorating one of the celebrations to Augustus. This could never have been said of the world before, and it was a condition very necessary to the missionaries of Christianity.

Not only had she brought peace, but in building up her empire, Rome broke down the barriers of national hostility and distrust and threw all the world open to travel and commerce. From the golden mile-stone in the Foram, roads, superior and thoroughly guarded, radiated to the limits of Roman territory. They ran like a net-work over every province. They were the warp in the weaving of the vast and many-patterned fabric of the empire.

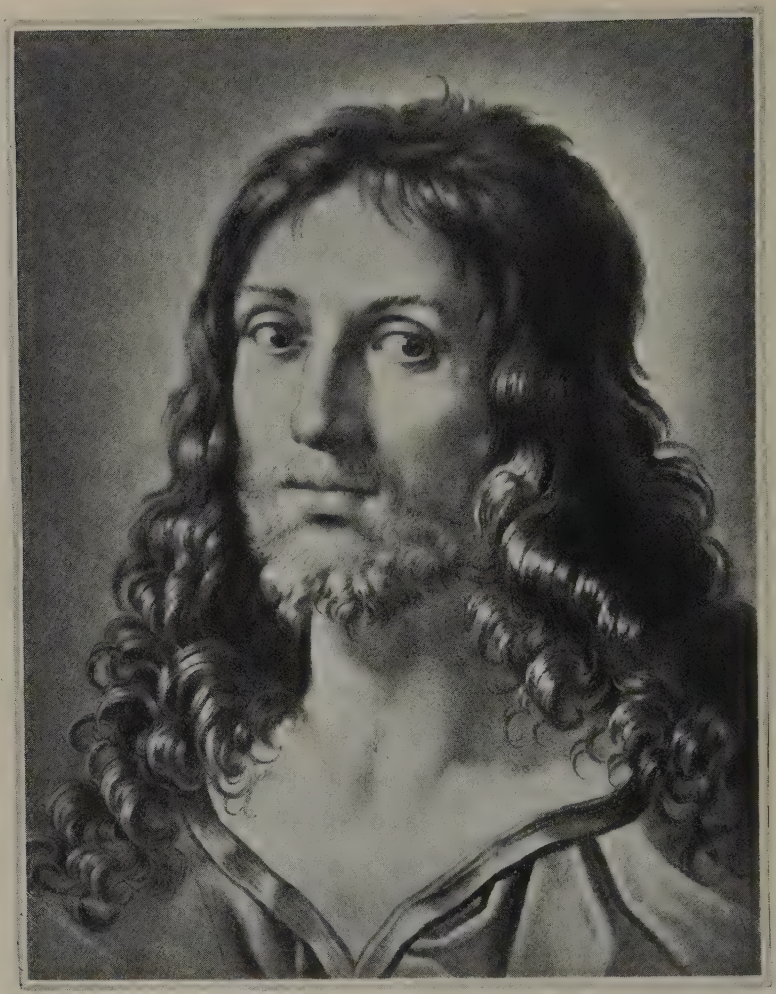
Travel and trade increased to enormous proportions; students went to and fro among the famous schools; new lands were opened; new cities built;

new schools founded, and the interchange of thought and customs in this transportation of soldiers, officials, scholars, tradesmen and tourists brought society to the standstill of perfect ripeness.

Greek culture had already spread itself largely, but Rome took it up and completed the scattering. The rich and flexible Greek tongue Rome made the common medium of intercourse. St. Paul, speaking the Greek current in Jerusalem, could go into any city of the world and be understood.

Greek philosophy, subtle, beautiful and lofty, had leavened all thought. Western Judaism, even, had become hellenized, and through Herod Greek culture had modified the very life of Palestine itself. But Hellenism, while it marks the highest level to which the human mind, unaided by revelation, ever attained, and embodies many pure and sublime ideals of God and man, still failed to satisfy the human soul in its solution of the problems of life and destiny, and in this failure woke the needs for something higher, and

"The promised Saviour of Israel is at hand"
From a Painting by R. Heck



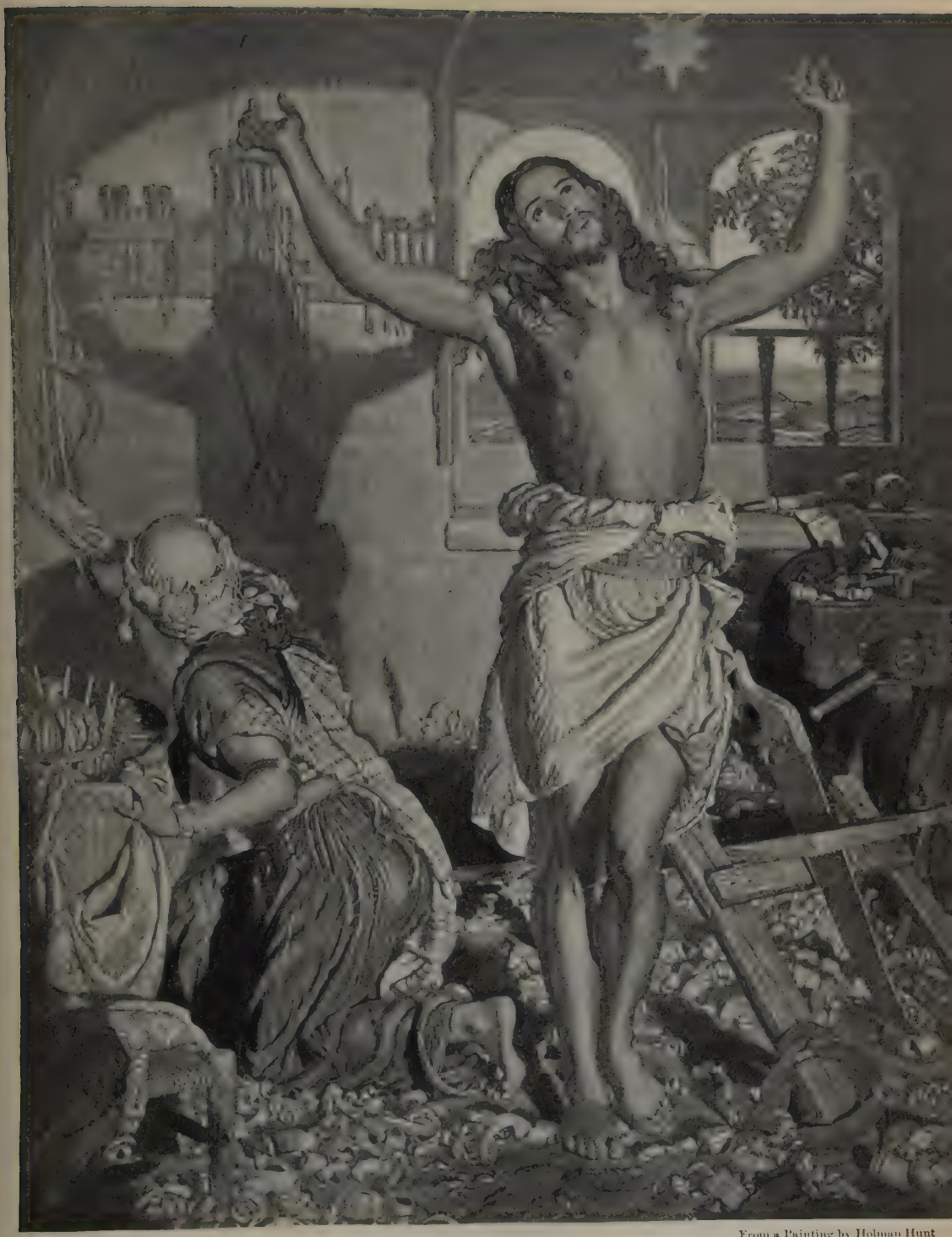
"In Whom the Kingdom would be realized"
From a Painting by A. Caracci

thus opened a door for Christianity. There was no conflict between "the good, the beautiful and the true" in Hellenism and Christianity. In point of time, then, Greek philosophy was a forerunner of Christianity, and in modes of thought it was an easy stepping-stone to many into the higher truths revealed by Christ.

With this material and intellectual high-tide, the religiousness of the age also reached its flood, while at the same time morality, completely divorced from worship, ebbed into stagnation, and its pestilential waters dripped poison into every spring of national life. There was much good moralizing, however. Stoicism uttered many sentiments that were worthy of Christianity, but it numbered only a few characters among its representatives who could have borne the name Christian.

It lacked all power to regenerate and quicken moral life, and like epicureanism, its base and sensual rival, led finally to despair.

Despair was written over the door of every Roman institution. The good and evil alike had reached their limits. The good was ripe, and decay had already



From a Painting by Holman Hunt

The Shadow of Death

set in, and the evil had run beyond all hope of mastery. It is impossible for us to understand the viciousness, the immorality, the absolute corruption of the time. Caligula wishes all Rome had but one neck; he spends five hundred thousand dollars on a single banquet; Nero drives a herd of five hundred she-asses in his train that his wife may bathe in their milk; he murdered his mother, and is readily acquitted by his fawning Senate; and Hadrian, miring to the bottom of the slough of nameless and unnatural vice, deifies a youth and erects temples of worship to him, with whom he had lived in the vilest relations.

The Emperors were closely copied by the nobles, and these in their way were no more corrupt than the lower strata of freemen and freedmen. Labor was stamped with disgrace, and the freemen left idle after the wars or driven from their farms by grasping landholders, flocked into Rome, where they were fed by thousands from the public crib and

Joseph and the Christ Child
From a Painting by B. E. Murillo

Redemption
From a Painting by Luca Giordano

amused at the arena with free sports, whose bloody cruelty was a chief influence in the general demoralization.

Another evil influence was that of the freedmen. These one-time slaves had in most cases won their freedom by the basest means, and stained with their former servitude, schooled in every evil practice, and lacking all sense of honor, they were a subtle and potent poison in public life. But the slave system worked greater moral death than this. It was chiefest among those factors making for social ruin. Over half of the empire's population of one hundred and twenty million were slaves. Some single masters owned as many as twenty thousand, and this incredible number of human beings were absolutely at the master's will for any purpose or wish: to maim, torture or murder, as lust, caprice or anger might move him. The slaves were beyond the pale of humanity, and their treatment worked corruption, depravity and dissolution in every department of life. It wrecked the home. License and female dissipation grew in consequence of slavery to such an extent that marriage almost ceased. Chastity became the rare exception, and the sanctity and obligations of the home and marriage vows so little respected

that a Roman moralist of the time exclaims: "Innocence is not merely rare; it has no existence."

Yet never was the world more religious—if we dare call these base superstitions, these horrible and repulsive rites religion—than now. Religion stood for the essence of all that was vile. The intermingling of peoples had disintegrated all local beliefs, and had given rise to the widespread idea of a single religion for all men, which now took form in the deification of the Roman Emperors. Thus, this widening and unifying of religious worship made ready many minds for the reception of

"John, the Son of the Priest Zacharias"
From a Painting by Domenichino

temples of Rome were the fountains of her festering impurity, disease and death. But one feature of even this polluted religion helped to prepare the way for Christianity. Every national cult was tolerated in Rome, but the great political revolutions, the clash and that sublimest conception of Christ—the Universal Fatherhood of God.

Such was the Roman world. Help! it cried; but whence was help to come? In vain did it turn to philosophy, morality and religion. Despair was the lost word of these. Blight and death had

The Vision of St. Theresa
From a Painting by Vernet Lecomte

touched everything heathen, and the black vulture, Ruin, hovered low for his spoil. The soul was lost to hope, and turned in upon itself, sought self-destruction as a last refuge. The world had reached the goal of its suffering and need; it was weary with laboring for truth; it was heavily laden with disappointments of the search for life, and, all unconsciously, it stood waiting the salvation of perfect virtue in Jesus; it stood longing for the soul-rest of Him who should say: "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

THE JEWS OF THE DISPERSION

The world was athirst for the "water of life," but the river must have channels through which to flow to these barren and sin-burned wastes. In the All-Wise Providence these channels were at hand. The Jews as a nation rejected Jesus as their Messiah, but as they had been trusted with the preservation of monotheistic faith, and had been given the preparation of a birthplace for Christianity, so, in their dispersion, they were made the means of scattering Christianity to the earth's far ends.

St. John the Baptist
From a Painting by F. Ittenbach

In everything the Jew was religious: his social, intellectual and political life were but as many phases of his religious life. His history was the history of his religion, and apart from his religion he had no history. In the repeated shipwrecks of Israel it was her religion that saved the nation, and since the disintegration of the nation it is his religion that has preserved the individual Jew. As he had no life apart from his religion, and as that religion had nothing in common with any other faith, the Israelite differed in every essential respect from every other people. Whereever he went he was always a Jew.

The Greek or the Roman could carry his religion with him as he traveled, or he could readily find a faith kindred, in part at least, to his own in any foreign land. The Jew could not. He had but one God—the God of his fathers; he had but one temple—the Temple at Jerusalem; and though the vast majority of the Jews were scattered over the Roman world, in every land and city, still, as they had but one God and Temple, so they had but one political centre—Jerusalem. Over a million Jews were settled along the valley of the Nile; sixty thousands were in Rome alone; but toward Jerusalem they all prayed; to Jerusalem they all sent tithes, and in Jerusalem they all hoped. They were no longer the people of Israel; they had become a world-nation with the Holy City for their capital.

The Jew was thus by very nature a stranger and a wanderer. He was prohibited by everything Jewish from making any country his own save the lands

Christ
From a Painting by Cima da Correggiano

given to his fathers; from paying allegiance to any king save the God of Israel; from making connections with any people other than his own countrymen. As he was kept from becoming one with the people among whom his wanderings brought him, so he was also kept from the enervating and debasing temptations of idleness and luxury that were the atmosphere of many of these foreign lands—as in Alexandria, Rome and in Greece—and thus he was preserved in his individuality, industry and integrity. Hedged in by his uncompromising religion as by a great wall, the Jew had no interest in the social and political changes about him, so long as they did not touch Jewish interests, and asked only peace and protection in these strange lands and the liberty to worship God as he wished.

This separation of the Jews from everything unjewish about them naturally bound them the more closely to one another, and strengthened their love of Israel and her religion. Wherever a number of Jews settled, if there were enough of them, they built a synagogue and there worshipped Jehova with the same songs and prayers and the same Scripture readings as were used that day in the synagogues of Palestine.

Here, in the midst of the splendid temples of heathen darkness, of superstition and idolatrous rites, the Jew preserved all the lofty and hallowed forms of his divinely-inspired worship. In the drunken gaiety of Alexandria, and amid the mad rush of life at Rome, the Jews observed their Sabbaths and feast days in the face of opposition, and oft times of bitter persecution. On these days their shops were closed, and the deriding populace could hear in the synagogue the chanting of the solemn hymns, the reading of the Scriptures, and might even pause to listen to a sermon by the rabbi or by some passing priest, who had been invited in to speak to them, as St. Paul often was.

These synagogues were scattered as far and wide as the Jews themselves, and they served as so many mission stations, already built and preparing in a hundred ways for the introduction of the Gospel, soon to be brought to them by the missionary disciples of Christ.

It was to these synagogues that St. Paul and his co-workers went directly on reaching a new city, and though they were often rejected and their teaching scorned, they were always given at least one hearing, and were frequently received and believed. Without these synagogues up and down the wide Roman world we cannot see how Christianity could have been given to the Gentiles without an immeasurably greater struggle and delay. This was a decided factor in the fulness of time.

The Jews of the Western dispersion were much more ready for Christianity than those of Palestine or of the Eastern dispersion. In the west, however, persistently they had resisted Hellenic culture; they had unconsciously yielded to its broadening influence, and instead of looking backward into Jewish history for their hope, as the home Jews did, they were looking forward toward a new day for Israel.

But they were looking. They were Hellenic in language and manners, but they were one withal in their hope of a coming Messiah. Like a guiding star, this hope rose above them, lighting them on, until the time should come when it should rise and stand over Jerusalem and guide them all from the islands of the sea and from the distant edges of the earth back to Palestine, a conquering and victorious nation. They carried this hope wherever they went, making many converts to their religion, and waking an almost universal longing in the hearts of men, to whom the Gospel of Christ came as a complete fulfilment.

THE PREPARATION IN PALESTINE.

But a voice is filling the wilderness of Judea and waking all Palestine with strange prophetic echoes. It is John, the son of the priest Zacharias, breaking his life's silence and piercing the dark clouds that envelop his country with

prophetic lightnings, whose thunders shake the land.

"The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand," he proclaims; "prepare ye the way." The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand! The cry sweeps like a tidal wave over Palestine. Off in Nazareth of Galilee Jesus hears the call, and leaves home and his carpenter bench and goes forth to meet John—the fulfilment of John's prophecy.

Long had Israel been waiting this call. She is now ready for the Messiah. Never, since the earliest promise of a Saviour, had her needs so pressed her to pray for His speedy coming. Since the sceptre passed from the hands of the brave Maccabeas into the family of Esau—the hated Herodians—her fortunes had grown steadily worse. Now, for the first time since the Babylonish Captivity, a foreigner and a Gentile held absolute sway over Judea. Tiberius, the Roman, was master of Israel.

There had been little change—none for the better—in the political situation of the country since Herod's death. The disposition of lands among Herod's sons remained after these thirty years as Herod had made them, except in the case of Judea. Here Archelaus, whom Herod made King, was banished by Rome for his outrages, and Judea was now ruled directly by Rome through the Governor of Syria.

Herod Antipas was still ruler over Galilee and Peraea, the territories in which fell the greater part of Christ's ministry. Antipas, like Archelaus, kept pace with his father in all but his father's virtues. He was weak, luxurious and dissipated, with not a redeeming quality. Even his passion for architecture and building—he built the city of Tiberius at the upper end of the Sea of Galilee—was but a slavish pandering to Rome for favor. He had nothing in common with the people he governed, and added sorely to their grievous burdens.

Philip, too, crawled at the feet of Rome; but he was the best of the sons of Herod, and in his long reign of thirty-seven years the people of Batanaea and his other provinces east of the Sea of Galilee enjoyed comparative peace.

But the yoke of Roman tyranny on the nation as a whole was never so heavy and so galling. Of all the Roman Emperors, Tiberius was most bitter against the Jews, and under his violent hand Palestine suffered to the limit of endurance. With willing tools in his creatures, Pontius Pilate, the Procurator, and Caiaphas, the base high priest, Tiberius instituted a reign of insult, robbery, persecution and murder such as was unknown even under the first Herod.

The Holy of Holies and the sanctity of the home were wantonly profaned, and the honor of women was nowhere safe. From the frequent insurrections of the Nationalists and from the extortionate taxings the industries of Galilee were becoming paralyzed. The poor widow, the idler in the market-place, the debtor going to prison, were sights growing more and more common. The most grinding poverty, misery and even starvation prevailed in many parts of the once prosperous country.

Is it a cause for wonder that the voice in the wilderness, declaring Him the promised Saviour of Israel, at hand, should set every loyal heart in Palestine ablaze with hope?

Such was the political condition of Palestine, and such—ever worse—the state of her religious life. Tiberius, in his way, made a better Emperor and a better god than Aunas and Caiaphas made high priests. The priesthood was robbed of all but the shadow of its ancient power, and was now sought as a favor of Rome because of the opportunity it offered for violence, luxury and self-indulgence. It had become the high seat of corruption, and it shows better than any other feature how low the tide of religious life had fallen.

But, outwardly, ceremonially, Israel's religion had reached almost perfection. The Jews washed and dressed and read and prayed and fasted and sacrificed

From a Painting by C. Schonherr

The Good Shepherd

more now than ever before. Their substitutes for love to God and man were as numerous and complete as thousands of scribes through hundreds of years could make them. Schools of theology were as numerous as our public schools today, and Josepheus tells us there was the enormous number of twenty thousand priests in the country at this time. Commentaries on the Scriptures grew, and grew so endlessly, and were so bulky, that they smothered the inspired books, and had now taken their place as the guide in religious things.

Thus the dead letter of the law remained, a monumental ceremonialism over the grave of the Spirit of worship, the life of true religion.

Thus, politically and religiously, the time of the fulness of Israel's needs had come. How anxiously she awaited the Messiah, and how readily she would receive Him, is shown by her reception of His forerunner, John the Baptist.

THE RECEPTION OF JOHN.

"Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand," was the spark struck out from the desert flint by the steel of John that set the tinder of Messianic hope in Palestine ablaze.

Well might words from the lips of such a man fall burning hot. None other like him had these corrupt times beheld. Here at last was a prophet of the type in Israel these four hundred years extinct. This is no oily-tongued teacher of the synagogue; no sleek and well-fed dealer in smooth rhetoric and hair-splitting discussions on the length of Sabbath day journeys; no Scribe or Pharisee, in flowing robes and broad phylacteries, with pompous semblance of piety; no "reed to be shaken by the wind." Here is a prophet of the line of Moses, of Elijah and of Isaiah; honest, stern, mighty and fearless. Look at that bronzed face, that long hair, those firm-pressed lips, those piercing eyes. Look at that simple garb of leathern belt and robe of camel's hair. The very spirit of the desert! The stern and rugged lineaments of the wilderness are marked in every feature of this great and austere personality. As grand and lovely as the solitudes he seems; powerful and gaunt as the ragged, barren hills. His eye flashes like the flame of the desert sun; his voice rolls through the heart like thunder, and his mighty soul, like some wild cataract, bears all before it.

The True Vine
From a Painting by A. Melville

He is well fitted to be the teacher of such a time. He is its extreme opposite. His food is the locust and wild honey; his drink is the river; his roof the open skies; his home the desolate wilderness; his companions the rivers, rocks, the mountains and sea, the wild beasts and the storms, his own large soul and God. He is the perfect mas-

ter of self; the servant only of duty; and the leader of his time.

That the words of such a man should make their way from the solitudes of the desert into the cities and to the distant borders of Palestine we are not surprised. But it was not alone the personality behind the words that gave them life; it was the message of the words themselves. "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand" was the cry; "prepare yourselves for it." By admonition and warning John exhorts them to get ready for the Coming One, Who was even now among them—in Whom the Kingdom would be realized.

"The good news of the Kingdom of Heaven" was with John, as with Christ, the burden of his preaching, in which was the essence of Old Testament prophecy and the whole of the New Testament fulfilled. The coming of the Kingdom of Heaven, the rule of God upon earth, was the substance of the Old Testament. It explains the very existence of the Old Testament, the existence of Israel and all of God's dealings with His chosen people. The whole history of Israel was but one long preparation for a time when God should be enthroned in peace and love and righteousness as the ruler of the world, a kingdom universal, heavenly and eternal.

This was the King and Kingdom understood and preached by John. But this was far from the ideas and the hopes of the Jews that flocked from every quarter of the land to the mouth of the Jordan to hear of the coming Messiah. On every page of the sacred Scriptures glowed the promise of His coming; the last word of the Old Testament burned of hope; and in the interim since that last prophetic voice every wave of disaster in church and state had carried them but the higher upon this rock. Now a Tiberius, a Pontius Pilate, a Herod and a Caiaphas held the high seats of the nation, and were grinding God's chosen in the dust beneath their heels. Could they suffer more? Had not the time come? Would not the Promised One now appear with the sword, and once more establish David's throne?

This was the Jewish idea of the Kingdom; this their hope in a Messiah. It was with this hope that they hurried from city, from village, from hamlet and wild hill—Pharisee, Sadducee, the high and low, minus creed and cast—all ready to take up arms to follow the leader, to die for Israel.

(To be continued.)

AT McNALLY'S BEND

A TALE OF THE SIERRAS

By Marion Hill

EVENING was coming on in the Sierras; not as in the drowsy valleys, with gentleness and tender lights, but coldly, and with sudden loneliness, and bringing with it a stillness which, as the long minutes passed, grew in awfulness and grandeur.

McNally's Bend was a lonely farmhouse far up among the mountains. It lay forever in the gloom of Mount Shasta, a frowning, watchful peak, a desolate sentinel, which, ever austere, ever snow-capped, towered above in eternal guard.

Still, so still! with sundown shadows slipping from canon to canon and clothing them with a shifting and fantastic unreality. So sacredly still was it, that the sound of an invading voice came like a sacrilege.

"Pink, whar was you? You hear me?"

The voice was rasping and shrill, belonging to a woman whose daily work admitted of much yelling after domestic animals and across country to men-folk at feeding times.

Pink—the name had probably been Pinkney when given by his sponsors—could hear perfectly; but being in a region where masculine sovereignty is indisputable, he chose to remain silent. His thoughts were of far more interest to him than anything his sister Araminty could have to say.

He was leaning his tired length against a friendly growth of manzanita and deerbrush, and was gazing across the canon, over the darkening and unsociable pines, to Shasta's solemn crest, where the last glimmer of day was dying. Shasta always seemed to have for him an undelivered and unhappy message. He never could quite make out what it was. Sometimes he felt that he must have heard it once and forgotten it, for it mocked his memory like a half-remembered strain of music. All that he could be certain of was that the mere nearness of this withheld message lay as a constant weight and restlessness upon him.

Now that Araminty's voice was hushed, the mighty silence had reasserted itself. Ordinarily at this time the mountains used to echo with the shriek of a train, which, never seen, thundered away to somewhere, leaving its voice trailing among the pines like smoke. But lately, hunters coming up from the valleys told strange tales of a strike, of a "lock-out" between masters and men, that had resulted in "tying up" the trains upon their rails, like dead snakes upon a trail.

Pink could not trouble himself about a matter so distant. For him, there was earth to be dug, water to be coaxed, food to be killed, whether that unseen monster sped howling through the mountains or not.

True, there had been a time in his earlier youth when he had dreamed of going away on that same iron power to some haunt of cities; but the dream had passed, and he now knew that his fate was to live and die at the Bend, as his father had done before him. Pink accepted his destiny with the apathetic conclusion that after all, one place is as good as another in which to work and die, since that is about all one can do anywhere.

Pink rarely formulated his thoughts; he merely rested his tired body against the brushwood and let his brain reach out in the direction of fancies which

never came near enough to be grasped. While he was still reveling in his solitary reverie, the chaparral crackled and parted, and Araminty appeared.

"I thought you was here," she said without resentment. "There's a woman up to the house."

"Who she was?"

"Stranger woman—little, bit-a girl."

"Who's she from?"

"Dunno."

"Where's she to?"

"She can't git there."

"Railroad?" asked Pink with sudden intuition. He had heard that passengers of trains abandoned in lonely places had been forced to seek shelter where they could.

"Them's um," corroborated Araminty. Then, searching her memory for an expression but lately heard, she experimented with it upon her brother.

"Tie-up," she ventured.

"What's she called?" asked Pink.

"Tie-up."

"She called," corrected Pink.

"Oh, her pap calls her Elsa."

Pink's gaze questioned for details about this new individual. "But he's gone," continued Araminty, digging holes with her brown toe, and much enjoying being the bearer of news to "men-folks," who as a rule were sole dealers in that commodity.

"He went a-horseback down Coyote trail to the stage road to Barntown to make shift to git to Yreka somehows, on 'count o' being bound to git there along o' business, but Elsa, she's to stay here till the tie-up's busted."

Here a snatch of exquisite singing thrilled on the air and intensified the sense of strange happenings.

"That's her," said Araminty, superfluously.

They moved toward the house. A sudden curve in the path brought them face to face with the singer, who was racing down the trail with all the abandonment of city-bred youth unexpectedly turned loose in the country. She was the most beautiful creature Pink had ever seen. Radiant, excited, flushed, she ran to them in an ecstasy of friendliness.

"Is it not wonderful?" she cried. "Look around!"

The obedient McNallys gazed blankly about them.

"What's wonderful?" asked Pink, stolidly.

Inasmuch as his voice never stirred with inflections of any known emotion, it might be called monotonous, but it possessed a quality of quiet insistence that was strangely attractive. Struck by its unexpected charm, the girl gave him an analytical glance—young men were her especial weakness—but after a survey of the one before her she decided that he was so uncouth as not to belong to the class at all. She returned her attention to the scenery.

"Everything is wonderful," she answered, awed. "Everything—the pines, so straight, so dark, so relentless! And the distances are terrible! You can see too much of the world. And the rocks—they frown! Then, the stillness—why, I can hear my thoughts coming to me like the beating of wings; and the mountains, shouldering each other so grimly. Oh, I never before was near enough to Nature to fear her, but I do here. This is her awful home, and Truth dwells with her—two dreadful majesties!"

Araminty dropped her jaw and gave up; but Pink stirred, half in assent, wholly in protest. Who knew better than he of the restless heartache which these mountains gave as a heritage? But he held such things as sacred to silence.

"How happy you must be here!" cried the girl, finding that her confidences about the landscape had not been encouraged.

"I dunno," said Araminty, feebly.

Pink made a speech, brief and pointed. "Why?" he demanded in his dead voice. But his questions could never be disregarded. There was always an authority in them that stubbornly awaited an answer.

Thus challenged, the girl glanced from earth to sky as if to catalogue

their beauties; but there was something else to see, and she chanced to see it. She saw where work and contention, want and disappointment, had laid heavy hands upon the man and woman before her to darken their lives, line their faces, bend their backs, and stunt their minds. This revelation of the sordid and brutal side of country life caused her to modify her speech.

Though it was still faintly daylight, yet a dark line showed at the foot of each pine and told that the new moon had her own strength. Mount Shasta, robbed of her day-time decking of sun and shade, loomed roughly bare.

"I am going to climb that tomorrow," mused the newcomer.

"It's off a week's journey," said Pink, squinting at it critically.

The girl gave a short laugh, as musical as her singing. Then her face clouded over.

"It looks so cruel," she said.

"It's jest a mount'n, like the rest," said Pink, doggedly.

Not heeding, not hearing his hinted opposition, she continued:

"It must see so much, and see it all unmoved; it knows all things and will say nothing. It is cruel."

He remembered how it was wont to fill him with the weary rankling of ideas which he could not express, and he felt that he knew what she meant much better than she knew herself. There was a speech then for all these emotions, and of that speech he, whose need of it was great, knew never a word. A sudden heartache assailed him and he walked abruptly away. A tardy sense of hospitality made him turn to look after his guest. She was entering the house. As he watched her disappear within, the heartache strangely deepened. The night seemed to darken perceptibly—a light had gone out.

By the time his many chores were finished utter darkness had fallen. As he trudged to the house he met his mother on her way to the spring. The heavy water pails creaked drearily from their handles.

"I allus plum forgit them till the last gasp," she whined through the night.

This water bringing was hers by custom, and Pink had never felt called upon to assist; but tonight, and he knew why, the sight of a woman as a beast of burden struck him with a strange reproach.

"Gimme!" he said, roughly, and as roughly seizing the pails he strode away with them. Scanty were the thanks which followed him.

"I declare, you ac' sometimes like you ain't got wits," moaned Mrs. McNally.

The next morning Pink entered the kitchen with a strange perturbation.

"She's out o' doors a'ready, an' she's in my clo'es," grinned Araminty.

"Tell her vittles is up, can't yer?" fretfully inquired her mother.

Pink went outside and discovered the object of his errand lying face downward on the ground, striving to lure out from under the house a kitten which had taken coy refuge there.

"Elsa," he said stoically, "breakfast."

At the sound of her name she sat up and locked her hands around her knees. She was too astounded to stand.

"What did you say?"

"Breakfast."

"I know; but what beside?"

"Elsa."

There was a pause. The coquettish kitten squeezed itself out to investigate the cessation of attentions, and seated itself demurely in a bar of sunlight.

The girl began to laugh delightedly. "I must call you Mr. McNally, I suppose."

"I s'pose," assented Pink, echoing her words without listening to them.

He was noticing how Araminty's dress had lost all its familiarity in its new employment. Tiny, well-shod feet showed where Araminty's bare toes belonged; fragile fingers where horny fists used to protrude; a sleek, golden head reared itself regally above the well known torn collar.

"Breakfast," reiterated Pink, feeling a certain safety in the words.

"I am coming, if I could get up," said Elsa, stretching both hands out to him. The kitten vanished; and Pink's senses reeled. He took her hands, and as he was hauling her gently to her feet, she made an astounding, inconsequential remark.

"Your eyes are very blue, Mr. McNally," she said.

Across their path came one of the barnyard fowls, whose inclinations was taking him at right angles to a sudden gust of wind, so that his head and claws were mincing in one direction, while his tail feathers were being blown violently in another. As often as Pink saw that particular fowl again he always mentally reproduced it in its present distorted condition and remembered that his eyes were very blue.

"Oh, is not that delicious!"

The cry was so rapturous that Pink started and looked about him. The only new thing in sight was an all black puppy, which was ambling towards them with absurd weakness. It was utterly useless, considered as dog, and, therefore, to Pink, had no existence.

"That?" he asked, with a puzzled frown.

"Perfectly delicious! What is its name?"

"'Tain't worth naming."

"I would like to name it. Whose is it?"

"Nobody's—anybody's—yours!" ended Pink, with inspiration.

"Mine? Oh, good! Come, doggy; come, Mr. Satan; come to its mother."

Pink watched the performance with interest. She gathered the unweildly thing up in her arms and staggered along with it in absolute content. Mr. Satan was contented, too. They all went in to breakfast, Mr. Satan, for the first time, having a seat at a Christian table.

The meal was a silent one. The only person at ease was the pretty stranger, who was causing disturbance.

"Where are you going?" she demanded of Pink as that individual prepared to go to work. The question was so friendly that Pink's voice softened as he answered.

"Going to Smith's creek to hunt a stray colt."

"May I go with you?" she besought him. "I want so much to explore these mountains, and I am afraid to go alone. I will try to be very little trouble."

"Come on," was all Pink said; but he was strangely pleased.

That began an almost constant companionship. She went on all the chance excursions that his work shaped for him. She would come home laden with trophies, which Mrs. McNally bemoaned as "truck." The working woman could see no beauty in the wild azalea, golden rod and pink-belled huckleberry; but her son grew to see these things with new eyes, and took to contributing "truck" on his own account.

Before long the sense of her perfect comradeship stole upon him, even when he was alone. Here she had become tired, and had rested. There she had sung. In this place she had slipped and all but fallen. In that place she had seen a snake and had screamed—in all places, at all hours, she was in his thoughts. He performed no meanest bit of labor without mentally standing off from it and endeavoring to see it in the aspect which it would probably present to her. And now and again an experience went to show that her way of looking at things was never his way.

For instance, he brought home to her a wildcat which he had shot. He threw the little animal down beside her on the porch.

"Oh, what is it?" she cried, shrinkingly, but smoothing its fur with pitying hand.

"Wil' cat."

"Who killed it?"

"Me."

"What did you kill it for?"

"You."

"Me? Oh, no! Oh, I hope not!"

"To skin for you. Sis has one along of her bed. She allows its warm to the foot."

He waited for the pretty rapture of gratitude with which she was wont to reward his attentions, but none came. Her head was drooped, and she was parting open the clenched claws of the dead animal and devoting much unnecessary care to it. He was shocked to see a tear splash upon its spotted fur.

"Elsa!" he cried sharply.

She sprang to her feet to run away.

"It is so soft and smooth," she explained. "So like a pet cat. It seems so wrong to kill it—for nothing. I could not bear to have it skinned. I could never put by foot on it; never! Oh, look at it! Look at its eyes! See how horrified it is at being dead!" Fairly breaking into sobs, she ran into the house, leaving him sitting beside the stiffening body at leisure to note for himself the staring agony in its eyeballs.

There, plenty of work awaited him. He had a sheep to kill, and he mechanically set about the preliminaries to the act. So busy was he struggling after thoughts that eluded and puzzled him that he completed his preparations without stopping to realize to what they tended; and then, with knife in hand, he staggered under the discovery that he could no more do the killing than if Elsa had been there watching—she had petted the sheep, fed it, named it.

He flung away the knife, and gave way to a wild revolt against his manifest destiny. Why did he not have the option of leading a life whose details would not shame him? Had the years nothing nobler for him than this breaking of soil for his bread, this slaughtering of stock for his meat? The bitterest part of the conflict was his knowledge of its uselessness. To push away from this degrading environment meant the desertion of his helpless kindred. To imagine release was but to cheat himself with the impossible. What was put off this week would only confront him next week, grimmer, more hideous than ever. Yet he seized the respite.

As he strode moodily past the house his mother hailed him. She was hanging out clothes, and two clothespins stuck from her mouth like tusks.

"Ain't you killed them meat yit?" she asked, in a grotesque mumble of reproach.

"No," he answered, fiercely, and his response sounded like an oath, so sorely did he rebel against this being constantly shown that he could not yield to any one of his inmost impulses without affecting in some way his mother and sister.

The day passed. He realized that he had never revolted against his lot until he had set eyes upon the woman whose every thought and act told of another sphere of life, towards which his fettered feet could never hope to lead him. She translated his incoherent fancies into words, which he remembered and warred with. After every speech with her he shook off some of his apathy, only to find beneath that blessed insensibility and discontent which had been there always.

He was maddened at the abasement he ever felt in her presence. Yet when they were climbing the trails together, when she was pulling upon his strong and steady hand for support—as man and woman, as human beings, was he not her equal? Nay, more: in matters of guidance and endurance was he not superior? Yet he feared her, and looked up to her as divine even in wisdom. There was a question he must ask her. She would surely know the answer; he did not.

The opportunity to ask that question came. It was early morning, yet they had already walked far, and she was tired. She threw herself down upon the matted pine needles.

"You poor, poor, poor, tired little beast," she said, hauling into her lap the panting Mr. Satan, who had followed against his better judgment. "You, Mr. McNally, might as well sit

down, for you can see that I do not intend to move for hours."

Pink let his legs slide from under him, and settled himself in a not ungraceful sprawl. He watcher her. She was absorbed in fitting her sun-bonnet over the puppy's diabolical black head. Her hair shone like flecks of gold where the sifting sunlight touched it. The world was very beautiful—did his heavy heart hold all the gloom under heaven?

He glanced as Shasta. It was kind. It was wrapped in an amethystine mist. A crow was winging its way straight into the glorious haze; it narrowed to a speck, wavered, and was blotted out.

Did life have for him any radiant goal in the brightness of which the darkest of his thoughts would fade away into glory? He turned again to Elsa.

"I can never be a gentleman," he said.

A compassionate flush swept over her face, but she busied herself with wiping the dog's eyes with his own ears, and with putting his feet in his mouth for him to chew by mistake. The sun-bonneted beast lolled at ease and showed the whites of his eyes.

"I said I can never be a gentleman," Pink reminded her again in his deep, compelling voice.

"But you are one; any man is a gentleman who is gentle at heart."

"No," said the stubborn McNally.

"A man can be whatever he strives to be," continued Elsa, flinching under the deplorable honesty of his blue eyes.

"Anything but a gentleman. Look hyar at these," putting out his seamed and blunted hands; "how'd they look on a gentleman? Ef you ain't born it, you can't make yourself it, nohow, and there's no use trying. But there's something you can help me to answer."

"I will try."

"That's 'Nails-of-God'," said Pink. Groping among the pine needles and moss, she had found one or two small white flowers of rare sweetness and purity.

"It has a perfume," she said, laying one against her face.

"Only at morning and evening. When the sun is hottest it can't help you at all."

"It can't what?"

"It has no perfume at all," continued Pink, stolidly. The pain at his heart was growing.

"You were thinking of your question."

"Yes; it's this: S'pose a man finds himself where he don't want to be; s'pose, though, he has two people in his care, but his life is a misery—he is ashamed of it; now, it's not brave to keep on doing something your ashamed with, no more is other things brave, either; I know that; but what is rightest to do; what is manlike to do; what would a gentleman do—keep right on with the ter'ble small life for the sake of the other two, or push away and live a better one?"

"Which is nobler?" said Elsa, with the royal scorn of youth and girlhood, "to fight and die on the battlefield, or to run away?"

"Oh, no!" cried Pink. "Did what I said sound mean as that?" He writhed under the cut. "It is nobler, then, to keep on living the shaming life?"

"No life is shameful that is lived for others."

He could not speak. There was something wrong somewhere. He could not have voiced his dreadful need of help in language strong enough or she would never have answered so. The strained silence was broken by an unfamiliar sound—the shriek of a train which raced away to somewhere, panting as it sped.

"Listen!" cried Elsa delighted.

"The tie-up's—" he paused. "Busted" had been Araminty's word, but there must be a better one. "Over," he said at length. Then he got to his feet, as if to brace himself for a shock. "And you won't be hyar no more."

"Don't you believe it. It will be a week before my father remembers my existence, and a week more before he remembers that he is to come for me."

"Two weeks," said McNally, drawing a relieved breath.

The wild mint smelled strong; a few pale butterflies shimmered over the stunted clover, and the growing warmth of the sun drew a subtle odor from the pines; all these familiar things suddenly became prominent accessories to the fact that she was rising to leave him, to return to the Bend.

"If you see any flowering kern will you bring some home to me?" she asked.

"Yes," said Pink, thrilling to hear her call his house home.

"You won't forget, will you?" As she spoke she came near, and with slow care, fastened one little white flower on his shirt. He clenched his hands. Did she know what she was doing? what it meant? Why, if any of the girls thereabouts should do a thing like that it would show—. He felt a suffocating impulse to put his hand upon her hair, and fearing lest the idea might blaze upon his face, he abruptly turned and left her. Yet, if he had not been insane he would have noticed that Mr. Satan's silky coat was likewise decorated.

At night he returned with a flaming armful of forest spoils. His mother was watering a few unresponsive garden plants. She was using a broken teapot. The feeble trickle wormed itself over the dull wall-flower and lavender as if disgusted at having to encourage such dismal bloom when the mountain nooks blazed with blossoms like those Pink held.

"You kin chuck that outern the crick; she's plum gone," said Mrs. McNally in the tone of one who knows her news is good.

Pink kept silent. His mother always got on best unquestioned.

"Her pap kim an' bundled her off."

Pink waited. Some message must have been left for him.

"I've held vittles a good hour for you," she concluded, and plodded into the house. Her tale was done. They sat down to supper. The kerosene lamp smelled very sickening.

"Her pap paid us han'some," grinned Araminty, knife half way to mouth. Paid! God had lent them one of his angels, and they had taken money for her keep.

Pink forced down a big meal, for he was not going to give his womenfolk an irregularity to carp at. Araminty was garrulous over Elsa's departure, but her story added no new facts to those Pink already held. Elsa's father had come for her, and she had gone hurriedly—with delight. Pink remembered hearing the shriek of the outgoing train. He had been tugging at a clump of azalia at the time.

Supper over, there was only one thing to do—to get away from the Bend—to go stolidly forward, with no purpose except to escape at all costs from the sights and sounds with which he had been associated. He knew that later on in the night he would have to come back, would have to retrace every step in loneliness and darkness, he well knew that the duty which held him to his home was an unbearable chain, but for the time being he had to get away from every familiar landmark, away, away, somewhere by himself, that he might fling himself upon the ground and fight for the mastery of these pain-bearing thoughts which were beating in his brain. He stumbled on blindly through strange ravines and over unknown boundaries. He finally lost track of his whereabouts, and stopped, dazed and panting, to throw himself down in the security of his remoteness. At last he could think. At last he was alone. There was no rock or bush or brook murmur to remind him of one who must be forgotten; but when the blindness of fatigue had left his eyes, when his sight grew accustomed to the throbbing darkness, his heart gave a bound of despair as he recognized that he was lying in the very shadow it Mt. Shasta, nearer than he had ever been before to its dread companionship. And he heard at last the message it had always had for him, for it spoke of its knowledge of the awful inequalities of human life.

It was the symbol of an existence which had to be confronted and endured and worn out to its lonely end. She, too, his heart's dear love, had told him that his duty was to stay and suffer.

The stars were out, and it was night. He staggered to his feet, and realizing for the first time what his life's cross was to be, went slowly back to the lonely farmhouse that lay forever in the gloom of Mt. Shasta.

AUGUSTUS AS A TRAVELING COMPANION

By S. J. Underwood

I HAD malaria last spring, and could not seem to get strong after it. The doctor said I must go to the mountains. I thought we could not afford it; but he was peremptory, and declared he would not answer for the consequences unless I had a change.

Augustus always goes away somewhere; he has to, poor fellow! he works so hard. But he and I had not traveled together since we went on our wedding journey, eleven years before. He had been anxious for some time to study the flora of the Adirondacks; his sister offered to come and stay with the children; and I looked forward to the three weeks we were to spend from home with fond anticipations. The physical recuperation and the added botanical knowledge I considered the least of the good which should accrue. The prospect of having my husband three weeks to myself was delightful; and I packed books, which were to be read for my special improvement, and dreamed over the few additions to my wardrobe, as though I were planning for a new honeymoon.

Augustus is inclined to be dilatory—rather, his large brain always plans more than finite man can accomplish. His mother was an exceedingly punctual woman, and gave him so rigid a training in this particular that he is always uncomfortable when he is behind time, and, therefore, irritable. The morning we started he had letters to write—I never knew a season when he did not have letters to write. I tried to persuade him to dress himself first. I might as well have whistled to a northeaster. I ventured once to remind him that he would have a limited time for his toilet; but I decided not to put my head between the lion's jaws again, even if we were left. I carried the luggage out on the front porch, seated myself, and endeavored to possess my soul in patience.

At last I heard him whirl into our sleeping room like a tornado. I knew what condition our room would be found in the track of the hurricane, and I was particularly sorry, as his sister is such a model housekeeper, that I could not remove the traces of disturbance; but there was no help for it.

He came down stairs two steps at a time, and grasped the luggage. "Come, not a moment to lose; there's the car!" He barely stopped it, and I was obliged to run. Being still weak, I reached it panting and in a dripping perspiration. This last quite ruffled my spirits, as I feared the effect upon my new traveling dress.

When we reached the end of the car route: "I'll hurry ahead and get the tickets, and you follow as rapidly as possible," he said, and was off like a rocket. When one has the luxury of a husband, and is journeying for health,

it would seem befitting to be escorted on one's way with dignity, if not with tenderness; but, like some squaw, following her lord, I trudged on, keeping my chief in sight. I sunk down in the car just as the train began to move, and for a half-hour was too weary to speak. Augustus was decidedly wilted as to collar; but that fact did not disturb him in the least.

I had imagined he would be very devoted and entertaining; but I found that he had other projects. He had the proof of a botanical article to correct, and no end of memoranda to set down.

Every time the train halted he was up and out to find a floral specimen or to note the formation of rocks. Then he would stand out on the platform for a long time, leaning off in a way that made me half jump from my seat, as I would see his form sway with the shock of the uneven movement. I finally was obliged to turn my back and leave him to his fate, for people began to look at me as though they thought me afflicted with St. Vitus' dance.

Once I really thought he had been left. He failed to make his appearance, and the conductor came around; I paid no attention, even when he stopped. "Your ticket, madam," he demanded sharply.

"My husband," I said, "stepped off at the last station; he must be somewhere on the train."

He looked at me dubiously, but moved on. At last, when I was half distracted, Augustus came sauntering in.

"Where in the world have you been?"

"Oh, I met a man I knew on the rear car."

"Well, I wish you would leave me my ticket if you intend to stay away like that again. I don't enjoy having the conductor suspect that I have a mythical husband."

At one point I noticed a pink flower growing which was strange to me. I pointed it out to Augustus; neither did he recognize it. When the train halted he saw some of it at a considerable distance from the station, and said he was going for it. I remonstrated, for I feared the train would move before his return; but he was deaf to my entreaties. It happened that there were many transient passengers to get on, and the car became full. I was watching Augustus, and before I knew it a portly man had crowded himself into the seat without asking leave. Augustus boarded the car after it started; I thought it might do him good to stand for a time, he needed so much exercise; and I did not inform my companion that he had appropriated a reserved seat. I really enjoyed the sight of my husband standing with his pink nosegay in his hands. The intruder left at the second station, and Augustus said, as he took his place: "A pretty trick you played on me, when I only went for the flowers to gratify your curiosity."

"But," I said, "you can't understand what a relief it is to have a stationary seatmate."

As we neared the town where we were to leave the cars, I said: "You have not been as attentive to me, Mr. Dempster, as you were the last time I traveled in your company."

He seemed mystified for a little, and then laughed. "No; once in a lifetime is enough for a man to make himself ridiculous."

"I don't think there was anything ridiculous about it," I replied, the tears almost starting. "Your behavior suited me, and you, too, at that time."

He looked at me sympathetically.

"You must be very tired, Maria," and his solicitude was such that he would not hear of my riding outside of the tally-ho, though I had looked forward to it with childish eagerness, and he knew it. He settled me on the back seat, but climbed himself to the roof. I began to seriously question whether there was such a thing as a second honeymoon.

Our hotel was delightfully situated; the piazza commanded a magnificent view of a long range of blue mountains, Mt. Marcy seeming only a little above

his brethren; lesser peaks nearer, showing that they were wooded to their summits, while pine forests sloped down to the very back doors of the hotel.

Augustus was in his element, and was up and over the hills before breakfast. It was a quiet place; not fashionable; about sixty people in all; only a few gentlemen—so every arrival counted.

Augustus is very social and fond of the companionship of young people. The first forenoon there was a bevy of girls round him, and he was displaying the different specimens of ferns which he had found. The second day he organized a botany class. There were as many as a dozen young ladies, and one handsome widow in half mourning, and a man or two. The plan was to have a field excursion each morning, and a lecture, illustrated by the collection made, at three in the afternoon.

Now, of course, it was a noble and self-sacrificing thing for Augustus to lead the minds of these frivolous creatures into this intellectual channel, and I ought to have rejoiced in the uplifting of my sex; but I did not. I thought I deserved to have my own mind developed, and I would have preferred to have my husband's attentions concentrated, instead of diffused. Of course, I was always invited to go a-field with them, but I was not strong enough to endure the tramps they took; I was a weariness to myself and a drag on them, and I gave it up. I hear so much during the year of ferns and mosses and hepaticae and algae, and move about so many stacks of plants, both phenogamous and cryptogamous, every time I sweep my house, that I would have enjoyed a vacation where their voice was not heard.

The lecture in the afternoon was usually continued in easy conversational stages until almost tea time. There really did seem to be no hour that was not pervaded by that omnipresent botany class. If I captured Augustus for a little reading on a secluded corner of the piazza, two or three of his fair pupils were certain to come up, with profuse apologies, to be sure, to ask some question about a plant.

But I think I could have borne everything, had it not been for Mrs. Inchbold, the vivacious widow. She impressed me as a most designing woman; and Augustus was so charmed with her. Such an intellect as she had, he said, but undeveloped; and she felt that he was her Columbus, the discoverer of a new world. She was from Mississippi, and he had always wanted some one to collect plants for exchange in that region. She was so enthusiastic, and thought she could awaken interest in her native city, and, perhaps, call him down for a course of lectures. All this, and much more, he poured into my ears; and to do myself justice, I did not say any of the unuttered things I thought by day and by night. I did not even suggest that this was most likely the last fad of a fine lady who wanted to kill time and bag a little scientific game withal. She was patronizing to me; even gushing. It was "My dear Mrs. Dempster, I am so sorry you are not able to go with us"; "My dear Mrs. Dempster, it is such a mystery that you are not botanically inclined, your husband makes the work so fascinating"; "My dear Mrs. Dempster, it is no wonder you have such a mental grasp of subjects, Mr. Dempster is so inspiring"; and Augustus actually glowed under her flattery. I felt every day as though I would like to wring his neck and hers, too. But if I had been real well I should have been more patient, and considered that an open-minded, aspiring man like Augustus, anxious to promote science and to help people make the best of themselves, could hardly be expected to fathom the nature of a gushing, coquettish woman as another woman was able to do.

The botany class continued under full sail for a week, and then the young girls began to drop off; for there is no play about taking lessons under Augustus; he demands rigorous work. But

there were three or four who persevered. Mrs. Inchbold held out bravely.

One night there was a beautiful full moon, and Augustus and I sat out enjoying the silver light, when Mrs. Inchbold, radiant in her beautiful toilet, came out and asked Augustus to go into the parlor to look at a flower, which she could not determine. He rose with alacrity. He is always all animation over a plant.

"I won't keep him long, Mrs. Dempster," she called back. "I would ask you to come, only I know you don't care for such things."

I felt so annoyed that I rose almost involuntarily and began to pace the piazza in front of the parlor windows. Mrs. Inchbold and Augustus sat at one of the tables, flowers in their hands, and heads bent over the botany. She did look very charming. I walked away into the shadows and leaned against one of the pillars. Two ladies were talking on the other side of it. I caught their words.

"I think Mrs. Inchbold's actions are just scandalous," said one.

"So do I," returned her companion.

"Mr. Dempster neglects his wife shamefully; and she looks so delicate, too."

"She's a meek little thing," said the other. "If he were my husband, I'd make things lively for him. When he first came, I thought he would be a great addition to our society; but his eyes never look except in one direction."

"I think that botany class is just a blind, don't you?"

I waited to hear no more, but fled to our room, and not stopping for a light, I flung myself upon the bed; but, as usual, our couch was covered with plants laid out between papers, and I was obliged to scramble up again. It was the last straw of my heavy burden; I hadn't even a place to weep unhampered by the floral kingdom. I sank to the floor, laid my face in my hands, and sobbed like a child.

How long I sat there I do not know, but Augustus, not finding me on the piazza, came in quest of me.

"Maria," he said, "aren't you feeling well? Have you gone to bed?"

I answered, but I suppose my voice betrayed me. He struck a light. I got up from the floor, and busied myself at the wardrobe; but it was no use; he saw something was wrong, and demanded an explanation. I sobbed out the conversation I had overheard. He turned all colors, and said very coldly: "I thought, Maria, you were too sensible a woman to be disturbed by idle gossips."

He tried to be very kind and soothing and bathed my face with cologne after we had succeeded in unloading the bed, and read "In Memoriam" till I feigned sleep. I suppose he thought the occasion demanded something solemn, and I quite agreed with him.

In the morning he said: "I am sorry to have been the cause of any ill-natured remarks concerning Mrs. Inchbold. I wouldn't have her learn of them for the world. It is really cruel that her effort for improvement should be so construed."

"I don't believe she is especially sensitive," I replied.

"Oh, she is; she has the finest sensibilities; but it is quite a delicate matter. I hardly see how I can break up the botany class now."

"Couldn't you manage to make it a little less interesting?" I suggested. Perhaps my tone was sarcastic, for he answered in an injured voice:

"It is like an oasis in the desert for a man like me to find a soul eager for knowledge and gifted with such subtle sympathy." Which last remark quite took away my appetite for breakfast.

But fate was to adjust matters. A day or two before there had arrived a bald banker and a slim young college tutor, who had come expressly for the fishing. It seems they had invited some ladies to help them whip the trout brook that morning. Augustus and three young girls stood waiting on the

piazza steps, when Mrs. Inchbold came up with the bald banker.

"Oh, Mr. Dempster, I think I shall have to ask you to excuse me this morning. I'm going fishing; and, actually, I fear botany is going to be too much for me. I am just worn out with it."

The whole hotel had turned out on the piazza, and her ringing tones drew everybody's attention. The young girls, who were really in earnest, were deeply disappointed; but Augustus told them they could go out by themselves, and he would help them determine their specimens. And he did, but did not manifest much enthusiasm. I suppose that, though they were "eager for knowledge," they were not "gifted with subtle sympathy."

Mrs. Inchbold did not study botany further, but she went fishing either with the bald banker or the slim tutor every day that we staid at the hotel. She came up with the former one afternoon, when Mrs. Keene, a sparkling little lady, sat near us on the piazza:

"He goes a-fishing like quaint old Ike,
And she like Simon Peter,"

she quoted.

"By the way," she added, fixing her bright eyes on Augustus, "I thought Mrs. Inchbold was studying botany. Ah, Mr. Dempster, your bait must have given out," and she laughed merrily.

I was sorry that Augustus could not conceal his confusion. Others of the bolder ladies rallied him. It was really hard for him, when, of course, his chief motive had been to elevate the company in which he found himself.

For myself, I suffered much remorse. I felt it was all my fault that my husband was made a laughing stock. If I had been more of a woman and could have joined in his pursuits, and not let him thirst for appreciation, he might have been able, when he came to social studies, to distinguish between an oasis and a mirage.

But neither he nor the doctor have ever been able to understand why those three weeks at the mountains—"splendid air and nothing to do but enjoy it" —were no benefit to my health.

REPENTANCE

ELIZABETH HARMAN

The snow has fallen, shrouding all the world,
Since last night's soft sunset,
Yet, searching, I have found 'neath sheltering leaves
A pure white violet.

I have had bitter thoughts — said wounding words —
(O, woman's cruelty!)
Yet, searching in my sore, repentant heart,
Thou 'lt find but love for thee.

JACK DEAN'S WHISTLE

By Kate Whiting Patch

WE sat by the fireside together, my husband and I. There was no light in the room save the glow of the burning logs. We were waiting for the tea bell to ring, and had been talking idly of whatever lay uppermost in our thoughts.

"Why is it," I asked at length, "that the six o'clock train always whistles as it passes the cemetery? There is no crossing there, and the other trains never signal in passing."

"Don't you know the story of Jack Dean's whistle?" asked Ernest in surprise. I reminded him that I had only lived in Greenbrier six short months.

"I am constantly forgetting that, little woman," he said, taking my hand in his and smiling in his dear, absent-minded way. Then I spoke of the whistle again.

"Ah, it is a sad story," he said, leaning back in his chair and looking into the ruddy embers. "Jack went to school with me; that is how I happened to know him. He was a smart fellow always. His father had been an engineer, so Jack naturally took to the road, and at twenty-one was given a good position, with a fair salary. Under these favorable circumstances it was not long before he discovered that a certain Mary Brown possessed the brightest eyes beneath the heavens; so he fell in love and got married—as some fellows will, you know," added Ernest mischievously.

I am going to tell the rest of the story my own way. Ernest told it far better, perhaps; but I cannot remember just the words he used, though the sad little story is very fresh in my memory.

It was a happy little home, that one on Garden street. Mary's eyes grew brighter and bluer day by day, but oftentimes a shadow of anxiety would creep into them. Her husband's calling was a dangerous one, and the little woman's heart did not throb quite easily until she saw him turning in at the gate each evening.

So it came about that Jack began to use his engine whistle as a signal of safety. Just as he reached the bend of the road by the cemetery he would whistle loud and cheerily to let the little wife know that he was safe and well, and would soon be home to supper; and Mary would set a lamp in the window as a like signal for him.

The happy months wore on, and the neighbors learned to listen for the whistle as a time-keeper. When the evening breezes brought "Jack's whistle" to their ears the women knew that they might watch for their husbands to come home; when they heard "Jack's whistle" the little children knew it was almost time to go to bed. And all these months not once did Mary's listening ears fail to catch the longed-for sound; not once did Jack's eyes miss the little beacon light that made his heart beat faster.

Not once? There did come a night when the cheery whistle sounded as usual, but the engineer, peering from his window to catch the little light that showed him where home lay in the gathering darkness, looked in vain. No cheerful ray shone from that small window to tell him that a loving heart was anxiously awaiting his coming.

Poor Jack. For a minute he almost forgot where he was; almost forgot that there were more than a hundred lives depending on his attention to duty; and he must not think then of the one life that was so dear to him in yonder little cottage. It was only a minute, though. He brushed the mist away that his watchful eyes might be as keen as ever,

and with a great effort of will he steadied his trembling hand. The train reached Greenbrier three minutes ahead of time that night. Three minutes ahead of time, but it had seemed an eternity to the heart-sick man; and he was sure the distance to his little home was twice as long as it had ever been before.

He burst open the door and looked eagerly about the neatly kept kitchen. The fire was out; the small table by the window looked lonely without the lamp that had always been burning upon it at this time; and where was the gentle, blue-eyed little woman who had always met her husband at the door with a kiss and smile?

Strong man as he was, all Jack Dean's strength forsook him, and he could not move from where he stood.

"Mary," he called huskily. "Mary!"

A low moan was the only answer to that anxious call.

The engineer, as though strengthened by that faint cry, hurriedly crossed the kitchen and pushed open the door of the small chamber.

There on the bed in the corner lay his wife; but how different from the wife he had left in the morning. The smile had faded from her lips; the color from her cheeks, and the sweet blue eyes were closed.

Wild with alarm, Jack fell upon his knees by the bedside and threw his arms about her.

"Mary! Darling! What is wrong?" he cried, holding her close and passionately kissing her pale forehead.

As though roused by his caresses, Mary opened her eyes a moment and clasped her hands about her husband's neck. What cared she for the coal-dust and cinders. He was her husband, and she knew that the heart he had given her was pure and strong. No cinders could blacken that.

"Don't be frightened, Jack, dear," she murmured faintly. "I'll be all right soon. I—I don't know what the matter is—it came so suddenly—I—I felt dizzy—and faint—and I came in here—and dropped down—I don't know how long ago. I did not know anything more till—I heard—the whistle—I tried to get the lamp then—I tried so hard—dear—but I couldn't—"

"Oh, what can I do for you? Who shall I get?" groaned the poor husband desperately.

"Don't get anyone—I only want you," sighed his wife drawing his head down upon her breast; and then she became unconscious again.

But Jack knew that something must be done. He arose from his place at the bedside and stole quietly out of the room and into the darkness again. Their next-door neighbor was not far away. A good, motherly soul she was, too, who listened with tears in her eyes to Jack's story; and after sending her eldest son for the doctor, threw a shawl about her head and went back to the cottage with the distracted man.

* * * * * * *

The doctor shook his head gravely when Jack looked wistfully into his eyes each day. Mrs. Willet spent much of her time in the sick room, but Jack himself was the faithful nurse day and night.

He had gone to the superintendent of the road and told him of his trouble, informing him that he could not work while his wife was ill.

"There's no one to take care of her but me, sir; and if—if anything should happen to her while I was off I could never forgive myself."

"But what are we to do while you are away?" replied the superintendent. He liked Jack Dean, and would be glad to grant him a favor; but they could not take off a train because an engineer's wife was dying.

"I've thought of that, sir," answered Jack. "Sam Willet, who was engineer of my train before I took it, is home on a vacation. He says he'll run it for a day or so if the company's willing."

The superintendent thought it over for a moment. He remembered Sam Willet, a smart fellow and a trusted engineer, who now held a trusted position on another road. He looked at Jack's

sad face, and thought of his own wife at home, and then he said: "Yes."

So Jack was his wife's best nurse. Great, strong man as he was, no one could have been more gentle and caretaking; not even comfortable Mrs. Willet.

Mary was delirious much of the time, and her mind dwelt constantly upon the events of the day that she was taken ill. She would whisper to Jack over and over how she had heard the whistle and had tried so hard to get up and light the lamp. Then when he had comforted and quieted her in his arms she would start up again and tell it all over.

At last one evening when the poor fellow was sitting at the window with his tired head buried in his hands, he heard his name spoken gently. "Jack." He hastened to the corner where she lay and dropped on his knees by her side. "I am tired, dear; so tired," the gentle voice went on. "Take me in your arms, Jack." He gathered her close in his strong arms, and she laid her head on his breast and smoothed his cheek feebly with her little, thin, white hand. "I'm better now, dear," she said softly, and then closed her sweet blue eyes again.

Half an hour later the doctor and Mrs. Willet opened the bedroom door. But there was no need of doctor or nurse now.

* * * * * * *

In that corner of Greenbrier cemetery that slopes toward the railroad they buried her—the gentle, blue-eyed wife. Next day Jack Dean went back to his engine.

As the train moved out of the station and drew near the cemetery he looked out of his window at the little mound of new earth, which loving hands had covered with fragrant flowers.

The kind-hearted fireman turned away, that his comrade might have a chance to wipe away the hot tears that sprang to his eyes. The fireman's own eyes were far from dry.

A long, sad day it was for the poor engineer. The strict attention to duty required of him helped ease his suffering somewhat; but the sad thoughts would come — such hopeless, sad thoughts. The return trip was even worse. Ah, with what pain he remembered the happy days when his heart bounded at the thought of going home. But now—what was there for him to look forward to? It could never be home any more. The dear wife-angel had spread her wings and gone. It was only an empty nest now. Yet would not the memory of her dear presence keep that little cottage a shadow of paradise? Something akin to that it must surely be. He rested in this tranquil thought a while, and then the bitter ones returned with added force. "Never again shall I see that little beacon light placed in the window to greet me—never! And those blue eyes—that kiss—never again! Never!" What a fearful word it was! "What is my life to be henceforth? Nothing but never—never—forever—forever. Forever going back and forth, back and forth, over these hard rails, with never a thought of joy to come; never a bright spot ahead! Ah, better that I, too, were at rest by my Mary's side in the corner of the little cemetery!"

The train sped onward, the noise of the wheels seeming to mock him with his own words, "Forever, never, forever, never!" in monotonous repetition, till his brain whirled.

As the shadows began to fall the train drew near the Greenbrier churchyard, and from force of habit the engineer laid his hand upon the rope that opened the throttle. He dropped it suddenly as a bitter wave of remembrance swept over him; then he seized it again.

"I can't go on without whistling," he said to himself. "It seems as though Mary would miss it, even now."

A long, low moaning whistle broke the evening stillness. The Greenbrier children stopped in their play when they heard it and wondered if that could be

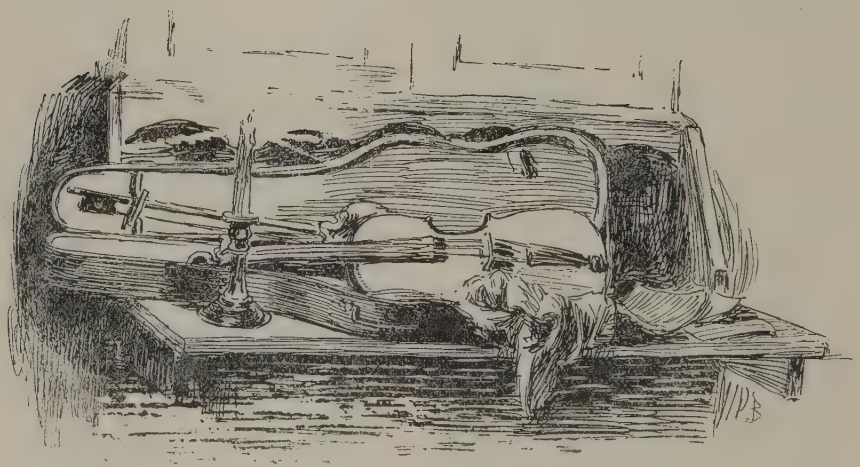
"Jack's whistle." The good wife glanced at the lonely cottage and brushed a tear from her eye, and the tired husband breathed a prayer of thanksgiving as he turned in at his gate.

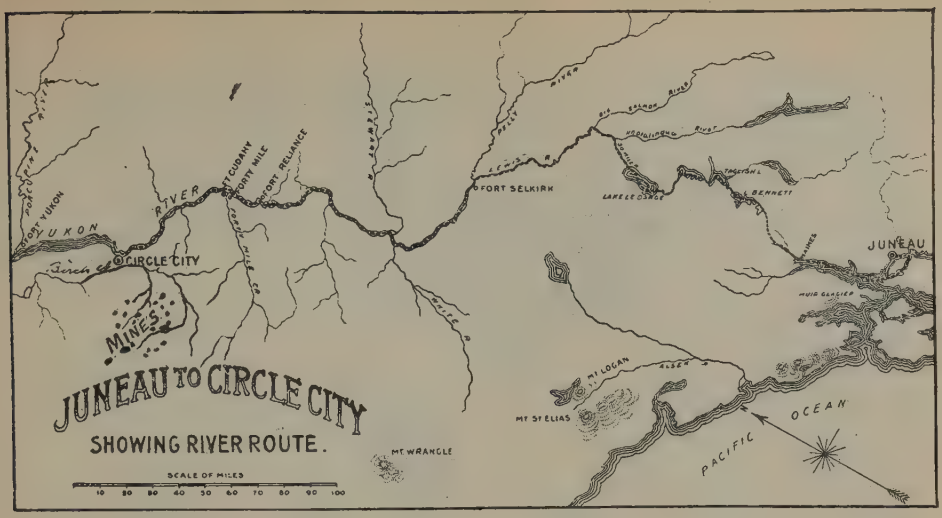
And Jack? He gazed out of his little engine window, over the fields, to the window, from which no welcoming ray shone forth. He bowed his head, struggling to overcome the sobs that clutched at his throat; but when he looked again, lo! over the cottage shone a brilliant star he had never chanced to notice before. It seemed an answer to his thoughts, and the fancy seized him that Mary had set it there, in the window of heaven. "I was wrong to say 'never again'," he whispered to himself. "It is only a long, weary waiting for me, and then—home!"

* * * * * * *

And that was the story he told me as we sat by our happy fireside, my husband and I. "A sad tale," he said, with a huskiness in his voice as he finished; and I could only answer with a sob, my own voice was so full of tears.

As we sat there through the silence came the rumble of the evening train; and as it neared the cemetery a low, moaning whistle fell upon the still air. And Ernest held my hand closer in his own and drew me nearer to his side, for we knew that poor Jack Dean was speeding home to a lonely supper and a cheerless fireside.





THE GOLD MINES OF ALASKA

By G. M. Hill

BIRCH CREEK district is the scene of some of the richest placer mines in Alaska. The creek from which this section takes its name is a tributary of the Yukon river, and runs parallel with that stream for over three hundred miles. Its head waters are among the Tanana mountains and the distance from the head waters to the mouth is over four hundred miles. There are more than a hundred small streams throughout the Birch creek district, and the water in all of them finally becomes merged with that in the main creek, and it is upon these small streams the most extensive deposits of free gold have been found. On the main creek very little mining is done. The gold that is found there is usually upon the bars, and is in minute particles called "flour gold." So far, the richest discoveries in the district have been made upon Deadwood and Mastodon creeks. There are numerous claims upon these two creeks from which an average of from five to seven ounces of gold per day to the man are taken. The average yield of the claims throughout the Birch creek district will run from one to three ounces to each man employed.

It is perhaps useless to say that all the ground along both Mastodon and Deadwood creeks has already been located, and on many of the other creeks, where rich discoveries have been made, the same condition exists. On Mastodon creek a small glacier covers the "pay streak" for over half a mile. The glacier is from fifty to a hundred feet high and is several hundred feet wide; yet all the ground under it has been located, and it is this year proposed to break up the ice by means of giant powder and float it down the stream so that the ground can be worked. Very free, good-paying claims throughout the district can be purchased for less than $5,000. But the fact that a good-paying claim even in that far-away part of the world is not to be had for the asking should not deter the ambitious miner from going there. The country is a vast one, and even at the rate miners have been rushing in during the present year, it will take at least a dozen years before the Birch creek district alone can be prospected, and it is safe to say that in numerous tributaries that have not yet been tried many good claims will be found. Then, just across the spur of mountains out of

Eskimo Dog Team on the Yukon Trail to the Gold Mines

Photograph copyrighted by Winter & Pond, Juneau

which Birch creek starts, lies the great valley of the Tanana, over 600 miles long. Many prospectors have this year gone over to that part of the country, and from the reports of those men who spent last season there, there is reason to believe that the Tanana river drains a section of country as rich in free gold as that through which the Yukon passes. Still there is another section that has been found to be exceptionally rich. It is the Kuokuk district and lies about two hundred miles northeast of Circle City. Neither Kuokuk nor the Tanana country can be said to be even partly settled up. Only a few scattered claims, some of which are fully as rich as the best of those in the Birch creek district, are located through them. So that, while a good-paying claim situated upon one of the richest streams in the Birch creek district is not to be had for simply asking, one can be had in the closely surrounding country by any one who is not too indolent to look for it; and, I will say again, that the Birch creek country offers splendid inducements to gold hunters, and that good claims will be discovered in that district before long.

At present there are not more than 2,000 miners scattered throughout the country surrounding Birch creek. Many of these men are day laborers who receive for their work from $10 to $16 per day. Most of the laborers are employed upon the claims along Mastodon creek.

Mastodon creek runs through an exceptionally wide valley through which the "pay streak" is very much scattered; therefore, a number of men can be employed to advantage upon most of the claims, and upon some of them thirty or forty men find work during the short summer season, which lasts about one hundred days. The creek is twelve miles long and there are over a hundred good claims located upon it.

The dimensions of a claim upon most of the creeks in the Birch creek district are five hundred feet along the stream and extend the full width of the valley, whether it be a mile or but a few feet.

There are about thirty claims upon Mastodon creek that can only be worked during the winter months, when the ground is frozen down to bedrock. They are what are termed "winter claims," and the reason that they cannot be worked at any other time is that they are located upon low, marshy ground, and the bedrock, upon which the richest deposits of free gold are found, is perhaps thirty feet below the surface. These claims are worked by the "burning process." A fire is kindled upon the ground at the place it is intended to sink the shaft, and when a foot or more of the earth becomes thawed out it is removed and the fire is again started in the hole, and so on, until bedrock is reached. Then a tunnel is branched off to follow up the "pay streak," but still the "burning process" has to be continued. Mining under these unfavorable conditions is necessarily very slow and only the best paying ground on the claim is worked. The gravel taken from the tunnel is dumped at a convenient place close to the mouth of the shaft, and at the close of the winter season it is run through sluice boxes and the gold is separated from it. The pile of "pay gravel" that it has taken the greater part of the year to take from the tunnel can be "sluiced" in less than a week. The gold is mostly coarse. Quicksilver is seldom used to catch what little fine gold there is.

On one of the winter claims on which three men were employed last year the "clean-up" amounted to over $20,000, the other claims ranging from $5,000 to $15,000.

Deadwood creek is a shallow little stream, about as long as Mastodon, and running for most of its length through deep gorges, the rocky sides of which are in some places not more than a dozen feet apart. There are many good claims upon this creek, and they are easy to work.

Mastodon creek is not a direct tributary of Birch creek. At the confluence of Independence and Mastodon creeks the stream takes the name of Mammoth creek. This last stream was for a few months last year the scene of unusual

Jacob's Ladder, a Portage in the Canyon near Sheep Camp, Alaska

Photograph copyrighted by Winter & Pond, Juneau

excitement. Early in the season the report became circulated throughout the different camps that the creek had been found to be exceedingly rich. Many locations were quickly made along the stream; cabins were built; lumber was sawed for sluicing purposes, and the work of taking the gold from its resting place commenced in earnest. But this active scene did not continue long. There was gold there; but the ground was not rich enough to pay for the working in that part of the world. From $3 to $7 a day was all that could be taken out. The sluice boxes were left to rot where they lay, the cabins were vacated as suddenly as they had become populated, and once more Mammoth creek became deserted.

There are many miles of ground throughout the Yukon country fully as rich as that upon Mammoth creek and any one can have as much of it as he may care for. Some of it can be worked by the hydraulic process and will undoubtedly give good returns upon the capital so invested; but by far the greater part of it is too low and flat to be mined in that way.

Now there are difficulties to be surmounted in order to reach the gold fields of the Yukon that will discourage men who are far from being weak hearted. Some who go forth upon this journey will turn back at the first real hardship; others will turn back when over half the journey is made, and some who go forth will never return, but will find, instead of the fortune they seek, an icy sepulchre in a region of perpetual snow, or a watery grave at the bottom of some treacherous river or lake in the North.

Practically, the great basin of the Yukon is to be reached by but one route—that via Juneau and the Chilkoot pass being the shortest, quickest and cheapest, and the one taken by fully ninety per cent. of the gold seekers of the vast interior. The start should be made from Juneau about the middle of March, in order to reach the mines at the beginning of the mining season. Supplies sufficient to last from six months to a year are usually taken along, and if you desire to do your own transporting, do not start later than the first of April, since the snow will be off the ground in some places before the lakes can be reached and you will then have more than the ordinary difficulties to contend with.

From Juneau to Dyea, the first hundred miles of the journey is made by steam navigation, the fare, including the transportation of supplies, being $10. From Dyea canoes can be used for about six miles up the Dyea river to a canyon where the trail leads up the rugged sides of the mountain along a narrow timber shelf overlooking the canyon, until Sheep camp is reached. Here, possibly, you may be delayed a number of days awaiting a favorable opportunity to cross the summit of Chilkoot pass, owing to the frequency of blizzards that prevail in that section of the country, even as late as April.

From Sheep camp to the summit every article you desire to take with you will have to be carried. The pass is steep and in some places very narrow. The distance is about four miles. Only a light load, strapped upon the back so as to allow the bearer free use of his hands, can be carried up the pass; so, if your supplies weigh seven or eight hundred pounds you will be several days in travelling back and forth over this short distance. When, at last, the final trip has been accomplished, then the route from the summit down to the head of Lake Linderman is an easy one.

From the foot of the pass, where the journey on foot commences, to the summit of Chilkoot, the distance is nine miles. On the other side of the summit commences a steep descent of over five hundred feet, ending at Crater lake. This lake is undoubtedly the scene of a once active crater; but it now contains snow and ice all the year. If the journey is made early in April, usually the whole distance down to the head of the Yukon river can be made by sleighing; the lakes can be crossed upon the ice, and lumber can be sawed upon the banks of the river; a boat built and launched ready for the down-stream journey, which can commence soon after

Photograph copyrighted by Winter & Pond, Juneau

Ascending to the Summit of Chilkoot Pass, the Route to the Alaska Gold Fields

the ice begins to leave that stream, which it does much earlier than upon the lakes. The journey down the river is comparatively an easy one. There are a number of dangerous rapids to pass; some of them it is advisable to take your supplies past by land, then attach a long rope to the stern of your boat so as, in a measure, to control its motion from the shore, and allow it to float through the swirling and foaming water. Many boats have been swamped or ground to pieces upon the rocks while passing through these rapids, and sometimes a little extra labor added to the little vessel, tending to make it stronger, may save the trouble of building another one.

A hard-luck story is told of C. H. Metcalfe of Detroit. While living in his Michigan home Metcalfe read the dispatches telling of the enormous prices articles of food and clothing were bringing in the Yukon mining camps and decided to become a trader in Alaska. He went out to Seattle last February and got together a stock of about 6,000 pounds of goods. This he took up to Dyea by regular steamer, and then started with it over the same route taken by Maris later in the season. He had to pay natives many dollars per hundred pounds to pack his heavy freight over the steep Chilkoot pass, and reaching the side of Lake Bennett he and the one man he retained built a boat 32 feet long, piled the merchandise into it and started for Forty-Mile on the Yukon.

All went well until the dangerous White Horse rapids in the Lewes river were reached. He remained in the boat to protect the cargo and steer, while his man walked along the river bank, holding back on a line attached to the stern of the boat. The craft had passed nearly over the rapids when the bow of the boat struck hard on a rock, smashing the fore part into splinters. Metcalfe and every pound of his merchandise were precipitated into the icy water, and it was only by a series of superhuman efforts that Metcalfe was enabled to make shore. Drenched to the skin and chilled to the marrow, thousands of dollars out of pocket, in the midst of a wilderness, without a mouthful to eat or dry clothing, Metcalfe was in a bad fix. His man gathered some fagots and a fire was made on the banks of the roaring rapids. Over night Metcalfe's clothing dried, and next morning he and his man started down the river, hoping that some morsel of food had been driven ashore. Just below the rapids, protected by a jutting point of land, lay the remains of the shattered boat, and stuck away under the seat in the stern they found a sack of beans and a few pounds of soaked bacon.

Having a long trip before them, they were compelled to eat sparingly of their meagre supply. Then they turned their attention to the boat. It had been 32 feet in length, and they found lumber enough in the wreck to patch up a 16-foot skiff, which carried them to a habitation after many days. They lived on the shortest possible rations all the way, and had not a knife, fork or spoon to eat with. To show that there are honest men in Alaska, two months later a sack of clothing, which Metcalfe lost with his merchandise, was returned to him at St. Michael's, whither it was brought by a man who found it on the bank of the Lewes river. The White Horse rapids have swallowed up many lives. Seventeen lives were lost in them last year. Metcalfe says Alaska is "no good country."

The current of the Yukon is quite swift, and, if no accident interferes, the journey on to Circle City can easily be made in two weeks.

Now, when Circle City is reached you are not at the mines, by any means, nor are the hardships of the journey at an end. In fact, very little mining of any kind is done in the vicinity of that city. The mines of the Birch creek district are still sixty miles away in a direct line, almost due north, and I will say here, in order that I may not be misunderstood as urging any one to make this trip, that there are many men who do not go to the mines, even after Circle City is reached; but who remain in that city until later in the year, when

Yukoner and Stick Indians passing through Canyon, Dyea, Alaska

the first river steamer returns to St. Michael's, and then leave for their homes by way of the Behring sea, where they are transferred to deep-water vessels, feeling very much disgusted with themselves that they should have ever attempted to reach the gold mines of the Yukon.

The Alaska Commercial Company's steamer Excelsior is now on her way to Alaska. On her return voyage she will bring probably the most unique cargo that ever passed down the coast.

It will consist of as many of the stranded miners as the vessel will carry. To come well within the law, she has a cargo of eight enormous bales of life-preservers, a number of patent rafts and two extra lifeboats. She is also well stocked with provisions; in fact, enough to stand a siege. A frail board covering has been put over the forward deck. Many people call her trip a mission of mercy, but it is in reality nothing more or less than a mission of protection to the rich company to which the steamer belongs. This company induced those miners and prospectors into the Alaskan country last spring, and as upward of 2,500 of them are out of work, it naturally follows that they are not going to starve to death, but will insist on getting their grub from some of the three big stores which that company owns in that country. By careful calculation it was deemed expedient to take them back to San Francisco rather than keep them through a long winter. Thus the Excelsior will bring down the first consignment.

In contrast to the failure above referred to, we may mention the following cases:

John Miller, a native of Sweden, declares that Alaska is the best place in the world. Miller brought out a bootleg full of gold. He entered the Yukon region two years ago with hardly a dollar in his possession, and last month he landed 286 pounds of gold in San Francisco. Most of his wealth Miller secured in two months' digging last winter. He worked along for a good while without making a big strike, but finally he found some good-paying dirt and engaged twenty men at $10 a day to work his claim. The $54,627 he realized does not represent all the gold he took out during the two months. He paid the twenty miners between $13,000 and $14,000 in wages. Miller declares he will return to his claim next winter.

Besides Miller, William R. Lloyd, a man named Russell, and another named Brown, and others brought home from $5,000 to $10,000 worth of gold as a result of a few months' digging.

Circle City is the supply point for the Birch creek district. It is situated on elevated table land bordering the Yukon river and was founded in the fall of 1894. Supplies for this port are first landed from sea-going vessels at St. Michael's, a small station bordering on the Behring sea, and thence shipped in small, flat-bottomed steamers to their destination.

Between Circle City and Birch creek there are seven miles of flat, marshy land. This will have to be crossed to reach the mines. You can have your boat hauled over for about $25. Supplies will be taken at the regulation rate of $8 per hundred pounds, or, you can carry them across, making one trip each day and carrying one hundred pounds each trip. Then for thirty miles you pole your boat up Birch creek, and thence up Crooked creek another thirty miles to Mammoth creek. That is as far up stream as your boat can go, and, as these creeks do not run in a direct line, you will still be about fourteen miles from the heart of the mining district.

Indians can be hired to pack supplies from Circle City to the mines at the rate of $40 per hundred pounds. Flour last year could be purchased at Circle City for $16 per hundred and at the mines on Mastodon creek for $56. Beans and bacon could be purchased at the city for from 50 to 60 cents per pound, and were sold at the mines at $1.

The fare from San Francisco or Seattle to Circle City via the Behring sea and the Yukon river is $210, first-class, and $150 second; charges on supplies are correspondingly high. The

steamers cannot run up the Yukon river until late in the year, and the miner who travels by that route will arrive at the mines too late to do any work the first season.

The distance from Juneau to the various points along the route to Circle City are shown in the following table, which is compiled from Prof. Ogilvie's survey as far as it has been completed, the remaining distances are from the best attainable authorities:

Haines Mission(Chilkat)	80
Dyea	100
Head of canoe navigation	106
Summit of Chilkoot Pass	114¾
Head of Lake Linderman	123½
Foot of Lake Linderman	127½
Head of Lake Bennet	128½
Foot of Lake Bennett	153¾
Caribou Crossing	156½
Foot of Tagish Lake	173¼
Head of Lake Marsh	178¼
Foot of Lake Marsh	197¼
Head of Canyon	223
Foot of Canyon	223¾
Head of White Horse Rapids	225¼
Tahkeena River	240
Head of Lake Le Barge	256
Foot of Lake Le Barge	284
Hootalinqua River	316
Cassiar Bar	342
Big Salmon River	349
Little Salmon River	385½
Five Fingers Rapids	444
Rink Rapids	450
Pelly River	503½
White River	599½
Stewart River	609
Sixty Mile Post	629
Fort Reliance	682½
Forty Mile Post	728
Fort Cudahy	728¾
Circle City	898

MYSTERY

By Abbie Farwell Brown

It is the whisper of departing wings,
The rustle of a gossamer of lace,
A grass unbended by some flitting grace,
The press of airy feet in fairy rings;
Print of a heavenly form 'mid moss that clings
Still lovingly about this lingering trace
Of some fair Presence that hath fled the place
At my approach — a thrill of unseen things.

This is the charm doth haunt and ever tease,—
Elusive hope, a vision yet unveiled,
A dream too soon dispelled,— which under trees
In wild and woodland e'er my sight hath failed.
This is the charm which ever draweth me —
Perchance to see, perchance at last to see!

Outside of the South Gate of the City of Hok-chiu

THE EXECUTION OF A CHINESE PIRATE

WILBUR T. GRACEY

"TEA!"

As I brought myself to consciousness I realized that Chune Chune, my boy, was standing beside the bed calling me, holding in his hand a tray with tea and toast. That word "tea," with three gentle taps on the teapoy, was my usual awakening call; but as it was still dark, I remarked in a half asleep tone: "What time, boy?"

"Three o'clock," he replied.

"My no wantchee tea three o'clock, what for you call my?"

"Please, sir, Sin Yew talkee my, must wantchee call you three o'clock; he say you wantchee go city."

Well, then I remembered.

The night before, as we were sitting on the big cool veranda overlooking the city of Hok-chiu, after dinner, one of the guests had remarked: "There's going to be an execution in the city tomorrow morning. I am thinking of going over. If any of you fellows care to go, we might make up a party."

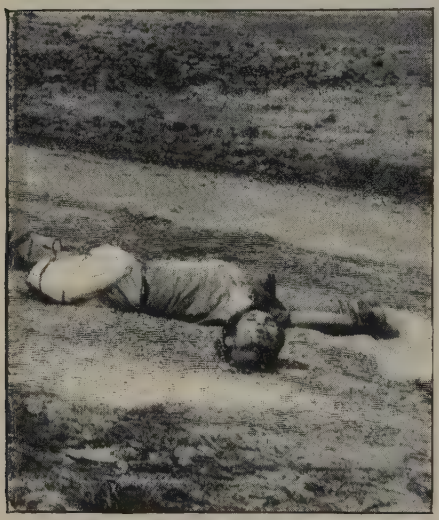
Most of the crowd were old-timers in the East; but as I was a new arrival, a "griffin," I told Dr. Le Favor, or "Doc," as we always called him, that I would go with him.

"It will be pretty early," he said; "half-past four, I believe; we'll have to get off by three-thirty, as the coolies can't do it in less than an hour. It will be outside the North gate, and it's a good three miles across the city after you enter the South gate. Come down to my bungalow about half-past three, and I'll see Morriss, the American Consul, and ask him to let us have his Tingchi, as we can get along much better through the street with him."

Later on, when the cries of the boatmen on the river had ceased, the rapid boats, with their long sweeps had come

to their anchorage, moored side by side, the lights on the many sampans had gone out, and the guests were departing, Doc put his feet up on the poles of the mountain chair, in which he always rode, and as he was going out through the big gate of the compound I heard him say: "So long, old chap; you'll be down at three-thirty, then; you won't get much sleep, as it's half-past twelve now."

Before turning in, I told Sin Yew, the head boy, to call me at three sure; so when I fully realized what the boy was saying, I was up; and after drinking my tea, finding bath and clothing all ready,



"Another criminal has received his just deserts"

I was not long in dressing; and by quarter-past three was in my chair on the road to the doctor's.

The first thing I heard as I came in the gate was the doctor's "Well, I have seen Morriss and got the Tingchi, and we'll get along in fine style now. The men are so beastly slow in getting out the way unless there's some one along to make them. I see you're on time; quite an unusual thing, I should say, for you, by the way you turn up at dinner parties—from a quarter to half an hour late. I see the East has woven its influence about you, as well as the old residents, even if you are a newcomer. Better have a whiskey-sell before we start; don't know when we'll get another."

He was on the veranda in a long chair, looking as comfortable as possible; and as the boy brought out the drinks at once, we lighted our cigars—which one must smoke if he wishes to have any relief from the beastly smells of the Chinese streets—I proposed that we start along, as it was a little after three-thirty, and we had no time to spare.

The coolies swung us up on their shoulders in our chairs and started off at the peculiar gait they always have, which is keeping out of step as much as possible; and in a few moments found ourselves in the Chinese streets. Men pushing, shoving and crowding to get into the city; small-pox and many other diseases on all sides; the worst beggars in the world; the lepers, putting their hands almost in our faces for cash; women going to the paddy fields, where they work during the day; men and boys carrying water, vegetables, rice cakes, shoes and a thousand and one things on bamboos swung across their shoulders—a moving mass of people such as can be seen nowhere except in a street, six to ten feet wide, inside of a big Chinese city. Stores all open in front, with no doors, or all doors, which ever you like; here one with a score or more men splitting bamboos and weaving them into baskets; next a silk store, with roll upon roll of silks, mostly bright, but some in most dainty and beautiful colors and texture imaginable. On one side of the street a "Chow" shop, with its piles of hardened rice flour, looking like a mound of dirty salt or sugar, its little mounds of congealed pigs' blood, hundreds of rice cakes and many other edibles. In front, protruding into the street, and narrowing it considerably, stoves built of clay, with blazing charcoal fires, the smoke of which almost stifles you, covered with hot stews of all kinds, for sale at a few cash per cup. On the last fire a big

"The Great Bridge of 'Ten Thousand Ages' which has been standing since the Birth of Christ"

pot, full of doughnuts, and the odor of frying fat, is combined with the many others that assail your nostrils. Opposite, perhaps, a vermicelli shop, on one side hundreds of yards of pure white vermicelli drying on huge wooden frames, reaching to the ceiling; on the other, done up in skeins and stacked in piles, looking like white wool. Here a tin and brassware shop, with a dozen men all pounding sheets of brass into pitchers, bowls, candlesticks, etc.

Running up the street is a litle tot, four or five years old, clothed in nothing but a coat of tan; here is another crowd of boys and girls, dressed with a smile and a bracelet on the ankle, playing at what might be jack-stones; a thousand men, everyone yelling for everybody else to get out of his way, and you would really think that "pandemonium had broken loose," or that there was going to be a political parade, and the different parties were trying to see which could out-voice the other.

Now we find how useful the Tinchi is, running ahead of us and calling out: "Make way for the great Americans!" pushing and shoving those that don't move quickly and knocking those down that don't move at all.

After an hour of ever-changing scenes like these, and after crossing the great bridge of "ten thousand ages," which has been standing since before the birth of Christ, with stone slabs composing it, from twenty to thirty feet long, so that we wonder in crossing how they were ever put in place without the aid of derricks or machines, we arrive at last at the North gate.

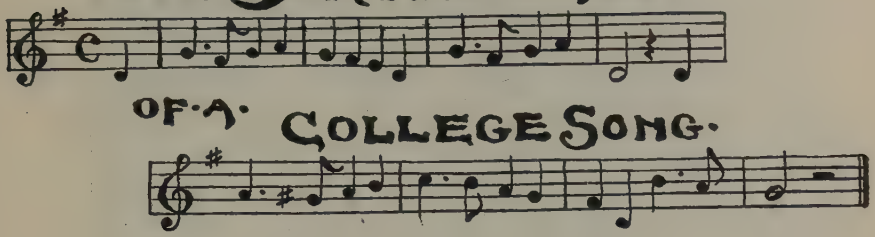
Here there is more hurrying and pushing than in the city, even. At the doctor's suggestion, we get on top of the wall as soon as possible, where, looking through the ramparts, we have a very good view of the execution ground, some fifteen or eighteen feet below us, crowded with several thousands, who have collected to see this pirate's execution.

We were just on time. In a few minutes, midst the din of a Chinese band, which is usually composed of several gongs, a flute and a reed instrument, which has a squeaking sound peculiarly Chinese, we see the high officials in their green sedan chairs, dressed in long red, embroidered robes. They are set down in front of a grand stand, which has been erected for the purpose, and have no more than alighted, when the condemned is seen, carried in a large wooden cage, resembling the crates in which crockery ware is packed. He is dumped out, and kneels on the ground, One man seizes his queue and draws his head forward, while the executioner, standing on his left, holding the heavy, keen-edged sword in both hands, with one stroke, severs the head from the body. There is a mighty cheering, the officials re-enter their chairs, and in less time than it takes to tell it, there is nothing left except that one reminder, that another criminal has received his just deserts. It is all so quickly done that we are hardly aware that anything has happened.

We went down and took photographs of the body; the doctor examined it in an interested way, as if he was not often in a position to prove the theories concerning decapitation.

We entered our chairs, and in less time, even, than it took us to go, the coolies called out: "Que Mung Ah," the big wooden gates of the doctor's compound swung open, and with a "chin chin," I went home, and after a bath and change into clean white ducks, found the house coolie lazily swinging the punkah over my breakfast table.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF A COLLEGE SONG



By Ella Shearman Partridge

WHEN the strains of the old familiar university song, "Andreas Hofer," came floating up to our little balcony we leaned eagerly over the railing to see the singers, whose voices rang out strong and clear in the fresh spring air.

"In Mantua in chains
The gallant Hofer lay,
In Mantua to death
Led him the foe away;
His brothers' hearts bled for the chief,
For Germany's disgrace and grief
And Tyrol's mountain land.

"His hands behind him clasped,
With firm and measured pace
Marched Andrew Hofer on;
He feared not death to face,
Death, whom from Iselburg aloft,
Into the vale he sent so oft
In Tyrol's holy land.

"But when from dungeon-grate
In Mantua's stronghold,
Their hands on high he saw
His faithful brothers hold,
'O God be with you all,' he said,
And with the German realm betrayed,
And Tyrol's holy land."

The song, or, at least, the melody, has probably been sung in every college and university by generation after generation of students, almost with the same spirit and hearty admiration for the bold rebel as that which stimulated the young Tyroleans who were passing our hotel on their way down to the bridge, not far distant, where the brave Andreas Hofer and his followers made their first strike for liberty on the night of April 21st, 1809.

We probably realized for the first time since our arrival in Innsbruck that we were actually in the quaint old town where this patriotic song had its origin.

Almost surrounded by some of the most magnificent snow-capped mountains in Europe, which watch and guard it so jealously, and which serve as a natural fortress in times of foreign invasion, what better theatre could have been chosen for the scenes which were enacted here in that fateful year, when the Tyrol was wrested from Austria and ceded to Bavaria, the ally of Napoleon.

Andreas Hofer, an innkeeper, and his allies, Speckbacher and Hapsinger, incited the Tyrolese to rebel against this injustice and to liberate their country from the foreign yoke.

Their first attempt at the bridge was successful; but that ground was soon taken from them. A few successes and many failures rendered the rebel forces desperate. And when, in August, Hofer saw the Austrian army leaving Innsbruck, after the armistice of Znaim, and abandoning the town to the mercy of Lefebre and his fifty thousand men, he swore that he would conquer or die.

"Hidden in an impenetrable gorge, he sent from valley to valley his call to arms. He signed his orders 'Andreas Hofer, from where I am.' The chiefs addressed their replies 'To Andreas Hofer, wherever he is.'"

Innsbruck, the Quaint Old Town where the Patriotic Song had its Origin

Already he had inspired his countrymen with his own ardent patriotism, and a new Roncevaux was impending above the perilous defile of Sack.

The vanguard of Lefebre, under Rouyer, had advanced to Sterzing, with orders to cross the gorge and sweep away the insurgents.

The Bavarians advanced without meeting any resistance; but when the whole corps was in the defile a sudden cry resounded on the mountains: "No quarter! No quarter!"

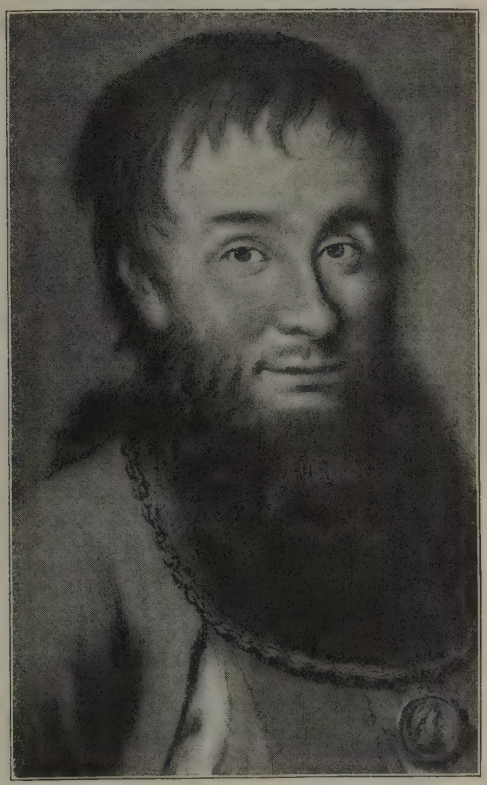
This signal was followed by a terrible crash; rocks, trunks of trees, loosened by the Tyroleans and held together with ropes until the signal, were set free, and an avalanche of enormous pines, rocks and earth fell on the troops and crushed them. From every opening rushed men, women and children, hurling themselves on the enemy with the cry: "Our God and our country!" The enemy was completely routed, and fled to Innsbruck. After eight hours Hofer marched straight to the town, and after a fierce struggle Lefebre evacuated, and on the 15th of August, Hofer, at the head of his army, marched through the streets, the people blessing him as the savior of their country, and crowding around him in the old Franciscan church, where he went to give thanks for the victory.

But a price was set on his head, and he was soon betrayed and imprisoned in Mantua, where, by the order of Napoleon, he was put to death.

"O God be with you all," he said,
And with the German realm betrayed,
And Tyrol's holy land."

And the little capital of the land whose freedom he won still nestles in the shadow of the protecting heights which loom above it like solemn guardians grown hoary with servitude.

In the summer time the mountain flowers, in which Goethe says the blood shed by the country's heroes is recalled to life—sweet Alpine roses, velvety edelweiss and gay blue gentian—grow only one kilometer above and almost overlook the trim, well-kept gardens, quite within nodding acquaintance with their cultivated, more brilliant neighbors.



Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolese Patriot

In its singularly unique position, geographically, being half way between Berlin and Rome, Milan and Vienna, Innsbruck is exposed to the southern winds, with, as a result, the winters being very mild, the warm breath from Italy clothing the region in almost a perpetual bloom.

The great Brenner Pass, with its splendidly constructed Roman roads, which have served as guides to the engineers of the nineteenth century, and by which the Emperor Augustus brought Germany into communication with

"The quiet old street which seems to stretch away from the Market Place and disappear at the foot of the overhanging mountains"

Italy, forms a passage through which the soft Italian air is wafted toward the Fatherland.

From the time of the Roman occupation the little town grew and flourished under the rule of the Lords of Meran and Tyrol. In 1363, however, the last Lord of Meran died without a male heir, and his daughter, Margaret, sold her inheritance to her cousin, Rudolph IV., Duke of Austria, and from that time the Tyrol has been connected in evil days and good with the house of Hapsburg.

Austria is very lenient with her Tyrolese, and has allowed them to be exempt from some of the taxes which are borne by her other provinces; they are also only required to furnish recruits to one regiment, the Kaiserjager, which is stationed in the confines of the Tyrol.

It is said that the Parliament of the Tyrol is the only one of the kind in Austria, in which the Deputies of the peasants are admitted along with the nobles and burghers.

From the windows of the Landhaus in the Maria Theresien strasse, where the Parliament assembles, can be seen, on market days—Tuesdays and Saturdays—a busy, animated scene, quite unequaled for the diversity of races and variety of costumes.

The bright dresses of the peasants form pleasing spots of color in the quiet old street, which seems to stretch away from the market place for a short distance, and disappears abruptly at the foot of the overhanging mountains, against which the subdued tints of the quaint houses stand out in bold relief.

In one of the houses in this old street the Tyrolean poet, Herman Van Glim, was born; and just around the corner of the arcade is one of the oldest hotels in Europe, the Goldener Adler, which has been frequented by many potentates and illustrious men. Here Heinrich Heine, Goethe, Andreas Hofer and numberless Kings and Queens have been entertained.

Down at the end of the street, the Hof Gasse, is the queer old house, with a balcony covered with a golden roof. One tradition has it that the Duke Frederick, of the empty purse, wishing to give the lie to his soubriquet, erected this building at the expense of thirty thousand ducats. Another says that Maximilian I. built it in honor of his marriage with Bianca of Milan, and the fresco representing the Emperor and his two wives, painted in the year 1500, gives almost satisfactory proof of its origin.

Passing beneath the archway, we leave the oldest part of the town, with its crooked streets, quaint escutcheons, strange decorative banners and frescoed arches, and find ourselves in front of the Hofburg, the Emperor's palace, which is the fourth edifice erected on this spot, and which only dates as far back as Marie Therese.

Opposite the palace is the Franciscan church, whose works of art have become renowned all over the world. The tomb of Maximilian, surnamed the last of the Knights, in the centre of the church, is one of the most beautiful pieces of sculpture in Europe. It is ornamented on the four sides by twenty-four bas-reliefs in Carrara marble, which are the admiration of the world. They depict the life of the Emperor, and the many reproductions of costumes and armor are of priceless value as authority for historians and artists.

One morning, while I was standing in front of the upper end of the tomb, peering through the delicate wrought iron railing protecting it, a ray of light from one of the stained glass windows sent a radiance over the snowy marble. In one of the tiny figures in the relief, just facing the light, the sculptor, probably unknowingly, left two pieces of glistening quartz in the hollows of the eyes, giving the appearance in the bright light of living, twinkling eyes. The effect was very singular, reminding one of a portrait among those of the Popes which decorate the interior of St. Paul's Without at Rome, in which, instead of painted eyes, diamonds or brilliants

were inserted, and the result is most startling.

Among other interesting objects in the old Tyrolean church is the monument erected to the memory of Andreas Hofer, who is buried here, as are also his companions in arms, Speckbacher and Hapsinger.

Yet, notwithstanding the fascinating sights within the town, the great mountains, with their ever-changing lights and shadows, offer such a variety of views as cannot be equaled. One longs to penetrate beyond the blue mist which hovers over them; the glowing radiance at sunset, the rose color and purple and gold, rival any artistic palette, making the works of art in the galleries fade into insignificance beside nature's own.

BEFORE THE TAKU GLACIER*

By Elizabeth Porter Gould

What art thou, O gem of Alaska's fair clime?
A beauty defying
The footstep of Time?

And who was thy sculptor? The hand of the years
Each telling a story
Of smiles and of tears?

What gives thee thy color? The heavens' own blue
Coming down to caress thee
And leaving its hue?

And who are thy polishers? Nymphs of the sea
In love with the glory
Of dancing on thee?

How freely they throw the rough edges away
To the care of old Neptune!
(It thunders, we say.)

And how he then tosses them up into place
As full-fledged, fair icebergs,
Reflecting his face!

O Taku, rare gem on America's breast!
Thou hast opened thy beauty —
With God be the rest!

* While the Muir Glacier is more grand, being the larger, the Taku appealed more to my sense of beauty — was more a gem.

LIVING FASHION PLATES

NOW that the mid-winter season has fairly arrived, we may expect a short respite from fashion's radical changes. No pronounced novelties are likely to be forthcoming, and the question, What shall we wear? seems to be settled for the present season at least. But there are constant variations of this pet theme of dress which keep up a perpetual interest in all the little details which make the variety. With the exception of hats, much can be said in praise of the present fashions, for they are easily adapted to every woman's style of figure, and vastly becoming to all womankind, providing women use any degree of taste in making their selections. Dress in all its various phases of exaggeration and extravagance may seem frivolous, indeed, but when a plain woman can be transformed into a very attractive one by careful attention to the style, coloring and harmony of her raiment, the subject assumes an importance which few women can afford to ignore; art is a wonderful help to nature in this branch of decoration.

We are glad to note, on the other hand, that of late art is fast being compelled to abandon a stronghold over which she has held sway to the wrong preclusion of nature. We refer to the compressed waist and its present emancipation. It can be no longer doubted but that the wasp waist has fallen into disfavor, and that fashion and hygiene are now working strenuously together towards this end. The popularity of loose blouses and shirt waists may be partly responsible for the gradual increase of waist measurement. Certainly there is no longer any beauty value set upon an artificially compressed form.

The most interesting developments in fashion just at present are seen in the skirts, which show a decided tendency for trimmings of all kinds. The latest silk gowns from Paris are beruffled from the hem to the waist. Black taffeta silk seems to be the most fashionable material for skirts to wear with odd waists, and the ruffles are either hemmed or pinked on the edge and are four or five inches wide. In some instances they are in graduated widths, not more than nine inches wide at the bottom nor less than four at the waist. A novelty among the new silk skirts is the one without any lining at all. It is cut somewhat in the bell fashion, and is trimmed with rows of black velvet ribbon from the hem to the knee. Bands of bias velvet and satin, with a space between, are also used for skirt trimming, and bias folds arranged to lap a little over each other like tucks are set in around the bottom. Another novel and useful skirt trimming for the street woman is a group of small tucks down the straight edge of each gore, the first one lapping over the seam. Modistes are overwhelmed with inquiries concerning the length, width and stiffness of dress skirts for the coming season. Four to four and one-half yards is the average circumference of the newest skirts, and the seven-gored model is still a leading favorite. The skirts have no ripples whatever, but the graceful moderately expanding effect of each separate gore is plainly defined, and all exaggerations in width have wholly vanished. The back of the skirt is invariably full, and the former stiff interlining reduced to a facing; and where silk linings are not desired one of their satisfactory substitutes—repped suraline or rustle percaline—is used by the modiste, with or without a moreen of haircloth facing. Many of the very best dressmakers are using soft, thin outing cloth as an interlining for wedding toilets and gowns of light silk or satin. This gives the skirt a body and a heavy elegant effect, and improves the hang of

The Empress of Germany

In tailor-made costume of gray corduroy. Jacket faced with sable and decorated with silk applique braid. Bonnet, brown, fancy braided, trimmed with taffeta ribbon of same color, and with aigrettes and pink roses

the skirt. It is better than the cotton flannels formerly used because, while it is quite protective, it is much lighter. In some cases where the figure is inclined to stoutness, the outing cloth reaches only two-thirds of the length of the skirt on the front and sides, but the entire length in the back.

The first reproduction given in the current number of this magazine is that of a stylish tailor-made walking gown, as worn by the Empress of Germany.

There never was a time in the history of winter fashions when tailor-made gowns played so conspicuous a role as at present. They are the most correct thing, and smartest things that can be worn. The fit, style and workmanship that men tailors put into a garment add very materially both to the wear and the wearer's comfort. The fabrics this season are of exquisite mixtures, and afford unlimited opportunities for building tailor-made gowns. The smooth Amazon cloths are used for the smartest costumes. A chesnut-brown cloth

Mary Mannering

A long light broadcloth ulster, trimmed with Persian lamb. Sealskin cape, with tabs of silver fox. Black jet toque, with crown and loops of tomato-red velvet and coque plumes

is made up with old-rose pink velvet, and the cuffs on the sleeves have a strap of velvet put on in quite a new way. In London smoke Amazon cloth is a gown that is most attractive.

Other gowns are effectively made out of Lincoln-green cloth, of tan cloth or of velvet.

Perhaps the very smartest, although at the same time severely plain, are the corduroy costumes. It is of this material in the gray color that the Empress is gowned. The jacket basque is tight-fitting, with sable facings around the collar, the cuffs and down the fronts. On these three portions of the jacket, for decoration, there is also silk applique braid. The bonnet is a brown one, fancy braided, trimmed with taffeta ribbon of the same color, and with aigrettes and pink roses.

Another gown presented in this article is one worn by Yvette Guilbert, that singularly contradictory French singer, who is at present capturing New York again, as she has captured London and Paris, this time at Koster & Bial's. How she does this is a troublesome question to many a critic, for she is wanting woefully the commendation of good looks and a good voice. But the secret seems to lie in her personality

Yvette Guilbert

Dress of dull rose satin, trimmed with jewel passementerie

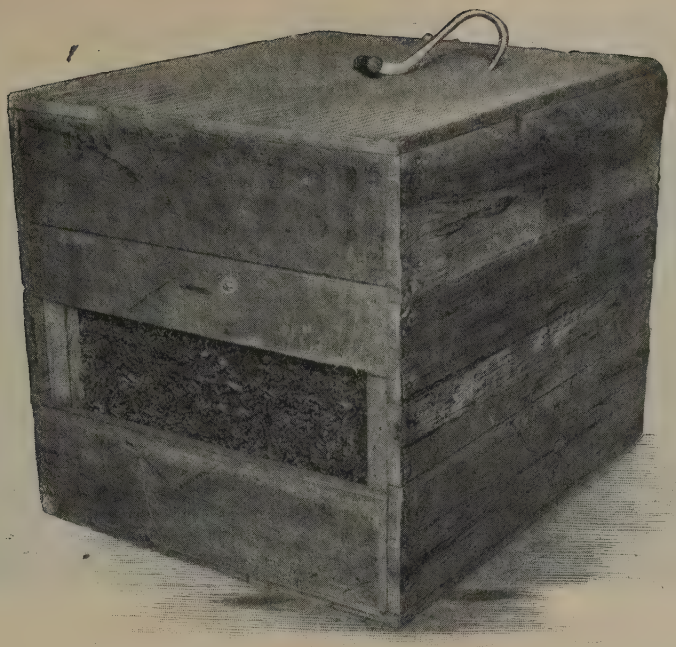
Elsie DeWolfe

Pink silk slip, with overdress of pink crêpe

and in her wonderful talent. For, in spite of the risque songs with which she enthralls her audiences, she is the personification of refinement. The dress in which she is here shown is a dull rose satin, with a full skirt that hangs in many folds, trimmed up and down the front seams with jewel passementerie. A round waist of the same goods is made with yoke and standing collar of wine-colored satin armure, embroidered in dull rose. The sleeves are of the same material as the waist, made with puffs reaching to the elbow and tight-fitting to the wrist. The front of the waist, the epaulettes and the forearm of the sleeves are trimmed with silk and jeweled passementerie, while the girdle is a wine-colored satin ribbon.

The illustration of the English girl, Miss Mary Mannering, the leading lady of Frohman's Lyceum Company, represents her in one of those long light broadcloth ulsters that have such an air of snugness and comfort about them. For a long tramp or a longer drive no manner of wrap is so useful or so smart as the long cloak, which, in spite of the disfavor shown it so many preceding winters, is once more asserting itself, and this time in so many alluring forms womankind is quite taken with it. What can be more comfortable than to have one's self buttoned from top to toe in a snug cloak too thick to admit the sharp winds and too long to make one fearful of soiling one's frock? A type of one of these long cloaks, reaching to the skirt hem, is of smoke-gray beaver, with a tight back, no centre seam, and the two outside seams overlaid with scrolled black silk braid. Just below the waist line a great triple box pleat gathers all the width of the skirt into one place. The double-breasted front is bordered by a narrow band of Persian lamb, and fastened with big pearl buttons. The collar fits the neck in a beautiful curve, rolling over at the top around the face, and is edged with the fur. The sleeves are a bit wide at the top, but prettily shaped, and brought into a snug lower arm, and wrist finished with an edging of fur. The garment is lined throughout with a soft shade of gray glace, shot with rose-pink, and is furnished with various pockets interlined with the same dainty stuff. Miss Mannering's ulster has double-breasted fronts and lapped seams, with several lines of stitching on the sleeves to produce the desired finished effect. The costume is completed by a sealskin cape, with tabs of silver fox, and a black jet toque, with crown and loops of tomato red velvet, and coque plumes.

The last photograph of the issue shows Miss Elsie de Wolfe in an evening gown of silk and crepe. Miss de Wolfe, in her many parts under Frohman's management, has been called upon to wear not a few showy costumes; so many, in fact, that a certain critic was tempted to speak of her as Frohman's clothes-horse. Be that as it may, Miss de Wolfe always carries her gowns with the inimitable grace of a woman accustomed to the best in life, and the clothes themselves, therefore, never savor of the property room. Her gown in the representation consists of a pink silk slip, with over-dress of pink crepe. The waist is a full blouse one of the crepe lining of the silk, with pink velvet leg-o'-mutton sleeves. The bodice is cut square in the neck, edged with cream lace insertion, from which a jabot of cream guipure lace falls both back and front. The girdle and loops on the skirt are of black passementerie.



A Case of American Tobacco

TOBACCO CULTURE IN THE UNITED STATES

IT IS only of recent years that the United States has acquired any considerable reputation as a tobacco-growing country. It was not because American tobacco was inferior in quality or less perfect in cure than the imported weed that native industry has been so backward, but because the American gentleman in his smoking tastes has proven himself to be an exceedingly conservative personage. For more than a century he has been so under the influence of the magic word "Havana" as to have been unwilling, in even the slightest degree, to turn his attention towards a home product. So great has been this prejudice that native culture, handicapped at the outset, has never received enough encouragement to give an impetus to the industry. Work as the American grower might to improve his methods, yet it would only result in his being obliged to stand in the background and be content himself with the lowest of prices, for the man who smoked governed the demand, and the demand was for a Cuban export.

This condition of things has, however, undergone a pronounced change within the past few years. The cause of this change, like the nature of most causes, is not easy to specifically determine. The one thing that has perhaps counted the most of all is the recent tendency among Americans to believe that the time has now come when a home product may be considered at least the equal of what before was the only correct and superior thing to use, namely: an imported article. With this tendency as the underworking influence, and General Weyler's recent edict, which forbids the exporting of tobacco from Cuba in the leaf, we have approximately the reason for the present prosperity in tobacco growing of the United States.

An Illinois Tobacco Plantation

The annual production of what the red man first called "tabago" may now be placed in the region of five hundred million pounds. The amount of revenue received by the Government on this commodity is, as might be expected, enormous. During the past twenty-seven years the Treasury of our country has been enriched to the extent of one billion dollars, attributable to the export values and the internal revenues collected on tobacco. And the cause of all this immense traffic is no greater thing than a little seed, so small that

View of Tobacco Field at Nora, Jo Daviess County, Ill., the Heart of the Tobacco Country. Men Hoeing and Worming the Plants

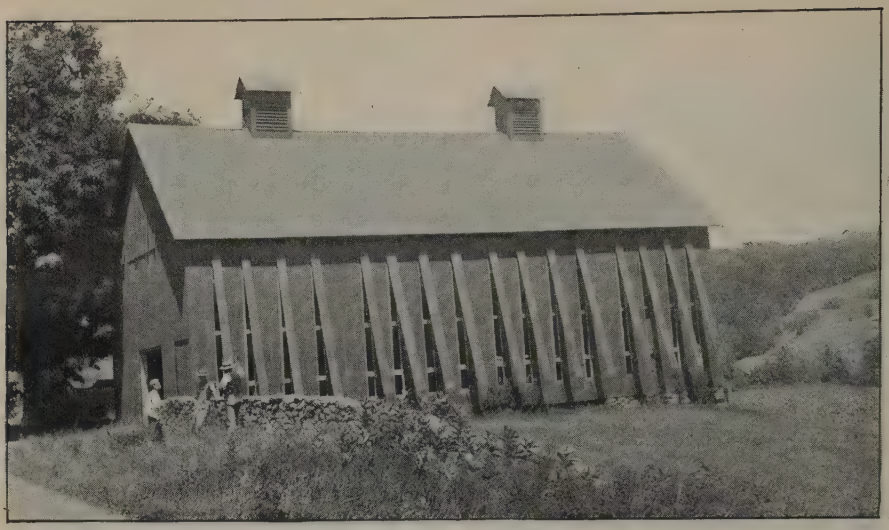
A Tobacco Farm in New Hampshire

enough to plant ten acres of land and yield thousands of pounds of the weed will lie with ease in the palm of your hand.

At the present day tobacco is grown in at least a dozen states, the leader of which in the amount of production is Pennsylvania. The others following in order, without regard to merit, are Connecticut, Ohio, Wisconsin, New York, Florida, Massachusetts, Illinois, Virginia, Kentucky and Vermont. The seed leaf is grown principally in the Connecticut Valley, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Wisconsin and Massachusetts; the bright leaf in Virginia and the Carolinas; the white burley in Kentucky, Wisconsin and Illinois, and the shipping leaf in Kentucky, Tennessee and Florida.

Pennsylvania as a tobacco growing section has always yielded large harvests. Last year sixty-four million five hundred thousand pounds were raised

Tobacco Full Grown



A Tobacco-drying House

and sold in that state alone. Dealers received it and emphatically expressed themselves that it was not so very different, after all, from the much-lauded Havana. The peculiarity of Pennsylvania tobacco is that it has a gummy leaf. The tobacco leaf itself is the shape and size of the rubber house plant. It might easily be mistaken for it. It grows about four feet high and bears a slender-veined leaf. In the Keystone State this leaf has a close texture and a gumminess that unfits it for wrappers, but makes it very fine for filler. It could be substituted, it is said, for the best Cuban filler in the world without detection by experts.

Lancaster County, in Pennsylvania, was for many years, and probably is now, the leading tobacco growing county of the United States. When the business was in its prime, some years ago, the area of tobacco in the county was about sixteen thousand acres, with an annual product of fifty thousand cases. During the past several years, in consequence of the unfavorable seasons, the crops have been inferior, and therefore the acreage and production have fallen off greatly. The average planting on each farm is small, each farmer putting out only from two to five acres, very rarely ten. The yield per acre varies with the season and kind

Gathering the Tobacco Leaf

A Tobacco Field (Young Plants)

of tobacco. Havana seed yielding from one thousand to fifteen hundred pounds to the acre and seed leaf from twelve hundred to twenty-five hundred pounds.

Pennsylvania has taken particular care to foster the industry by establishing two experimental stations, one in Lancaster County, the Donegal station, and the other in the northern part of the State. At these stations artificial fertilizers are tested and experiments are made to ascertain the best methods of growing and curing the tobacco. At present the Snow process of curing is receiving much attention, and opinion is divided as to its superiority over the customary method. Ordinarily, in the curing, the tobacco is hung in buildings which are freely ventilated and opened every day to the air. By this way the tobacco is cured or dried by the heat in the atmosphere, unaided by artificial

"Stringing"

Field of Havana Tobacco at the Massachusetts State Agricultural Experiment Station at Poquonock.
Man's hat, at left of picture, is 5 1-2 feet from the ground.

means, and about a month is consumed in the process. In the Snow process the tobacco is hung in buildings that have been made as nearly air-tight as possible, the boards being grooved. Artificial heat is thrown among the tobacco by an arrangement of flues, and in three or four days the tobacco is cured. Besides the brief time required by it, another advantage claimed for the Snow process is that it prevents the destruction of tobacco by "black mot," or molding, which frequently occurs in the ordinary method during unfavorable weather. The experimental stations are in charge of the professor of the Pennsylvania State College. They make reports to the various associations of tobacco growers, and also deliver lectures on the subject before these bodies.

An idea of the importance of the tobacco industry to Lancaster County and the prominent part it plays in making it the richest agricultural district in the Union, may be gotten from the fact that the insurance on tobacco and tobacco warehouses in the county annually amounts to more than three millions of dollars.

In Connecticut it is claimed that there is not a single farmer who does not raise tobacco. The Connecticut wrapper is dry and tough. It has moisture enough to keep the cigar in flavor, yet it does not break. There is this peculiar quality to the leaf that makes it in such demand for wrapping purposes. But it is in the flavor that the Connecticut leaf excels. There is a rich taste that makes all foreign tobacco lifeless after one good Connecticut leaf cigar. Connecticut was one of the first states to engage in the growing of tobacco for cigar leaf purposes; indeed, it may be said to have been the first of all. The peculiar soils of certain portions of the state—the alluvial lands along the river valleys—were found to be particularly adapted to the production of a desirable leaf. The intelligent attention that tobacco received here in the past has undoubtedly assisted greatly in the development and improvement of the leaf, and has also been the cause of other states and sections adopting tobacco as a farm crop, emulating the success that Connecticut gained many years ago, when the entire product of the state, and almost the entire market supply for domestic cigars, was confined to a few hundred acres scattered through the Valley of the Connecticut River.

The first and only tobacco grown here for a time was the broad leaf, or what has become to be known as "Connecticut seed leaf." At first cigars were made entirely of this tobacco, but gradually the leaf assumed its proper place in the trade, and was used for the wrappers of the cigar, those portions of the crop which were unfit for this being used as filler in connection with the imported Havana, or the product of other localities. The 'fifties, perhaps, did more than any other decade to bring "broad leaf" tobacco into prominence. The characteristics of this variety are a stocky plant, with about sixteen serviceable leaves after topping, standing then about three and a half feet in height, with broad leaves averaging from twenty-four to thirty inches in length, with a breadth in the widest part of fifteen to eighteen inches. Such is the leaf that gives Connecticut tobacco its reputation—one that it still holds without a rival in this distinct variety of leaf. In the latter part of the 'seventies the encroachment of Sumatra tobacco led the growers to partially abandon the broad leaf and experiment with "Havana seed" in the attempt to produce an imitation of the Sumatra wrapper. As would naturally result, many localities were discovered wherein this variety flourished and became exceedingly popular. The best localities, perhaps, were those that could not produce the broad leaf successfully. The result has been that Connecticut is now producing two distinct types of cigar leaf, each having its admirers and advocates, although within the past few years the old localities of the Connecticut

Valley have drifted back to the earlier established variety.

The state of Ohio is not commonly thought of as a great tobacco growing district, yet of its round ten millions of acres under cultivation fifty thousand are given up to tobacco culture, and the average crop of the state is thirty million pounds. The most interesting portion of the tobacco belt of Ohio lies in Wayne and Medina Counties, although the greatest tobacco growing counties are Brown, Darke, Montgomery and Noble counties in the southern pars of the state. In fact, tobacco is grown in fifty-three of the eighty-eight counties of Ohio. The best Ohio tobacco is grown in a sandy soil, and in the county of Medina some three hundred acres are given up to Spanish seed leaf every year. The growers say that the expense per acre up to the time and including the harvesting runs about sixty dollars, and that other expenses coming on from time to time until the product is ready for the market, averages twenty-five dollars per acre, making a total of eighty-five dollars. The plant is a profitable crop, even at these figures. The seeds are sown in beds prepared for the purpose and are covered over with glass or canvas. About the first of April the seed is sown, and with proper care and proper moistening the plants soon grow and become hardy. They are transplanted about the first of June, the ground having first received a liberal amount of common manure, which is pulverized and plowed in. In dry weather they require watering to secure good results, but if started after a good rain they will grow without any further trouble. When the plant has so matured that the buds are developed the top is nipped off, so as to leave twelve to fourteen leaves. Thereafter they stand from three to four weeks, or until fully matured.

The best quality of tobacco is grown in a warm season with plenty of moisture. After the plants are fully matured they are cut off at the roots with tobacco shears, and after being sheathed are ready to be taken to the shed and and there strung on a lath four feet long, seven or eight plants to a lath. They are then hung on poles prepared for that purpose at the proper distance of seven feet. A long time intervenes between the harvesting and getting the tobacco ready for market. Frequently from ten months to a year elapses before the product is ready for disposal. After it is cured the bunches have to be stripped, and this is mostly done in Ohio in cold weather. The doors of the sheds are open during a damp period, and the leaves being properly moistened, are taken down and stored in a cellar or some place where they are not liable to dry out. From there they are taken in to the stripping room, arranged on tables, where they are sorted according to lengths and quality, and then tied into hands of proper size, eighteen to twenty leaves in a hand, and then pressed in bulk until the grower is ready to pack them into boxes for shipment. The room for bulking is kept as cool as possible, so as not to induce sweating before the leaves are packed in cases. These cases hold from three hundred and twenty-five to three hundred and fifty pounds each, and when the tobacco is packed it is considered ready for market. It is often held until it has gone through the sweating process, and is then ready for the manufacturer.

Good Ohio tobacco land is worth at this time from eighty-five to one hundred dollars per acre. Tobacco culture on a large scale is comparatively new in this state, and the farmers engaged in it are uniformly prosperous and content.

It is peculiar of Illinois that its tobacco crop grows principally at the extreme ends of the state. That used in the manufacture of plug tobacco is grown in the south, while the finer grade, grown from Havana seed and made into smoking tobacco and cigars, flourishes in the north. An old darkey in the employ of Squire Stanton of Jo Daviess County, at the close of the War,

put out a little patch of tobacco for his own consumption. The crop was a success, and it was discovered that the soil was especially adapted to the production of the "weed." The next year the farmers in that vicinity began to raise small fields of tobacco in connection with their other crops. It was not long before many abandoned general farming and devoted their entire time to tobacco culture. At present there are six hundred acres of land within a ten-mile square given up to tobacco farming. The tobacco region proper includes Western Stephenson and Eastern Jo Daviess Counties. It requires but a small tobacco plantation to support a family. From one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five dollars is realized from an acre. Of that sum one-half goes for rental, labor and other expenses. Nearly as much work is required to cutivate five acres of tobacco as to care for an eighty-acre farm as cropped in Illinois. The enemies of the plant in Illinois, as in most other states, are the grasshopper and the large green tobacco worm, both of which may be kept off by due vigilance. The grasshopper makes a sieve out of the leaf, and the worm eats from the outer edge towards the centre, giving it a ragged appearance. Sometimes a whole crop of tobacco is destroyed just as it is ready to be cut.

The cultivation of tobacco in the territory now known as the state of Florida dates back for centuries. The Indians, in their crude way, first planted the leaf; then the Spaniards came into possession, raising tobacco for their own needs and for export to the mother country. The impression is general that tobacco culture in Florida is now going through its experimental stage. This is true in regard to some parts of the state, but the success of making tobacco in several counties in Florida since the territory became the property of the United States was clearly demonstrated long before the Civil War. Away back in 1849 Gadsden County alone produced 776,177 pounds of tobacco, and in 1860 the crop in that county amounted to one million two hundred thousand pounds. This tobacco consisted chiefly of the old Florida leaf, a superior quality of tobacco that was much sought after by manufacturers of fine cigars. The unsettled condition of this state during and after the war practically put an end to the growing of this grade of tobacco, but since the recent revival of the industry the old planters, remembering the great demand for the old Florida leaf, are searching about for seed, with a moderate degree of success, and within a few years the acreage in this variety of tobacco will probably be large. Meanwhile the younger planters are paying attention to the cultivation of the fine grades of Cuban tobacco. Strictly speaking, tobacco culture in Florida is a lost art. Soon after the war those who raised diversified crops gave up everything to engage in orange culture, as that gave promise of eclipsing everything else in agricultural and horticultural pursuits. No one thought of engaging extensively in the culture of tobacco, rice, sugar cane, potatoes, melons or any of the hundred and one things that the soil and climate of this state can produce, until after the freeze of December, 1894, and that which immediately followed in February, 1895. Then, with groves that ten, twenty and thirty years had seen flourish and bring forth an abundant harvest each season, were cut down to the roots. The railroads of the state, being then interested in the development of the country and the successful raising of diversified crops, owing to the fact that the state gave them large tracts of land in compensation for internal improvements made, spent much time and money, through their land departments, in ascertaining what would prove the most valuable crop as a substitute for orange culture. It was discovered that several valuable crops could be raised, but the most promising was tobacco, provided the farmers could be instructed in the intricate details of curing, so necessary

to the production of a first-class marketable article. With what degree of success these corporations have met is best explained in recent circulars. One just issued by the Plant system gives the following comprehensive data: "We recommend to farmers on the line of the Plant system the advisability of planting tobacco this year. The demand for high-grade Cuban cigar tobacco is now far beyond the supply, which condition is likely to continue for an indefinite period, owing to the civil war existing in Cuba, which has practically paralyzed the tobacco industry there. No tobacco is now exported from Cuba, and none will be planted there this year. The world is now looking to Florida for its supply of fine grade Cuban leaf cigar tobacco. We are informed that German tobacco dealers have engaged the crop of a Florida grower at the rate of two dollars per pound. This price is, of course, for a strictly high-grade article. It would be within bounds to estimate fifty cents per pound at present for a good Florida cigar tobacco. We see no reason why Florida should not produce a tobacco equal in all respects to the Cuban article."

Mr. H. Curtis, the agricultural and immigration agent of the Florida Central and Peninsular Railroad, a recognized tobacco expert, in regard to the prospect for tobacco culture in Florida, says: "I am pleased to say that the question of successfully growing fine tobacco on the light lands of the Peninsula is no longer a theory, but an actual demonstrated fact, the experimental stage being now passed. I can say that when the proper attention has been given the plants the tobacco will compare favorably with any grown. Three varieties have been tried, namely, Cuba, Sumatra and Old Florida. The leaves of each of these varieties, grown on the hammock lands, have without exception, so far as I have seen, specked beautifully."

The counties in Western and Southern Florida seem to be the best adapted to tobacco culture, but the plant has been grown on the east coast as well. Last spring the Agricultural Department of the state aided in promoting the cultivation of distributing free a large quantity of fine grade Cuban seed. Many farmers raised a fine leaf, but owing to their ignorance as to the proper method of curing the leaf, its value as a wrapper was lost. Experienced curers have been brought to the state from Cuba, and in the course of a few seasons this difficulty will be removed. The Commissioner of Agriculture estimates that twenty thousand acres were planted in tobacco last spring. An average yield is one thousand pounds to the acre, which should net on an average of fifty cents per pound, or five hundred dollars per acre. The people of the state have great faith in the enterprise and predict that Florida will soon be in a position to cope with Cuba. The duty of something like two dollars per pound on the imported leaf is a protection to Florida growers that they will endeavor to have retained until they are in a position to compete on equal terms. Then the only duty necessary will be sufficient to make up the difference between American and foreign labor.

In Vermont, a few farmers on the lower reaches of the Connecticut River, in the southwestern corner of the state, have found tobacco farming quite profitable since the early sixties. The proper condition for growing the plant, a warm, rich soil, and almost invariably heavy morning fogs, are found only in this limited area. After a dozen years the soil became exhausted and a new industry was checked. The depletion of the soil was due to the ignorance of the farmers, who knew little about cultivating the tobacco and less about preserving the soil. So that now where once were many acres of this plant one sees little but grass and grain. The industry is old enough to show buildings of considerable antiquity, and the first suggestion of tobacco raising found on the Connecticut meadows is seen in the old ventilated barns that are prevalent where tobacco is or was

grown. The only variety cultivated in the state is leaf tobacco, used for making binders, fillers and wrappers for cigars. In 1872, when tobacco farming was at its height, the census showed that two hundred and fifty acres were grown in the narrow strip of Connecticut River land between Windsor and the Massachusetts line. A general falling off in acreage followed a decline in prices paid for American leaf tobacco, until today less than eighty acres are annually raised. These fields are all to be found between Bellows Falls and the township of Vernon. Across the river in New Hampshire are fields of a larger acreage, producing a variety of leaf identical to that grown in Vermont. While the decline has been steady since 1872, it seems probable that the raising of tobacco in the Green Mountain State will again increase, as it is believed the true method of cultivation and soil preservation has lately been discovered. More than this, the Cuban rebellion has raised the price of Havana leaf tobacco, thus increasing the profits of the home producer. The crops, which are known under the names of Connecticut seed and New England product, find a ready market in New York, Chicago and Lancaster, Pa. In New York and Chicago the tobacco is subjected to the usual curing processes and finds its way into five and sometimes ten-cent cigars. Since the war in Cuba has forced up the price of the Havana leaf the entire cigar is in many cases made from Vermont grown tobacco, although it is not put on the market under that name.

The tobacco raising centre in Vermont is at the historic town of Putney, in the county of Windham, a short carriage drive from Brattleboro, where the fogs from the Connecticut moisten the soil at night and the fervid heat of the sun forces the crops by day. There are in all seven grades of Vermont tobacco. They include the top leaves, dark, strong and of little value; the "first leaves," from 26 to 28 inches long; the second leaves, from 24 to 25 inches in length; the 22-inch leaf, the most valuable wrapper on the plant; the long and sand leaf binders and the fillers. The 22-inch leaf is most valuable for wrapping purposes, being of such a length that there is little waste in cutting. The sand leaf is so called because it grows nearest the ground.

THE TALE OF A TUNE

By George Barr McCutcheon

MR. GULLING was an old man, but he was not a married man. Some thing had gone wrong in the bright young days when opportunity was related to the fitness of things; the relationship had become strained. Years flew by, and the little difficulty between chance and intention retained its blemishes, and the present found Mr. Gulling a bachelor at 60, a condition which 30 years before no one who knew him would have suspected, even entertained. "Jim," as he was called years ago, had been a gay youth, a Robin Adair, a—but anything savoring of reminiscence was so distasteful to James Gulling, A.M., Ph.D., at his time and position in life, that with the beginning comes the end. Just let it be said charitably that Mr. Gulling was a bachelor, and furthermore, that, in perfect good taste, he testily refused to be called professor, notwithstanding the fact that he occupied the chair of biology and was secretary of the faculty in Jones College. Jones is not the real name of the institution, however. Jones is assumed by the au-

thor, not because he desires to increase the interest in the college by giving it a good, old, historic name, but because it is convenient.

When Mr. Gulling assumed the chair mentioned, he purchased a home on the outskirts of this model college town, a rambling old dwelling at the far end of a shady street, surrounded by tall maples, beautiful cedars and a flower garden which would have been the pride of any botanist. The property had run down considerably, it is true, having been occupied by tenants who gave but little attention to its welfare except when their own personal comforts were directly at issue, and who never lost an opportunity to demand repairs. The long-suffering owner lived in a far-away metropolis, and gladly sold the place to Mr. Gulling, that individual, in turn, congratulating himself on securing such an advantageous bargain. He dubiously acknowledged that the house was too big, too pretentious for a bachelor, yet he could not but experience satisfaction in the additional, though secondary, thought which came to his rescue, as he realized that he could have five or six laboratories, libraries and dens.

Two servants, a man and his wife, were his only companions in the big house. As they persistently inclined toward a stiff conservatism unusual in servants, the biologist was generally left to the solitude of his books, to the study of the living tissue and to the effectual consideration of himself as a biolytic. He fully realized, sunny-natured as he was, that he was hastening himself to the grave through the irksome paths of study, experiment and application.

He was a good-humored scientist, strange to say; fond of company—at times, of course—and always eager to discuss theoretically or practically the issues of the intellect. Occasionally he would talk politics, once in a while religion, and frequently a charming sort of nonsense which gave him rating as a "small-talker." Adscititiously, he was fond of athletics, approved of football, baseball and bicycling—for others—and loved to fish and shoot. Although he turned to pinguitude, decidedly, was almost able to count the hairs on his own head, and was so near-sighted that he could barely see his pince-nez, he was such a "jolly old boy" that everybody liked him, male and female, young and old. Bluff and blustering, yet polished, he was his own ideal; if you did not like his ideal, it mattered very little to him.

The tenant who had occupied the house immediately prior to his advent was a widow with an only daughter. She had rented nearly all of the rooms in the house to students, but had conscientiously insisted upon a system of order which students do not usually have imposed upon them. When Mr. Gulling bought the place in the spring they moved out and went to another city to reside, the widow in possession of quite a number of unpaid accounts against delinquent roomers, the daughter the possessor of a whole collegeful of hearts. As she figures very dimly in this tale, it is only necessary to say that she was beautiful, sensible and worthy of every particle of admiration which fell upon her. Sensibly, she paid but little attention to it, apparently unconscious of the love she inspired in the ranks of the susceptible. She loved one who loved her, however. Constance Strong gave her heart to poor Fritz Lieb, the German youth who attended the school of music and who occupied the cheapest little room in her mother's house—the attic. Fritz worshipped her, but, diffident fellow, he loved in silence, in reserve, in blindness. She loved him, he loved her; she alone knew that both loved.

Every night Mr. Gulling worked in his den, flitting from library to laboratory and back to den as his quest for material commanded, for he was engaged in the preparation of a treatise on "The Bacteria in Our Water Supplies." If anything served to prevent him from applying himself early in the evening he never failed to take up the obligation when the cause of prevention was removed. In this way he was frequently busy in his home until two and

three o'clock in the morning. Some one said that he could maintain an interesting noctuary, but a very dull diary.

Now, if there was one thing about which the estimable scientist knew absolutely nothing, it was music. He could not whistle a tune, and did not know a hymn from an anthem. Of course he enjoyed catchy airs, sweet melodies and the like, but he never knew their names, their composers or their significance.

One night in late September he sat in his study, pondering over a weighty proposition which had been bothering him for several days. His heels were upon his desk, his head far back in his chair, his gaze upon the ceiling. So long and so intently had he preserved this thoughtful position that his pipe went out and his legs to sleep. It was a crisp, still night, and the eleven o'clock chimes had pealed from the college tower. Usually the whistling of a tune made no impression upon him, but as he sat there dreaming, his ear suddenly took in the notes of an air, whistled through the puckered lips of someone passing by in the street without. The scientist heard the melody in the distance, and its sweetness appealed to his unimpressionable ear. He agreed that it was a very pretty tune and then forgot it. The next night he heard the same sweet air, whistled in the distance, then beneath his window, and then in the distance again. This time he admitted that it was a prettier tune than he had thought. And he further thought that he had never heard a better whistler. Every night for a week he heard the same tune, the same whistler and at the same time. Unconsciously he grew so that he would look at his watch and smile as he heard the approaching whistler. It always indicated half-past eleven, and he began to wonder whether the young lady's father knew the fellow stayed until that unseemly hour. Then he smiled as he thought of his own days.

At last this most unmusical of men became, as he termed it, saturated with the melody, and finally grew so that he could imitate several of its movements in a very wheezy, uncertain manner. He invariably began to fall into a duet with the whistler as he heard his lay approaching, producing a sadly mangled combination of discords, false notes and bad time, which he inconsiderately allowed himslf to construe into a hitherto unknown ability to carry a tune.

Mr. Gulling's sister, Mrs. Denzer, lived in another city, her daughter, Grace, being her only companion, Mr. Denzer having passed away ten years prior to the period with which the chronicler has to deal. Grace's bachelor uncle worshipped her, and it was he who had presented her with the magnificent piano which stood in the parlor of their comfortable home. Although he knew nothing about the subject himself, he never tired of telling his friends how wonderfully she interpreted Wagner—she was Wagnerian by nature, by practice and by attainment, as he put it. Some of the young and musically inclined professors at Jones College began to allude to Gulling's niece as "Miss Vogner." Now, Mr. Gulling, believing so unflinchingly in the powers of his niece, determined that she should have the piece he was just learning to whistle, providing he could find out its name and its composer.

He therefore made a merry spectacle of himself trying to whistle the air for some of his friends, hoping that they could enlighten him. Some of them admitted that it was a tune, but that they could not tell from his manner of exemplification whether it was a hymn, a jig or a march. Then he went to a couple of music dealers, who heard his unique analysis with puzzled ears. They could not place the tune at all. In despair he called upon Professor Halstead, known to be a musician of some prominence. Halstead said it was a cross between "Old Hundred" and "Suwanee River," so far as he could distinguish, and Gulling said he was a darned young ignoramus. Eventually it occurred to him that the easiest way to get at the bottom of the matter was to ask the fellow who nightly passed with the shrill instrument of nature.

The next time he passed he would step out and ask for information. That same night, as he was looking over an authority in his library, he heard the whistler coming down the street, and dashed bareheaded to the front gate, there to await the pedestrian.

It was a perfectly clear night, a bright full moon hanging over the maples, sending down her beams with all the radiance of a conscious splendor. Mr. Gulling stood at the gate, the cool night breeze suddenly reminding him that he was hatless, coatless and in his study slippers. A strange result attended his determination to accost the musician. While he distinctly heard the whistler approach, pass him by and continue down the street, until the tune became blurred and indistinct in the distance, he did not see him, nor did he hear his tread upon the gravel walk. Mr. Gulling rubbed his eyes, looked bewildered and then went back to his study. For a while he tried reading without his spectacles, merely to convince himself that he had not suddenly been stricken blind. Then he went to bed, muttering something about "devilish, most devilish strange."

The next night he went down to the gate, determined to stop the mysterious whistler, but again he saw nothing, heard nothing save the sweet strains as they passed through the crisp atmosphere before his most penetrating gaze. Now, Mr. Gulling was neither a superstitious man nor a fool. He realized that no one could be fooling him, yet he could not account for the phenomenon. For three hours he sat before his study fire cogitating, going to bed at length with the conviction that he must be delirious. He thought it best to take a little calomel. When, on the next night, he repeated the same operation with the same result, he was a thoroughly alarmed man. "The Bacteria in Our Water Supplies" was neglected, Mr. Gulling reasonably concluding that an insane man could not write intelligently on a subject which required so much soundness of thought. All day long he turned the strange things over in his mind, hesitating a long time before deciding to go to Professor Halstead with his story. When he at last found himself hailing Halstead on the campus, it was with the self-inflicted impression that he was a big booby.

"Hello, Mr. Gulling! Going my way?" was the young professor's greeting, as he awaited the fleshy gentleman's hasty approach.

"I—ahem—I—Oh, yes! The fact is, I wanted to see you about a little—just an amusing little thing which has happened to me. You'll laugh, I know—enjoy it as much as I do. Do you believe in—in"——and Mr. Gulling paused to wipe his brow in uncertainty.

"I'm sure I don't know. Believe in what?"

"In—in—Oh, the analysis the health officer made of the hydrant water yesterday. Why, Halstead, he says it's pure, etc.," and for two blocks Mr. Gulling poured forth a volume of criticism upon the test made by Dr. Taylor. Prof. Halstead could not help surveying the old gentleman in silent wonder, knowing there was something else on his mind, something he did not know how to express. The younger man unfortunately allowed his companion to catch him in a laugh. That was more than the highly wrought condition of Mr. Gulling could endure, and he felt insulted, lapsing into a stubborn silence, abruptly leaving Halstead at the next corner, saying good-by gruffly.

As the young professor walked briskly away he began to whistle, sending up the strains of his favorite air. Mr. Gulling stopped as if shot, threw up his chin and clasped his hat to keep it from falling off at the jerk. With startled eyes he whirled around, expecting to hear the whistle float past him, or through him, or—but he only saw Halstead's lips puckered, his cheeks extended, his hands in his pockets and his good-looking young head thrown back to give his throat and lungs full sway.

"Good gracious!" gasped Mr. Gulling, as he grasped Halstead's arm from behind, after a rare run across the muddy street. "That's it! That's it!"

"That's what?" gasped Halstead in turn, edging away from what he thought to be a crazy man.

"That tune—what was it—what is it? What's the name of it? Have you been doing it all the time? Hurry up, man! Say, will you tell me the name of that tune or will you not?" shouted Gulling.

"That? Why, Mr. Gulling, what's the matter with you"——

"Not a d—nothing is the matter with me, sir. I just wanted to know what that tune is. I've been trying to find out for two weeks."

"It's 'La Paloma.' All of the big orchestras play it. But I don't understand why you are so interested."

"I'll tell you—I'll tell you—and then you'll know, of course. Come to my place now, right away. I'll tell you something that will make your hair stand on end. Yes, sir—mine would be as straight now as a porcupine's pins, if I only had the hair. Halstead, I have been nearly crazy!"

"I am afraid you are quite so."

"Wait—wait until you hear and see; no, you won't see, but you will hear. Now, don't think I'm crazy because I talk this way. You'll understand."

So the excited Mr. Gulling conducted Halstead to his home and told him everything, the young man exhibiting commendable interest in the narrative. He agreed to come around that night at eleven o'clock and see for himself. In the meantime Mr. Gulling was to telegraph his sister and her daughter, begging them to come down for a visit. He admitted that he did not like to stay in the house alone. When Halstead came over at eleven he found Mr. Gulling pacing the floor. As he entered the room the young man began to whistle "La Paloma," whereupon the old scientist placed his fingers in his ears, closed his eyes, and exclaimed:

"Good heavens, man! I hear nothing but that tune, day and night. I dream it, I eat it, I drink it, I—don't whistle it again. We will soon hear it performed by someone who knows how to send it clear through a man's existence, from beginning to end. It seems to me that I was born with that air in my ears, and I know I shall die with it still shrieking there. Sit down—have a chair. Now we'll wait."

"Well, I can tell you something about that piece. It happens to have a little connection with this very house."

"It has a most devilish big connection, sir!"

"Last year, you know, Mrs. Strong kept roomers here, all students except Davis and myself, who occupied the two rooms across the hall from this one. A young German student, Fritz Lieb, poorer than Job's turkey, had the attic room, and a whole lot of high aspirations in consequence. He was taking music, and I will say for him that he had a remarkable talent. The way that boy played the flute was enough to make a man forget all his troubles, all his debts, all his studies. He was truly a phenomenon; music was born in him, and he grew up with it sticking out of every pore. Well, Fritz fell in love with the landlady's daughter, Constance Strong, a beautiful girl—indeed she was, Gulling—the prettiest I ever knew, I believe"——

"You ought to see my niece," interposed Gulling, glancing at his watch suddenly, as if he had just thought it necessary.

"You ought to have seen Constance. Poor Lieb fell terribly in love with her, and on discovering that she enjoyed a certain piece of music, played it ever so often beneath her window. That piece of music was "La Paloma," and with his magic flute he had a way of producing it that actually made one feel creepy with delight. I have heard him play it below here, at midnight, and I have never forgotten the sensations I experienced while"——

"Listen! There it comes! Do you hear it? Hurry up—let's get down there!" Mr. Gulling shot down stairs nimbly, followed by Halstead, who had also caught the shrill melody from afar.

The two men stood at the gate, Gulling nervous and excited, Halstead a trifle mystified, but firmly expecting to see a man heave into sight shortly. But

Gulling's story was no myth. He was more than startled when he heard the strains of "La Paloma" float past, within four feet of him, gradually resolving themselves into a whispered diminuendo, then—nothing.

"What do you think of that?" whispered Gulling, triumphantly. "Am I crazy?"

"There certainly must be some trick about it," returned Halstead, in rather strained tones.

"Trick nothing! Where does the trick come in? You hear but you do not see—isn't that all there is to it? Well! What have you got to say about it?"

Halstead had nothing to say about it just then, and they returned to the study, where, for two hours, they sat and stared at the fire, the silence being broken only infrequently by an observation involving the mystery and the possibility of a solution. When the young professor left the house, it was with the understanding that he was to come again on the next night. On this second occasion, however, he was to station himself up the street quite a distance, and then walk down to Gulling's with the unseen whistler. And so he did.

At eleven o'clock the next night he stood on a corner far above Mr. Gulling's house. Naturally he listened intently for footsteps, and was almost ready to give up the vigil when he was startled beyond description, as the opening measures of the familiar piece burst upon his ear, coming from a point not twenty feet away. There was something so uncanny, so ghastly about the situation that he shuddered as with a chill, an almost irrepressible desire to run madly in an opposite direction, coming over him. Regaining his composure in a measure he followed the cause of his fright, soon finding himself side by side with the ghostly whistler. Together the man and the melody passed over the space between the corner of Elm street and Gulling's gate. As Halstead drew near, he saw the old gentleman standing in the centre of the sidewalk.

"Which side is it on?" called Gulling in a highly-pitched tremulo.

"My right," almost whispered Halstead. He was too weak to speak aloud firmly.

The stout gentleman forthwith planted himself solidly in a position to the right of Halstead's path and bravely waited. As the young man came up to him, Mr. Gulling jumped wildly to one side, clapped his hands to his ears, staggered as if he had been struck and uttered an exclamation of horror. The whistler had passed through and through him! It was two minutes before Mr. Gulling could speak or move away from the fence which he had seized in his excitement.

* * * * * *

The next day Mrs. Denzer and her daughter arrived. The latter was particularly anxious to visit her uncle, while the college was in action, being very fond of the society which she knew existed where there were so many young professors and students. Not that she was vain, frivolous or unwomanly, but that she relished life and its condiments, as should a good, strong, healthy young woman. She was bright, and she liked to have the world bright about her. When her mother received the telegram, urging them to come at once, she was quite ready to go, strange as it may seem. All of her fall clothes had been made, her hats purchased, her gloves chosen; she had no excuse for delay, and would not have cared for one in any event. She and Mrs. Denzer had been somewhat surprised at Mr. Gulling's hurried invitation, but they considered it one of the eccentricities of his nature. His sister knew him like a book; she knew that he did everything by impulse, and that careful deliberation very seldom invaded the place in which the personal comfort of others should abide. Two days after receiving the despatch, they were on their way to his bachelor home, bag and baggage—two women with charms of person and charms of character, strong enough to make the world happy for the most melancholy of men. Mrs. Denzer was what you would call

a jolly good fellow, if you were speaking of a man. Her daughter was not old enough to be a jolly good fellow, but she was a happy possibility.

Mr. Gulling met them at the depot. In his abstraction, he forgot to go to the station until twenty minutes after train time, and would not have thought about it then had not Halstead asked him on the campus if his friends had come. Then he hurried through the streets like mad, Halstead following at his solicitation, arriving at the depot very much out of breath, and quite apoplectic. The impatient ladies were on the platform, inquiring of the baggage-master just how they could get to the home of the delinquent host. His appearance was a welcome relief.

"Why, James Gulling, did you forget us?" cried his sister, rushing forward to kiss him. Grace kissed him before he could answer, and then both of them pinched him playfully, but rather severely, for he was not used to such womanly capers, being a conscientious bachelor.

"No, indeed! I never forget, do I, Halstead? I was—was unavoidably detained, and—Oh, say! baggageman, this train's changed time, anyhow, hasn't it? It hasn't? Well, I'll swear some one said it had. Oh, by the way, this is Professor Halstead—my sister, Mrs. Denzer, and my niece, Miss Grace Denzer, professor. Professor Halstead is a great friend of mine. He just now met me back here and reminded me——"

"Mr. Gulling flatters me," hastily inserted Halstead, nudging his absent-minded friend, "when he claims me as a friend. It is an honor, I can assure him. And it is a pleasure to know his sister and his niece."

"Well, well—let's get a cab. I wonder why the dev—deuce the hacks are not here for this train?"

"They were, Uncle James; but they went away when the train left—two hours ago, it seems to me," said his niece, airily.

"That's so—that's so! I wonder what's the matter with me. Well, we can walk up to the court house and get a hack. Come along; it's not far," and off started Mr. Gulling.

"Let me attend to your baggage, Mrs. Denzer. If you will give me the checks I'll have it all sent up to the house," said Halstead, hastily.

"Thank you."

"Say, Halstead, you are so thoughful that I'll let you attend to all three of us. I'm worse than a baby," spluttered Mr. Gulling, mopping his brow vigorously.

And Halstead did attend to everything for them, strolling down to Gulling's after dinner that evening to see if he had performed his duties satisfactorily. He also had a selfish desire to hear the pretty niece express her thanks for the service he had rendered them. There is something sentimental about a young college professor. He does not teach it, true, but he believes in it. That is one reason he parts his hair in the middle as long as he has the hair to part. When the hair is gone he begins to lose his sentimentalism, much as Sampson lost his strength.

Mrs. Denzer's brother was telling his guests of the mysterious visitations nightly, and was painting a very vivid picture of an unseen object when Halstead arrived, just in time to substantiate a claim or two on which the ladies had placed an expression of doubt.

"They don't believe me, Halstead; you tell 'em all about it. Miss Denzer says I was dreaming when I let that tune pass through my left shoulder last night. Now, I'll leave it to you; was I dreaming?" These were Gulling's words, uttered quite before Halstead had time to greet the ladies or to receive from them even the manifestation of a salutation.

"I must say, Mr. Gulling, that when you gave such unmistakable signs of contact with the whistle last night, I was under the impression that it had passed through your heart instead of your shoulder. Truthfully, though, Miss Denzer, I thought he was stricken dead in his tracks," vouchsafed the professor, as he shook hands with the two ladies.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Gulling; "a whistle couldn't hurt me."

"But, Uncle James, you said it almost knocked you down. Isn't that supposed to be a painful operation?"

"I meant the shock, Grace, the shock. I didn't say it had a fist or a club, did I? It was just simply the sensation, the horror of the thing, that staggered me—and it would have staggered anybody."

Halstead remained until half-past eleven, and the quartet heard "La Paloma" pass the gate. Grace stood beside Halstead, scoffing until she heard the first faint notes far up the street. Then her ease departed and with it went her levity. As the thrill of the supernatural crushed out all lingering doubts she trembled like a leaf and unconsciously clasped the young man's arm, her nerves strained, her heart fearful.

"There!" was all that Gulling said, and they hurried into the house, the two women shivering as if a cold blast had swept over them unexpectedly. It is permissable to invade the privacy of Grace's chamber and say that she slept none that night. Her mother was not asleep, either, when the girl crawled shiveringly from her own bed in an adjoining room and rapped at her door, asking admission. The promptness with which Mrs. Denzer admitted her daughter suggested relief rather than the annoyance which usually follows a disturbance in the night.

Within a week the whole town and university knew of the mystery and consternation filled the souls of all, skeptical and otherwise.

Mrs. Denzer and her daughter had become accustomed to the weird nocturnal visits of the phantom musician, and were reveling in a perfect ebulliency of excitement. For the first few nights the approach of the whistler had sent an algid sensation through their persons, and it was not a literal agrypnotic that kept them awake until drowsiness could no longer be denied. They had callers every night, legions of them. Mr. Gulling's was the most attractive place in town, men being drawn there by the natural and the supernatural.

The event which placed Mr. Gulling on a sick bed with a raging fever, came to pass one evening, when Halstead entered the house (as, for that matter, he had every evening of late), with a newspaper in his hand. Shoving the paper fairly into the biologist's face, he cried:

"Read that, Mr. Gulling!"

Mr. Gulling read the article designated and turned pale. He read it again. Then he tremblingly glanced at the date line. There he read:

"Oct. 14, 189—." It was then November 12, almost a month after the day on which the paper was issued.

"Good Heaven! What—what do you—you think, Halstead. You don't mean that—that——" he gasped, starting up.

"It's the most reasonable solution I can see. To me the mystery is explained."

"Let me read it, then," cried Miss Denzer, snatching the paper from her uncle's hand.

"Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 189—. Fritz Lieb, a young music teacher, residing at No. 1473 E. Richardson street, committed suicide last night, cutting his throat from ear to ear with a razor. His body was found this morning by a pupil, George Stallings. Lieb had been in low spirits for some time, poverty and disappointment in love undoubtedly driving him to the performance of this last deed. He was a German, a graduate of Jones College, and is said to have possessed considerable talent. The dead man has no relatives in this country and the body was taken to the morgue."

"That was about the time I first heard the whistle," murmured Mr. Gulling. They looked at each other dumbly, all with the same thought in mind.

"The same serenade that love and life inspired," observed Halstead.

The next morning Gulling remained in bed with a fever. Dr. Doper came and doped him; his sister and niece attended him; his friends proceeded to express intense interest in his condition. He utterly refused to permit any one in the house to go to bed that night un-

til "La Paloma" had passed his windows. On the next night he slept in a different room, to which the sounds from the street came not so distinctly. Halstead sat up with him that night and announced to the alarmed Mrs. Denzer, who had gone to bed without the knowledge of the sick man, and whose door the young man had to pass on his way from the house, that he was afraid Mr. Gulling was getting delirious.

With his illness went his good nature. The physicians were not puzzled over his ailment; they announced at once that it was superinduced by intense nervousness, a long siege of sleeplessness, and the usual change which had taken place in a life-long system of quietude. They furthermore said that he might not recover unless removed from the haunted house. Mr. Gulling agreed to the removal, but refused to leave the place until three eminent scientists from a distant college, all friends of his, had come to the town on their promised tour of investigation. He was determined to be on the ground when they were deprived of their unbelief and convinced of the existence of the strange phenomenon. In the meantime, he demanded the utmost attention and insisted on company in the sick room until midnight, at least.

When Prof. Halstead readily agreed to sit up every night until that hour, it was not with the idea of sacrificing himself for his colleague. It was with the selfish understanding that he would be near the sick man's niece. He no longer concealed from himself the truth of his feelings; they expressed love too plainly to be ignored. It is a very hard matter to determine the condition of a woman's feelings by mere physical analysis, so there is only conjecture concerning Miss Denzer's strange inclination to stay up and assist the professor, inasmuch as one watcher is generally supposed to be sufficient in cases where mild fever exists.

A telegram came after Gulling had been ill for five or six days, informing him that his friends, Drs. Smith, Steele and Gowdy, would arrive from Boston that same night. Halstead met them at the station, took them to the hotel, and explained the situation as it existed at Gulling's. The three distinguished men were to come to the house at eleven o'clock that night with Dr. Smithson.

The young professor went down to Mr. Gulling's about eight o'clock that evening. Having satisfied himself that Mr. Gulling was resting easily, he boldly suggested to Miss Denzer that they sit in the next room, and give him a chance to go to sleep. It was evident that both were of the opinion that he needed sleep, for she accompanied him unhesitatingly, first tucking the coverlet around Mr. Gulling's feet as if she expected to be away from him for some time. The patient said "Thank you," and very inconsiderately rolled over, undoing all that she had done for him.

The light was dim in the adjoining room, and Halstead made no effort to increase its brightness. He preferred the loneliness which darkness inspires. Loneliness with her was not the kind of loneliness which is defined in the dictionary.

"Uncle James is no better, the doctor says. Mamma is very much worried. She fears he will lose his mind if we don't get him away from here soon," observed Grace, as she turned an easy chair to the blazing fire-place. Halstead dropped into a comfortable rocker close at hand, but did not assume a comfortable position. He sat rather erectly, and did not know what to do with his hands.

"We'll get him away after the wise men have come and gone," said the professor, rather unhappily.

"Yes, and I shall be so glad, too."

There was a two-minute pause before Halstead lamely remarked: "I suppose you will be glad to get away from here yourself."

"Oh, no—only on uncle's account. I have had such a good time, even if it has been an unusual one. We have met so many people that I admire. You are all so charming here," she replied,

smiling vaguely, not at him, but at the charred corner of the big back log.

"Thank you," he returned gloomily. A rather embarrassing silence was broken by the pensive young man, who ceased gnawing his mustache long enough to say: "Let me see; how long have you been here?"

"Just five weeks—an age, it seems, doesn't it?"

"Does it? I—I hadn't thought so."

"Well, it does."

"I—we all tried to make your days pass pleasantly—under the circumstances, Miss Denzer."

"I know you did, and I am so grateful. I meant that it has been an age of pleasure."

"Oh, did you? That's different," and he laughed as heartily, as unrestrainedly, as if he were enjoying a joke of his own. For a moment the blazing fire grew dim; something blurred his eyes; he felt a dizzy sensation in his head, but he did not wonder what caused the change. All lovers can understand such moments.

"You didn't think I meant that it had been unpleasant after all the fun we have had, did you?" she cried, glancing at him with a sly twinkle in her eyes. Halstead was rocking vigorously and was doing his best to steady his voice, as he answered, indefinitely:

"That's right—ha! ha!—isn't it? Ha! ha!—we—we have—had—some—good times, haven't we? I'll never forget them—never!" The last exclamation was so manifestly tragic that he was compelled to stop rocking his chair. She glanced quickly at the back-log again.

"I don't see why you should remember them," she hastily observed.

"You don't?" he demanded in astonishment. Then his courage departed, just as it does on all such occasions, and he said, more lamely than ever: "Because—they were such deuced good times, you see."

"Just hear that wind! How it blows," she said, shudderingly, after a moment's pause.

"Shall I get you a wrap?" he asked, quite foolishly.

"Heavens, no! It is roasting in here. I referred to the wind outdoors."

"Oh, I—I see," and he lapsed into silence.

"If it keeps up blowing, uncle will not be able to hear the whistle, nor will the three wise men."

"Mr. Gulling will, if he has to whistle it himself."

"They will be here soon, won't they?"

"Who?" he demanded, sharply.

"The wise men—the whistle seekers."

"Oh, yes—yes——" fumbling with his watch—"in half an hour." Under his breath: "Confound them!"

"I don't know when I've heard the wind whistle down a chimney as it does tonight," Grace was compelled to say a moment later. Her toes were toasting on the fenders, but her hands were as cold as ice.

"Neither do I," vouchsafed Halstead, mopping the perspiration from his brow.

"You seem to be warm, Prof. Halstead. Shall we open a window?" There was another of those dangerous twinkles in her eyes, a twinkle of long-standing intelligence. Her woman's intuition had long since accounted for Halstead's behavior. She had seen other men in her time, brief as it was.

"No, no. I—I am very comfortable," he stammered. "The fact is, I don't know why I perspire so; it's unusual. I don't understand it."

"I do!" she cried with startling suddenness.

"You—you do!" he exclaimed, turning as red as the coals before him. With a feeble laugh he managed to go on with: "You must be a magician—a physician, I mean,—to know so much. What is it—er—smarty?"

Miss Denzer's peal of laughter brought an exclamation of wonder from Mr. Gulling in the next room, and caused Halstead to start as if he had been shot, partly in surprise and partly in humiliation over the brilliant remark which had elicited this wild display of mirth.

"Pardon me," she cried, tears of laughter in her eyes. "Shall I tell you what I know?"

"If you can," he said, stiffly.

"Well, it's this: You perspire because it is such an effort to tell me what you want to say. Isn't that so? Now, isn't——"

"Not now—not now! But it was, you little witch." Restraining himself he said in a very dignified manner, well assumed: "If you know so much, perhaps you know what I wanted to tell you. In that case I can save myself the trouble of telling you, don't you know."

"I am no mind-reader."

"Shall I tell it, then?"

"Not unless you have the inclination, sir."

Mr. Smithson and the three wise men from the East rang the doorbell four times before they received a response. As Dr. Gowdy said afterward, it was devilish cold out on the steps, too. He, of course, did not know that Grace and Halstead were deaf to doorbells, to wintry winds and to ghostly expectations of all sorts. What they said and did has but little bearing upon the incidents which go to make up the body of this rather fantastic tale, so we will generously admit the visitors and announce the result of their investigation.

Mr. Gulling greeted them with a feeble hilarity, and they seated themselves about his bed-chamber, a trifle stiffly, and very much as if they thought themselves idiotic for indulging in a wild-goose chase of pure sentiment. They felt that they were far above ghosts.

Half past eleven came, and all ears were bent to catch the first note of "La Paloma." Strange to say, they were bent in vain. Twelve o'clock passed and no whistle. Mr. Gulling was delirious with anxiety, Halstead was covered with wonder, and something akin to humiliation, Mrs. Denzer and Grace found good excuses for retiring, Smithson looked the personification of a happy sneer, and the three wise men could not conceal the fact that they were bored. One of them almost dropped to sleep in his chair. And so the whistler disappointed them on the first night. It was shameful!

They agreed to come on the next night, Gulling assuring them that the unseen musician would return and whistle louder than ever in order to atone for his inexcusable neglect. But the next night was like the first. There was no whistle, not even the faintest piping sound of the bewitched air. Not only Gulling, but the whole town was thunderstruck, covered with consternation over a mystery which bade fair to eclipse the original piece of wonder. The wise men went home.

And thus the bottom fell out of the mystery, leaving open an endless avenue for speculation, more inexplorable than ever.

Two days after the departure of the wise men, Halstead rushed into Gulling's home with a piece of news which had already been accorded wide-spread circulation, allowing the populace an opportunity to produce a solution of the most startling character.

"Mr. Gulling! Mrs. Denzer! Grace!" he gasped, breathlessly. "I have news! I think I know why the serenades have ceased forever."

"Why?" shouted Gulling, almost leaping out of bed.

"Because there is no one to serenade."

"What!"

"Listen to this telegram, received this afternoon and sent last night:

'Cleveland, O., Nov. 19.

'W. H. Halstead, Jones' College:

'My Constance died this morning in St. Elizabeth hospital, of brain fever, brought about by Fred Lieb's suicide. Notify our friends.

ELIZABETH STRONG.'"

BOOKS OF THE DAY

"King Noanett." By F. J. Stimson, (F. S. of Dale.) Lamson, Wolffe & Co., Boston.

The advent of "King Noanett" is rightly regarded as one of the most notable literary occurrences of the year. The book comes upon us with all of that rare charm and adventure which pervades the romantic tales of the Middle Ages. There is a freshness, an originality, a simplicity about it all that at once places it apart from our more or less conventionalized bookdom of the day. It possesses the unmistakable qualities of positive merit, qualities so potently felt by the reader as to provoke at every stage of the reading the readiest appreciation and approval. The touch of pure chivalry that characterizes it throughout places it closely akin to Stanley Wyman's two historical romances, "A Gentleman of France" and "Under the Red Robe." The poetical quality it contains allies it to such American classics as Longfellow's "Evangeline" and "Courtship of Myles Standish." The story itself is cleverly told and quite as cleverly manipulated; it weaves about itself an atmosphere at once quaint and beautiful, and a style that enchants to the very end. There is nothing fresher, nor more pleasing than the way in which Mr. Stimson has conceived and executed his work. Ignoring entirely the accepted canons in favor among modern novelists, he has gone straight to the heart of nature, and has penned something that breathes in every line a spirit and a beauty like that which emanates from the natural world about us. Our senses are captivated and charmed by that same indescribable, pleasure-giving element—fascinating, subtle, elusive—that creeps in upon us at those times when we are rightly susceptible to nature's moods. It is then that we love our environment for its inherent qualities; it is then also that we love a book, as expressive of these native qualities, as is "King Noanett."

Apart from the literary and aesthetic merit of the book, the volume possesses in addition a distinct historical value. Its sub-title is "A Story of Old Virginia and the Massachusetts Bay," a consideration which involved on the writer's part the duty of giving us an adequate historical setting for his tale. This Mr. Stimson has not only adequately done, but accurately. Nor has he overdone it; clogging the progress of the plot by inserting pages of such matter as ought properly to come only between the covers of a history. The balance has been well struck in the beginning, and throughout the book well sustained. Concerning the personages of the volume, nothing but what is laudatory can be said. Perhaps if one were to localize the charm of the entire book, he would find it to lie in the two characters, Miles Courtenay and the narrator, Brampfylde Carew; the first certainly deserving of a permanent place among the characters of American fiction. Of the book itself one cannot restrain the prophecy that despite its being a birth of to-day, it cannot eventually rank otherwise than among the best in American literature.

"Quo Vadis." By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

There are few periods in the world's history so well calculated to furnish material for the historical novel as the days of Rome under the tyrant Nero. But the chronicler who attempts so stupendous an undertaking must needs be a master hand; else his book falls

little short of being a burlesque. The portrayal of the "Eternal City" at that time, of the bestial excesses of the court and of Rome's social life, together with the martyrdom of early Christianity, are scenes too colossal to be trifled with. The pen that aspires the drawing of a series of pictures so great must realize beforehand its task, otherwise failure in the result is indicative of shear (?) stupidity.

That the author of "Quo Vadis" neither under-estimated his task at the outset, nor fell short of his standard during its progress, is plainly shown in the final product of the book itself. The work stands as a really remarkable picture of the time. The writer's imaginative grasp and assimilation of so vast an amount of material, shows more than anything else how consummate is the narrative power of this Polish author. He has taken one of the greatest and most prolific epochs of history, and with his strength of concentration has focused the whole period upon the stage of his narrative. The scenes of the court, the arena, the great fire; the customs and manners of the day are all depicted with a minuteness and fidelity to history capable to no one of less vigor of description than Sienkiewicz. In the reading of the book, one realizes something of how terrible, how morally rotten, was the Roman Empire under Nero's reign, and how ripe was the time for the coming of some such deep reaching an influence as Christianity. One understands more clearly the animality of the Roman feasts, the appetites of the different classes, the vanity, pomp and glory of the Emperor himself. In "Quo Vadis" the reader catches a glimpse, too, of how wonderful was the gradual dawn of morality upon a paganized people, and at what great cost the foundation of Christianity was laid. The whole situation reads more like a romance than the tragedy of a civilization. And apart from all this there is the absorbing interest which attaches itself to the working out of the plot. It is this that makes the book so well worth the reading, that marks "Quo Vadis" as perhaps the most noteworthy historical novel of the time and theme.

"Sister Jane, Her Friends and Acquaintances." By Joel Chandler Harris. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The author of "Uncle Remus" has, with the single exception of Uncle Remus himself, drawn no character quite so natural and so thoroughly representative of old Southern life as his last, "Sister Jane." One will have to admit that this personage possessed some strongly individualized traits, some womanly, some more or less manly, but the composite character wins at every turn our ready admiration, not our love, for her spirit of independence and reliability. The other characters introduced into the book are without exception faithfully depicted Southern types. Indeed, we could expect nothing else from so inimitable a master of portrayal as Mr. Harris has proved himself to be. It is now some years ago that he found his proper field, and having realized it, has ventured on nothing save that of which he was thoroughly capable. That he has no equal within these particular limits, no critics have felt called upon to gainsay.

"My Young Master." By Opie Read. Laird & Lee, Chicago.

With the exception of Mr. Harris, no writer living today understands the conditions and the people of the South land so well as Mr. Read, who is himself a Southerner and a lover of its traditions and customs. "My Young Master" is a book of the average strength, dealing slightly more with the serious aspect of things than is generally its author's habit. Its presentation of the social conditions in the ante-bellum days may be met with exception by some readers, but its loyalty to truth only adds to its value as a carefully drawn picture of those times.

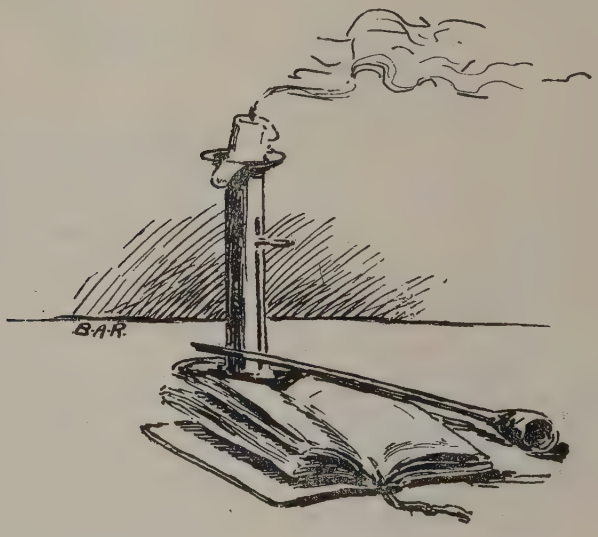
Mr. Read in all of his books is invariably entertaining and generally humorous, but never more so than when he has in hand the portrayal of some of his unique Southern types. His last book, as has been said, deals considerably with the sterner side of life, and contains, perhaps solely for that reason, more literary merit than characterizes his previous novels.

"The Influence of the Zodiac Upon Human Life." By Eleanor Kirk. Published by the author, Brooklyn, N. Y.

For those who are desirous of understanding themselves, of discovering the causes and the cures for glaring faults and puzzling idiosyncrasies, who are anxious to know in what particular line their talents lie, and how they can succeed spiritually, morally, and financially, this volume is a key that unlocks the door to valuable treasures. It is the only simplified astrological work in the world. All other books on this subject are involved, abstruse, and mathematical. In this book the solutions are given instead of the sums. One has only to know the month and day of his or her birth to find every virtue, talent, fault and inconsistency clearly depicted, with a panacea for the troublesome conditions, and a way of developing every mental attribute. To study this book is to "know thyself."

"Infallible Logic." By Thomas D. Hawley, of the Chicago Bar. Published by the Author: Chicago, Ill.

A work descriptive of one of the most remarkable intellectual discoveries made since the time of Aristotle. The problem of the ages—to find an infallible system of reasoning from non-mathematical propositions—has reached its nearest solution, according to the writer, in the discovery of the system which is described in this book. The system is as certain and infallible in its results as the multiplication table. Given any complex proposition, this system will automatically yield every proposition which is consistent or inconsistent with the premises. The system cannot err. It will remove doubt and uncertainty from the reasoning process, and will enable every disputant to show his opponent just where the fallacy lies in his reasoning. The book is unquestionably of great value to all lawyers, editors, ministers and teachers.



CHRIST AND HIS TIME

The Tennessee Centennial Exposition

In the Florida Resort Land

The Surviving Leaders of the Confederacy

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The Royal Poinciana, at Lake Worth

IN THE FLORIDA RESORT-LAND

BY ARTHUR WINSLOW TARBELL

TOURISTICAL observation of Florida at the present time brings one to the perhaps irrelevant conclusion that, after all, that Spanish chevalier of romance, Juan Ponce de Leon, did a very excellent day's work when, credulous of an Indian girl's story, he set sail for the fountain of youth, whose fabled waters should stay the devastating march of time. Of course, I am very well aware that a few centuries have slipped away since that bright Palm Sunday morning of discovery, and I am also cognizant of the fact of American press and progress, yet now and again I like to claim a potential relationship between the beginning and the end and thus unite perhaps only imaginarily, the old and the new. In this instance I would confer upon Ponce de Leon the honor of establishing a very commendable fashion —the practice of Floridian pilgrimages.

One likes to contrast the first step with the last. For the first, our imagination pictures to us somewhere in the Florida of long ago a smooth, white beach, the coming of a stately ship, and the pomp and glory of a maiden landing. "Like glimpses of forgotten dreams" we see the glitter of arms, the bearing aloft of gold and scarlet banners and the flashing of the cross in the sunlight. Such was the aspect in the sixteenth century, and the offspring of this birth in the nineteenth is what? No stately ship, no courtly grandeur, no glamour of romance thrown on the scene, you may be very sure. We live in a more prosaic age and our pilgrimages today befit themselves to the times. Instead of all this we have what is tersely

termed "The Flight of the Florida Special,'" whereby the Aladdin of the present century whirls us away from our Northern homes, and twenty-four hours after a grateful farewell to New York's sleet and snow, drops us amid the sunshine and summer of that quaint city of St. Augustine. And when once here one finds the name and spirit of Ponce de Leon to be so very much alive as to give at least a seeming semblance to the relationship I suggest.

To travelers who choose rather to make their pilgrimages by sea the "Florida Special," notwithstanding its speed, can offer no inducements. The highway of travel in such instances is on the staunch steamers of the Savannah Line, affording a voyage along our Atlantic coast that stands unrivaled.

The modern tourist, terminating the "flight" above mentioned, enters the "land of flowers" through the gateway of St. Augustine. It was Jacksonville that formed the Mecca of the Southern pleasure pilgrim not many years ago. Here he enjoyed her fine shell drives, her dream-like sails on the beautiful St. John's and her engrossing social life in the then unequalled hotels, without a thought but what the terms Florida and Jacksonville were synonymous. But things have moved on apace since then. Today the traveler, unless he be a somewhat conservative or unusually thorough one, limits his acquaintance with this city to a change of cars, a depot sandwich or two and a cup of indifferent coffee, and then, drawn on in the migratory sweep southward, makes his first real stopping place at St. Augustine.

One's approach to the oldest city in the United States is pretty apt to be characterized by two antagonistic considerations; the bodily one of a very uncomfortable and dusty appearance as to wearing apparel, and the mental one of a very chaos of preconceived impressions as to things expected. There has always been such an irresistible charm and romantic interest lingering about St. Augustine that the spell of its influence reaches one long before the occurrence of personal proximity. Flittering through the hazy by-ways of our imagination one seems to catch elusive glimpses of picturesque vistas, of Spanish beauties casting amorous glances from overhanging balconies, and of the martial tread of arms as some gallant cavalier moves along the narrow streets. For myself, I must confess I was not wholly free from such fanciful vagaries, but I hasten to add that on my actual advent in the town all these things were for the moment rudely dispersed. The modern competitive element in American life is altogether too potent a factor to be denied entrance anywhere, even in antique St. Augustine. My descent from the train steps was followed by a feeling that I had been relieved, most expeditiously, of my grip, umbrella, overcoat and a coin of the realm. I was strongly tempted to tell the brass-buttoned individual to go ahead and help himself, but I withheld for some fitter opportunity.

I was particularly engaged at that time in trying to interpret the babble of porters' and hucksters' voices that filled the air and in avoiding being annihilated by certain swiftly and erratically moving luggage trucks. But at last I reduced chaos to cosmos and suffered myself to be kidnapped by the most respectable of the many applicants. And so I, a being of today in the land of yesterday, made my advent in the "Ancient City" to the tune of some very modern accompaniments.

Once fairly quartered in the city of the country first built, "and last improved," the striking charms of the spot, momentarily dispelled on arrival by the clamor of hotel vehicles, begin to return to one's appreciation. There is, first of all, that princely hostelry into whose realm of hospitality you have been ushered by a score or more of liveried personages. Of the Flagler group of Spanish-Moresque palaces, which for the past eight seasons have made St. Augustine the "Winter Newport," nothing scarcely can be said at this late day

A Memory of a Florida Night Ormond Beach

that is not already widely known. The world is generally aware at what fabulous expenditure of money they were erected and how a sojourn there is the nearest we moderns can hope to come towards living the life of a prince in some glorious castle of the middle ages. Of the imposing proportions of these

these huge caravansaries. It is for these who annually register in the Flagler system of hotels to the number of 30,000 that the eight magnificent hostelries along the Florida East Coast have been erected at a cost of millions of dollars and maintained with a retinue of servants numbering

The Winter Home of the Black Bass

masses of architectural beauty, of the luxury of their interior embellishments, of the adjacent gardens that forecast paradise, and of the lordly manner in which their affairs are conducted, even the most stay-at-home person is fairly well conversant.

But all these riches of marble halls, of great domes, of mirrored salons, of frescoed ceilings and mosaic floorings, of lofty towers resplendent with multi-colored electric lights, and courtyards filled with blossoming flowers, graceful palms and musical fountains, would count as nothing were it not for the ever-changing tide of pleasure pilgrims who halt for a time within the walls of 1,500. And it is for these also that Florida itself wakes up for three months of the year to receive the nourishment to lapse back into its dormant state for the other nine. For, since the freeze of '94, things have not been at their best in the South-land and a livelihood must be had at any crook.

By the middle of February the flood-tide of the season is reached at St. Augustine as well as elsewhere in the "American Riviera." Scenes characteristic of our Northern watering places, Newport, Narragansett Pier and Bar Harbor, are repeated here with but slight Southern variations. Abroad on the Alameda the brightly garbed

throngs pass and repass with a nod and a smile, as if there were nothing more to live for than a stroll or a drive beneath such a limpid blue sky as occurs only in Florida. The society girl, now in her Southern flight after a flitting migration along the coast from Lakewood, Old Point and Asheville, here contents herself as best she can with reading and wheeling, impatient for the return of the Northern season. For men are scarce here, too scarce for even a mediocre enjoyment of life. So a morning run along the "Shell Road" or out to "South Beach" is perhaps the most eventful feature of the day, unless it be the inspection of the new arrivals, a desultory circuit of the golf links or the reading and answering of one's mail. It is unfortunate that such is the case, for surely there can be but few spots in the world so well calculated for the play of sentiment as St. Augustine. But I pause at the mere suggestion, as I feel myself on uncertain ground.

Of the sources of amusement other than wheeling—which, by the way, has so cast its spell over the Southern resorts as to embrace humanity from the babe out of long clothes to the pater and mater familias into short ones—the regular catalogue would include perhaps innumerable drives behind a very communicative colored driver, a morning plunge in the swimming pool to the accompaniment of a military band, a bit of fishing or sailing on the sunlit Matanzas River, an occasional hour of shopping among shops, the curiosities of which would shame Dickens' creation, and last—what really, I take it, ought to come first—the enjoyment of three meals per diem, where it is a toss-up whether you will choose diamond-back terrapin a la Maryland for an entree or aile de volaille, sauce demi deuil. You see, I merely mention these indigestibles to show how short-lived those French concoctors of the rear of the house would make us if they had their way. And in addition to all this, an inspiring bit of sight-seeing is to stroll down to the "Barracks" at evening-fall, and if you are sensitive, stop up your ears while one of Uncle Sam's faithfuls jerks the cord of the sunset gun and forthwith floats earthward the Stars and Stripes. Of course, it goes without saying that such old favorites as Fort Marion, the Gateway, the Artist's Studio and Anastatia Island should be visited at least once a week. For the evening, provided there is no momentous function in the Ponce ballroom, nor anything in the way of an entertainment booked in the Casino—which is seldom—there is nothing so correct as to lounge around the rotundas, and while the orchestras wander off among dreamy creations of Mendelssohn, Schubert or Beethoven, hold a book before your eyes as a ruse, and then wander off yourself among some of those old sweet visions of the long ago that we catch sometimes trailing their robes through the summer twilight of our memories. But I grow extravagant; a pardonable error, perhaps, since in Florida everything is so extravagant. And then there are a countless number of excellently designed nooks and corners, but I have not the heart to disclose their secrets.

I would not wish my reader to believe for an instant that this is the only side of the picture, that the cost of living and enjoyment is only such in Florida as to bring them within the privilege of the millionaire. It is quite true that some fairly respectable tariffs are levied on persons of exacting tastes, and that the clerk of one of the large hotels has not the least objection in the world to your choosing a room with adjuncts rating at fifteen dollars a day or a bridal suite commanding fifty dollars for the same length of time. These are really commendable prices, but not a circumstance when in addition a man so far forgets himself as to bathe, wine, smoke, drive, follow the balls over the green cloth or chance to have a wife of shopping inclinations, or some friendship in the North which prompts him to present, in place of the regulation baby alligator, one of those dainty innumerables adorned with the shield of Ferdinand

and Isabella. In some cases things go even further in their exactions. I remember reading in one hotel from the printed covenant tacked on my bedroom door that dogs would be charged at the rate of seven dollars a week, and not allowed in the hotel. Just where the canine guests were furnished with entertainment, or just what enjoyment of them their owners secured, I was not able to find out.

All this necessarily demands an exchequer replete with notes of four figures, and yet I am willing to believe that fully one-half of the Southern tourists "do" the country at a much more respectable limit. In fact, for every large hotel in a place there are at least a score of smaller ones, where hospitality can be obtained at anywhere from five to fifteen and twenty dollars a week, and that not of a crude nor uncivilized sort either. In such surroundings one might perhaps be asked to forego the choice of a dozen meats at breakfast or a saddle of venison, sauce gleugare, at dinner; but I question if he should properly weep over the omission.

So, you see, Florida is far from being a monopolized country place solely on the face of the earth for men who have "made their piles." And of the two classes, who shall say which derive the keenest enjoyment from their sojourn in the tropics?

The Sulphur-Water Swimming Pool, St Augustine Casino

From St. Augustine the accepted king's highway of travel is southward some fifty miles, along the east coast to Ormond-on-the-Halifax.

Of Ormond, and of its quiet and restful hotel, I can truthfully say that there was not another spot in all Florida where I made my advent with so much pleasure and my parting with so much regret as here. I did not find there any towering masses of Spanish Renaissance architecture, nor any of that magnificence of life, at times unwinning, that characterizes some of the other resorts, but I found instead a rare inn of little pretension and much hospitality, that set like a jewel in a ring of green-sward

and palmetto groves. And this ring encircled a finger-like peninsula of land that runs parallel to the Florida coast and is only narrowly separated from it by the loveliest of waters, the Halifax River. Over this stream, abounding to the fisherman's joy with sea trout, channel bass and sheepshead, there has been built by the worthy enterprise of the on which only the Queen herself ought properly to ride. But evidently no such sentiment moves the masses, if I may judge from what daily occurs on this famous Ormond beach. The boulevards and parkways of our Northern cities may be all very superb, but one spin on that reach of sand, amid those gliding caravans of modern Pegasuses,

The Ormond, at Ormond-on-the-Halifax

little Ormond village a half-mile bridge, with an alluring prospective. Across this bridge there travels to and fro the most unofficial and back-dated one-horse tram, the obliging driver of which has not the least objection to your stepping off for a moment to speak with a friend and then resume your journey. On the opposite border of this finger of land the tourist in his ramble comes upon a beach, the counterpart of which he must needs travel the world over for many a weary round before his search is ended. Hard as adamantine, smooth as a polished surface and seemingly broad as all creation, it stretches away for miles on either hand, until one verily, from a cycler's standpoint, thinks he has discovered at last the strandway forever renders tame all past and future experiences. And this spot at eventide, on a moonlight night, perchance—was there ever such a place for strollers by the scores, or, more properly by the twos, as this shore, where one's whispers are preluded, interluded and postluded by the throbbing surf while the waves tumble inward?

Of Ormond's other charms I have as distinct a recollection as of this. I remember it is famous first of all for its drives, made the more pleasurable because of the painstaking conversion of the surrounding roads from almost impassable sand tracks to hard marl and shell thoroughfares. These drives are invariably through a country as rich and typical in vegetation as Florida can any-

where boast. Each has some objective destination. It may be the "Chimneys," probable ruins of sugar plantations in the days of Spanish occupation, or it may be the river drive to the plantation "Number Nine," an idealized spot, where grows under the tenderest of care every conceivable sort of fruit or flower, the genial and visitor-welcoming host of which has been dubbed by some facetious friend "The Lord of Number Nine." It was here that I tasted some of the very best guava jelly that ever passed my lips, a product made on the spot and shipped abroad in larger quantities than those that find their way to unfilled corners of tourist trunks. And then there are the steam-launch trips on the Halifax and Tomoka rivers, occasions, all of them, of the merriest picnics, with the possible variation of a fishing run to "Thompson's Creek," the winter home of the black bass. Nor should the orange groves be forgotten. Not to revel in one of these is not to be prepared to properly meet that eagerly asked Northern question , "And did you really eat oranges off the trees?" But oranges in the South are not eaten, my friend; they are sucked, or, rather, not eaten only at some hotel table, where you are rebelliously adherent for the nonce to etiquette's demand. They are sucked before the rising of the sun and after the going down thereof; and they are sucked exceedingly bountifully. They are sucked as a business, as a pleasure, in single instalments or as a wholesale slaughter. If there was any one observation I made on my Southern sojourn it was that the sucking of oranges is the modern discovery for the fountain of youth. Should the ghost of Ponce de Leon chance to point his ship's prow Floridaward in these latter days, he would straightway, on his landing, begin sucking oranges and forthwith forget his visions of fabulous waters.

Leaving Ormond-on-the-Halifax, as I am sure every traveler must, with the best of recollections, I followed the trend of ruling travel southward along the coast to the next resort-spot of note at Palm Beach, on Lake Worth. The train, for stretches, speeds through acres of fields devoted to the cultivation of "pines," as the pine-apple is termed. Orange groves also are frequent, just undergoing a resurrection after the "'94 freeze," although signs of that devastation are still to be seen on all sides. The terrible extent of this ruin can hardly be appreciated unless one finds himself actually on the spot. It is estimated that on those two single nights of the winter of 1894, one in January and one in February, all Florida was laid low to the extent of $150,000,000, and all industry and the brightest of prospects blighted. And yet no cry of want nor appeal for Northern aid ever went forth from the land. It is little to be wondered at that the two ever-recurring phrases in one's conversation with a native are "before the freeze" and "after the freeze." They characterize tersely the suffering of many a life.

Of the general agricultural conditions of Florida I am not enough of a connoisseur to speak with authority. To my Northern eyes, accustomed to rich lands capable of raising grass and grain, the beautifully barren soil of unfertile aspect did not make me wildly enthusiastic towards persuading my friends to take up a South-land homestead. I am not sure that I saw all I ought to, or that beyond admitting the region an incomparable one for orange and pine-apple culture, I ought not to vouchsafe it some prospects in other directions; but I am very certain that I saw prevalently about me a very superior quality of fine white sand that succeeded in uplifting at rare intervals a species of rank grass of a coarse and stunted growth, and that my eyes occasionally met with enterprises which looked suspiciously as if they had started in the seed and finished there also. And I noticed, furthermore, entirely irrelevantly, I assure you, that the "crackers," i. e., Florida natives, were a sparely-built and somewhat cadaverous appear-

ing people, that the cattle succeeded marvelously well in out-lining their skeletons through their skins, and that the crows deemed it advisable for their welfare to check their growth at one-half the size of their Northern brethren. If this be treason—prosperity, I mean—make the most of it.

At Palm Beach, on Lake Worth, the traveler finds himself in the middle of January getting up in the morning and consulting the thermometer to see if the heat is too excessive to permit his taking a five-minute constitutional in the sun. Here again, as in St. Augustine, one finds two more of those magnificent hostelries of the Flagler system, the Royal Poinciana and Palm Beach Inn, the former one of the largest hotels in the world, having something like eight hundred rooms and an accommodation capacity of nearly twelve hundred guests. The Inn, itself a completely appointed hotel of no mean size, serves as an overflow for the larger resort. At this spot occurs approximately the same list of attractions as at other places, with perhaps the bathing accentuated. This at Lake Worth is the piece de resistance, as the social life is at St. Augustine, the driving at Ormond, and as yachting will be at Miami. Throughout the winter season there is never a day but what surf-bathing can be indulged in, although the salt-water swimming pool adjacent to the hotels is the choice of the multitude. Of the sailing on Lake Worth enough cannot be said, and for that reason I do not venture the start. Blue-fishing in the lake claims a goodly number of devotees, and it is said that there is good shark-fishing outside in the ocean. In this I did not participate, as I found work enough avoiding certain species of land sharks to care greatly for further dealings with their water prototypes. But this is irrelevant. One finds that wheeling holds the same sway over Palm Beach as elsewhere, and it is well, for the only other means of locomotion handy is the hotel livery system of push-chairs. I was informed that neither horse nor mule was to be found on the peninsula. Another entertainment of note, one recently formed, is

The Auditorium at the Tampa Bay Casino

The Alhambra of the Florida West Coast. The Tampa Bay Hotel

the Gun Club clay pigeon shoots. This with the above and the usual addition of Casino and hotel functions keeps the majority of sojourners from counting the passage of hours on their fingers. The vegetation surrounding the Royal Poinciana is richer, if anything, than that found northward. The out-stretching gardens are marvels of luxury and gardener's skill. Oleanders, hybiscus, passion flowers, bloom and burst amid a profusion of rubber-trees, royal poincianas, date palms, bananas, orange, fig and lemon trees. And in and out of all this wealth wind paths and by-paths, until one, as he strolls, bethinks himself lost in some garden of the gods.

On the east coast there yet remains, after Palm Beach, but one more resort to which the tourist, if he be guided by any consideration of repayment, should travel. It is a few miles distant along the coast to Miami, the most southern point in the United States reached by rail. It is here that Mr. Flagler has just completed, to be open for the first time this season, the last jewel in his string of costly hotels. From a hasty visit, even previous to its completion, I see no reason why this ideal spot on Biscayne Bay should not speedily claim for itself the precedence and name that belongs to the more northern localities. It is situated on a sheet of water more admirably adapted to yachting than a similar spot to which it might be aptly compared, the Bay of Naples. A proximity to the Florida Keys renders trips to all of them possible. The additional canoeing on the rivers into the Everglades and the social life that will gather about the hotel and the new Casino make the future of the Royal Palm one to be envied.

The great resort spots of Florida have now been visited with the single notable exception of the Tampa Bay Hotel, on the Gulf of Mexico. This, with the Belleview, the Seminole, the Punta Gorda and the Ocala, constitute the Plant System of hosteleries which, on the west coast of Florida, corresponds to the Flagler System on the east coast. The Tampa Bay Hotel itself is the king-pin of the group, and, for that matter, takes precedence with the Ponce de Leon as two of the grandest structures on the face of the earth. At Tampa Bay one finds a hotel and park than which there is not a more palatial nor more beautiful one to be seen anywhere. The entrance into these surroundings has been often and fitly termed an entrance into a bit of fairyland, and I can think of no other impression that strikes one more forcibly. It is not because more wealth has been expended here than on the east coast hotels, nor that as a resort it is any more perfect; but it is that at Tampa all efforts have been directed towards producing an absolutely different effect than can be discovered elsewhere in America, at least. Here the style of architecture is Moorish to the first and last degree. Moorish arches, with their delicate tracery, Moorish minarets and crescents of electric lights resplendent in mid-air, Moorish domes and Moorish furnishings contribute their influence upon the traveler until he believes himself in an Oriental palace of the Levant. Once inside, this feeling is heightened rather than diminished. The entire structure seems to be little else than a museum of costly and pleasing furniture. Paintings, statuary, cabinets and bric-a-brac, each of which represent some lavish expenditure, crowd in upon one as one moves from wonder to wonder. Nor does the fascination wane. You soon learn that within these walls have been collected some gems of the rarest nature. You seat yourself in the rotunda, and it is upon some divan that once graced the Tuileries salon, you stumble against a sofa or two, and you are informed they once belonged to Marie Antoinette; or, perchance a chair, that in its more salad days claimed Louis Phillippe as an owner. From chamber to chamber you roam, and there seems no end of tapestries, of pictures, of bronzes, of flowers, of mirrors, of Eastern luxury everywhere. In the dining hall, a veritable banquet cham-

The Jefferson, Richmond, Virginia

ber of some potentate of the Orient, you find this regal splendor still existent. So puissant are the impressions of antiquity everywhere, and so great is the savor of Eastern luxury, that you are almost tempted at some becoming moment to taste your sirloin twice lest, perchance, that, too, might have graced the festive board of some Moorish monarch. And so on over this modern Alhambra you wander, expecting at every turn to come finally upon the throne chamber, where shall be seated in royal pomp the mighty sovereign himself, and where you must bow obedience with bended knee. But this does not occur; the sole break in an otherwise perfect illusion.

The traveler on his northern journey from the Florida country, anxious as he is to reach its end, is nevertheless more than apt to break the monotony of a long ride by a few days' halt at Richmond, Virginia. He does this for two very sufficient reasons; first, because of the historical spots to be seen in and about the city, and, second, because in his round of lordly resort-hotels he does not care to render his itinerary incomplete by omitting The Jefferson. Severely taxed as his appreciative qualities may have been among the more Southern hostelries, he still finds sufficient praise to bestow upon so royal a creation. In these latter days of the nineteenth century there have been many noteworthy attempts toward erecting an American hotel that should represent everything in the way of American completeness,

comfort and convenience, but no single result has met with such conspicuous fulfillment as The Jefferson. It is not in some respects a resort hotel, but becoming, as it has, a half-way break in the journey southward from New York to Florida, it provides in advance for the tourist every luxury that greets him at the Ponce de Leon or the Tampa Bay. Journeying northward it forecasts the pleasure and comfort of home. From here the tourist gratifies his sight-seeing propensities by innumerable and delightful excursions to the surrounding battlefields, to the relics of Revolutionary fame, and to the spots around which cluster so many associations of the Confederacy. And then, after the last place has been visited, and the South no longer counts you as its guest, the "Florida Special" reclaims you in its Northern flight and soon lands you once more in the midst of the busy metropolitan life.

A retrospection of a Florida sojourn is always a very profitable affair. It causes you to supersede to an alarming extent certain "before" impressions by certain "after" ones. But I take it that no real enjoyment is lost thereby. It is merely the re-adjustment of one's spectacles. You simply pre-conceived Florida to be one vast sanitarium for the physically unfit, and, to tell the truth, you had difficulty in finding one person who had to be coaxed to take nourishment; you had various expectations of encountering gigantic alligators at every approach to the water, and the only one you saw was a diminutive caged one on some hotel grounds; you anticipated wading in oranges, and you were continually met with the reply: "You ought to have seen what we had here before the freeze"; you had vague hopes of catching a glimpse of some Spanish beauty on an overhanging balcony, and whenever your vision was directed balcony-ward you beheld instead some very unsightly and prosaic old "mammy" pulling away at a clay pipe. Under stress of circumstances I might increase this list, but I restrain. I do not care to be termed an iconoclast and thus be wronged. But when all is said, there is yet one thing that you cannot over-estimate in the Florida country, and that is its resort life.

Christ the Remunerator
From a Painting by Ary Scheffer

CHRIST AND HIS TIME*

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

END OF PRIVATE AND BEGINNING OF PUBLIC LIFE

The Baptism of Jesus — The Temptations of Jesus

BUT John's was not a call to arms, not a call for national uprising. With all the intensity of his single-purposed soul, he believed the Messiah to be at hand; but he had not only grasped the fact of this near advent; he had seen, with a vision piercing far deeper into prophecy than was possible to Sadducee or Pharisee, the Isaiah-picture of the "King in His beauty" and understood better than any other of his time the nature of Christ's coming. With Elijah's searching fearlessness and with something of that prophet's bitter gloom, he lays bare the sins of Israel, and with the deep fervor, the rich imagery of Isaiah, he colors the new dawning and urges the people to prepare for it with that personal repentance and purity which all knew must usher in the Kingdom. This was to be a kingdom of righteousness and prosperity for the righteous only; for the King would come with the ax and winnowing-fan, and the worthless tree and the chaff would be destroyed by fire.

But John was a Jew, and his conception—grand beyond all who had been before him—was still Jewish. His Kingdom was a Jewish Kingdom, and its righteousness and prosperity strictly national. So widely did it differ from the universal Kingdom, as it appeared in Jesus, that John doubted at one time

* Christ and His Time was begun in November, 1896.

Joseph
From a Painting by E. Deger

whether Jesus was the One who should come or whether he should look for another.

Many who came to John's preaching were doubtless disappointed; many were angered; but many believed. He snatched the cloak of hypocrisy from the religious leaders and uncovered the violence, the corruption, the pride of high and low. He leveled the distinctions of race and blood and position; He accused, rebuked, warned and pleaded with his hearers with that courage, truth and force that silenced and convicted. He called them to repent and to bring forth the fruits of repentance in lives of righteousness and purity; and then, as Moses had been commanded to prepare Israel for the first Covenant by a symbolic baptism of the people, so John would prepare them for the new Covenant of the Kingdom by the initiatory rite of a new baptism.

From the untenanted wilderness lying about the Dead Sea and the mouth of the Jordan, John had come up along the river as far as Bethabara, a place—as near as we can fix it, at one of the fords opposite Jericho—at the ford where the Israelites in that olden time

Head of Christ, from Leonardo Da Vinci's "Last Supper"
From a Drawing by Johannes Niessen after the Original

first crossed the Jordan into the Promised Land. Here he was baptizing, and here the eager crowds gathered to listen to his preaching.

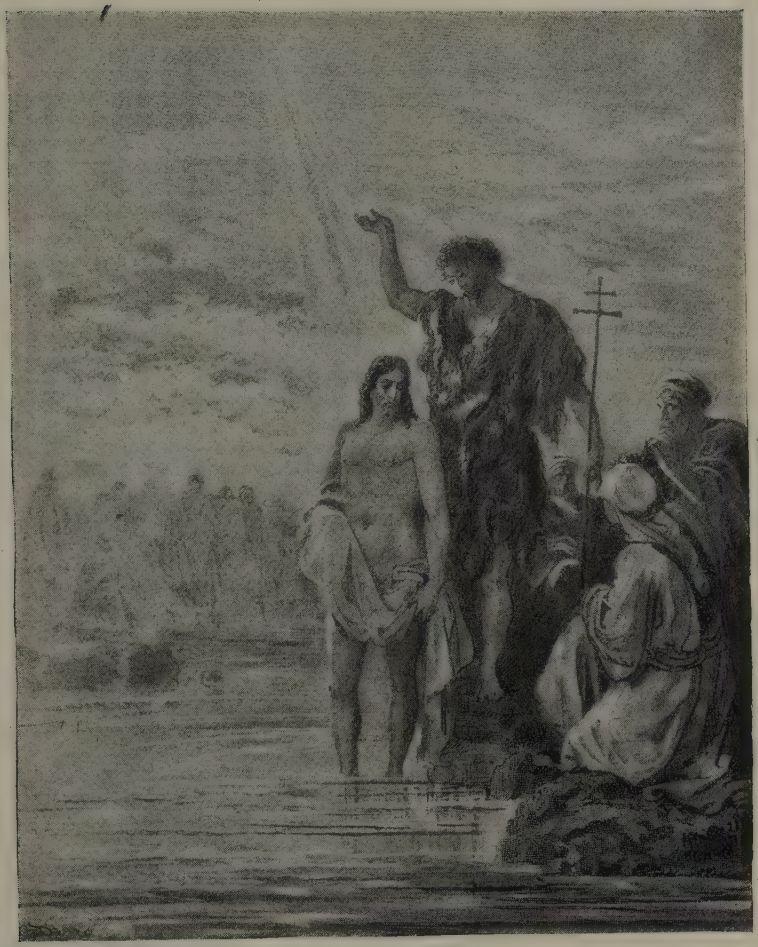
It was the Sabbatic year 779-780, and the people, free from agriculture and business, were at liberty to attend him. Driven by stress of circumstances, more hopeless than they had ever known before, and drawn by this prophet with the message, the appearance and the power of the prophets of old, the multitudes find in John a leader from their darkness, confusion and despair, and follow him. Some even believe him the Messiah, though every burning ray of his preaching is focused on a Coming One, whose shoe latchet he is not worthy to loose.

He leaped into national religious leadership. His fame spread; his following continually grew. The autumn and early winter wore away, and still the prophet, with increasing faith and zeal unabated, continued to expect and to preach the approach of the Messiah.

Jesus had heard of His cousin's work long ere this. He knew the One whom John was awaiting was none other than Himself. The strong desire to be about His Father's business that woke within Him on His first sight of the Temple at the age of twelve and caused Him to forget all else that day, had been since that time the ruling passion of His life, but during these eighteen years of humble toil and earnest thought in Nazareth, the character of that business had been growing clearer to Him, until now He fully realized that it meant the "Kingdom of Heaven" proclaimed by John. But still He lingered at Nazareth.

Thus the winter passed. The people were all baptized, but John still preached along the Jordan. January, 780 (27 A. D.), came, and now, at last convinced that John's preaching is of God, leaving Nazareth, Jesus comes to the Jordan to be baptized of John, that

"For thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness"
From a Painting by B. E. Murillo

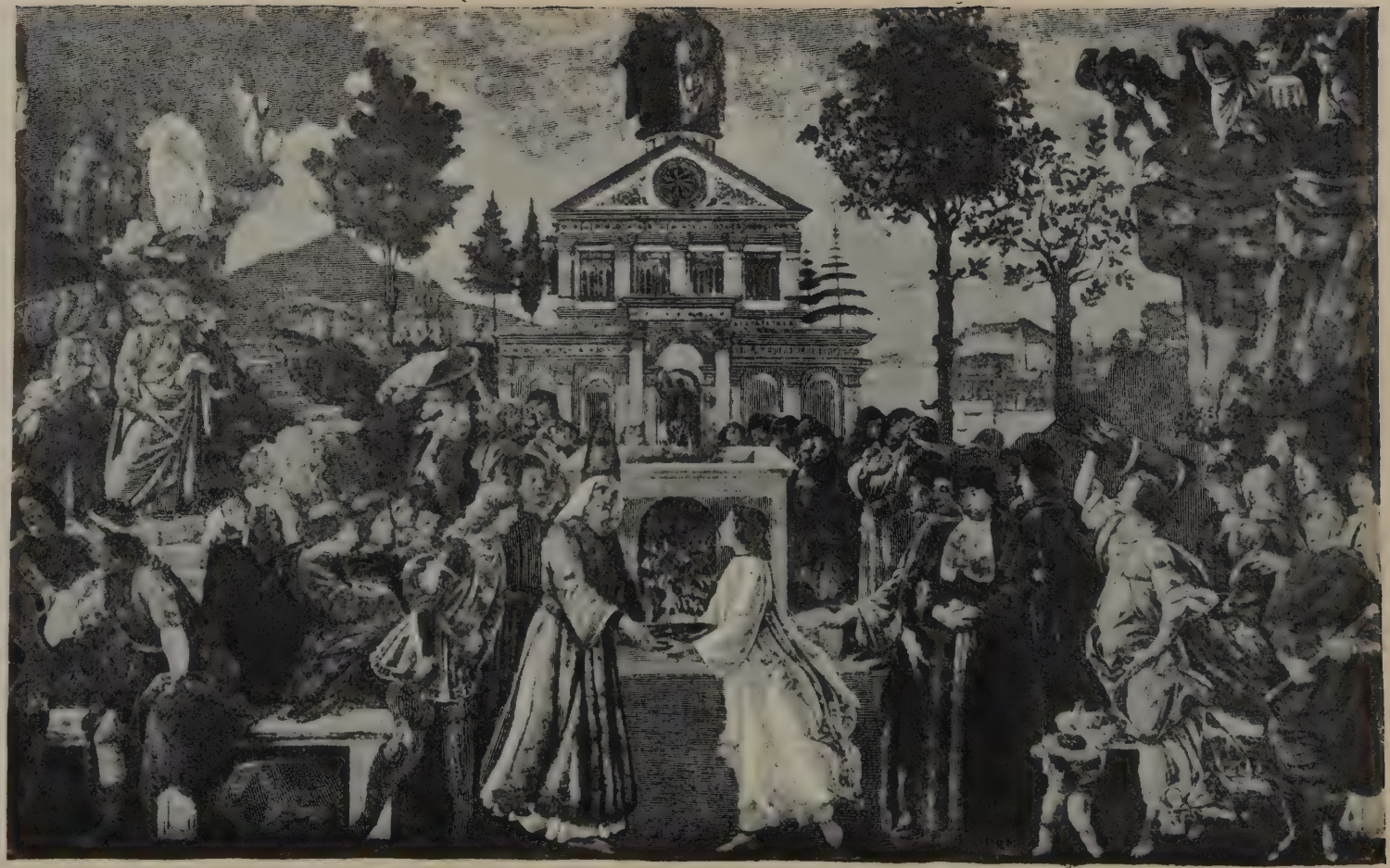


"When, lo! from the cleft heavens a stream of celestial light wings its way, like a dove, and settles upon Him"

From a Painting by Gustave Doré

He may "fulfill all righteousness," and, in this last act of His private life, close the door on that life and open the way into His public life, the life of the Kingdom.

John and Jesus probably met alone, for Luke tells us "the people were all baptized," and it was the first meeting between them. They had heard of each other. They knew the circumstances attending each other's birth, but their lives, like their missions and their characters, had fallen far apart. Both devoted their lives to the Kingdom, but one was the pioneer of the Kingdom, the other was in Himself that Kingdom; each spent thirty years in preparation for his great mission, but John must draw away from men, and, in the unbroken solitudes of the desert, learn of God; while Jesus, knowing the Father, must mingle with men as man, that He might be born of them; John came to his labor from the wilderness, Jesus came from the workshops of human Nazareth. Of what passed between the two men we know but little. It is another of those sacred silences sealing so much of their



From a Fresco in the Sistine Chapel, Rome, by Sandro Botticelli

"They stand together on the high tower from which the priest watches for the sun's first signal of the new day"

lives. At first John did not recognize Jesus as the Messiah. Daily did he look and pray for Him, but little did he expect the Prince of Israel to come to him.

It may have been morning on that January day. The winter sun was pouring its flood of light into the dark defiles of the Jordan and gilding the ripples that murmured over the pebbles of the ford at Bethabara. The place was deserted save by those vocal silences, those unheard voices that dwell in deserts and speak in the wide chambers of prophetic souls. John mused alone by the river's edge. It was upon the sin of Israel he was brooding, and his prayers were ascending with the incense-clouds of the river's mists that the Promised One might this day appear. Jesus stands on the bank above and descends to meet the herald-prophet. Another coming for confession and baptism, thinks John, and his stern heart quickens as he rises to meet Him. But something in the stranger's appearance strikes and startles this rude, bold preacher of repentance; something that steals like awe over him.

"He accused, rebuked, warned and pleaded with his hearers"
From a Painting by Gustave Doré

He, before whom princes and priests trembled and confessed, looking upon the stainless manhood, the solemn majesty, the heavenly features of this man before him, feels the moral power of simple and perfect goodness, and himself trembles and confesses. His prophet's eye not yet discerns the Messiah; he sees only the perfect man, but before the Master can say a word, he yields to Him as the more worthy, and so far forgets his mission that he exclaims: "I

"Peace be to this house"
From a Painting by W. C. T. Dobson

have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me?"

"Suffer it to be so now," answers Jesus, "for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness."

John was never to be baptized; he was not to enter this Kingdom, "for the least in the Kingdom were greater than he"; he was only to open the door unto the Kingdom, which door was this initiatory rite of baptism. Thus did Jesus come to the baptism, not that He had need of it as subsequent to confession, for He had no sins to confess, but He came that He might submit to every wish of the Father; that He might ratify the mission of John, and through this open door might enter the Kingdom and publicly consecrate Himself to His Father's business.

John leads Jesus unto the waters of the Jordan. And now the prophet is to receive the great witness that this is the Messiah, to whom later he is to bear record. Jesus comes from the baptismal waters praying, when lo! from the cleft heavens a stream of celestial light wings its way like a dove and settles upon Him, and through the rent veil of yonder Holy of Holies the Father's voice is heard to say: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

THE TEMPTATIONS OF JESUS.

The descent of the Holy Spirit upon Jesus was like the burst of morning light upon the waking world. It illumined His soul. It flashed along His life's pathway, gilding with glory the ascent to the Mount of Transfiguration, piercing with a single ray the gloom that wrapped the descent to Golgotha, and revealing in distant outline the dark arms of the Cross against the whitening sky of the Resurrection Morn. The voice from Heaven was the approval of His hopes; the confirmation of His convictions; the seal to His purposes. He came out upon the bank of the Jordan in the full consciousness of His being, His powers and His mission. It was not a revelation wholly; it was rather the moment of perfect comprehension, and the tide of truth and purpose swept in such power over Him that He was driven into the wilderness, where He could be alone and in calmness think through the mighty mission for which He had that day been called and anointed by God.

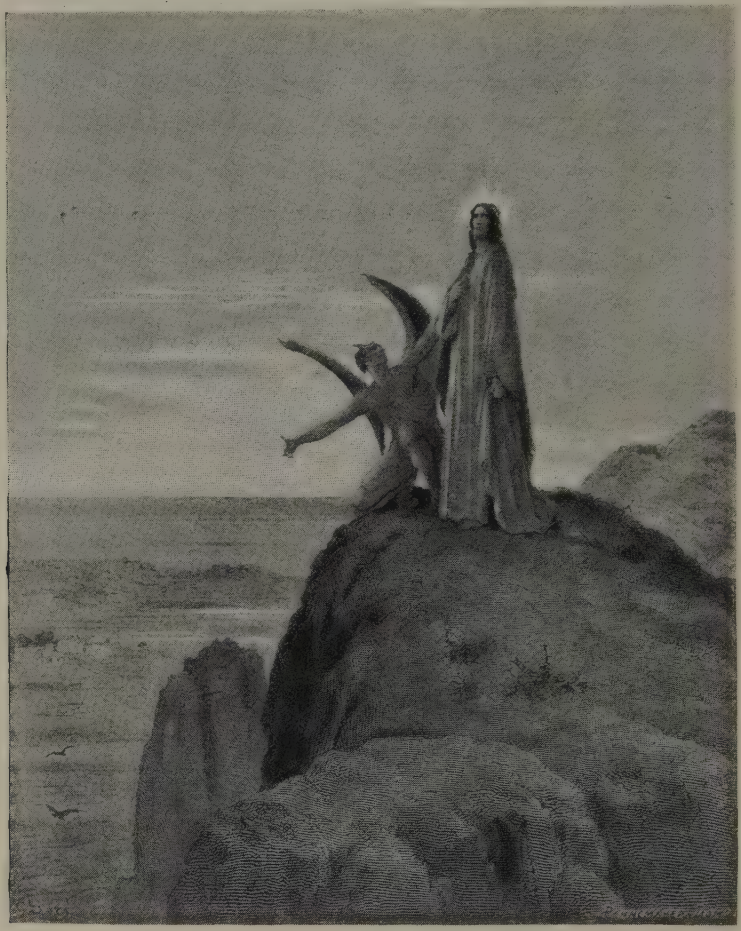
It was into some part of the wilderness from which John had lately come that Jesus was driven by the Spirit. Tradition points to a bleak mountain—now called Quarantainia—a little west of Jericho, as the height from which the

From a Photograph

The River Jordan

Tempter showed Jesus the kingdoms of the world. Here, in this barren, featureless desert, this desolate, dreary waste, among the dens of wild beasts, Jesus wandered without food and alone for forty days.

The whole life of Jesus thus far had been a long fitting for His work as Messiah, but now, that the last step was taken and the infinite task loomed before Him, He was naturally driven backward, where, from a distance, as it

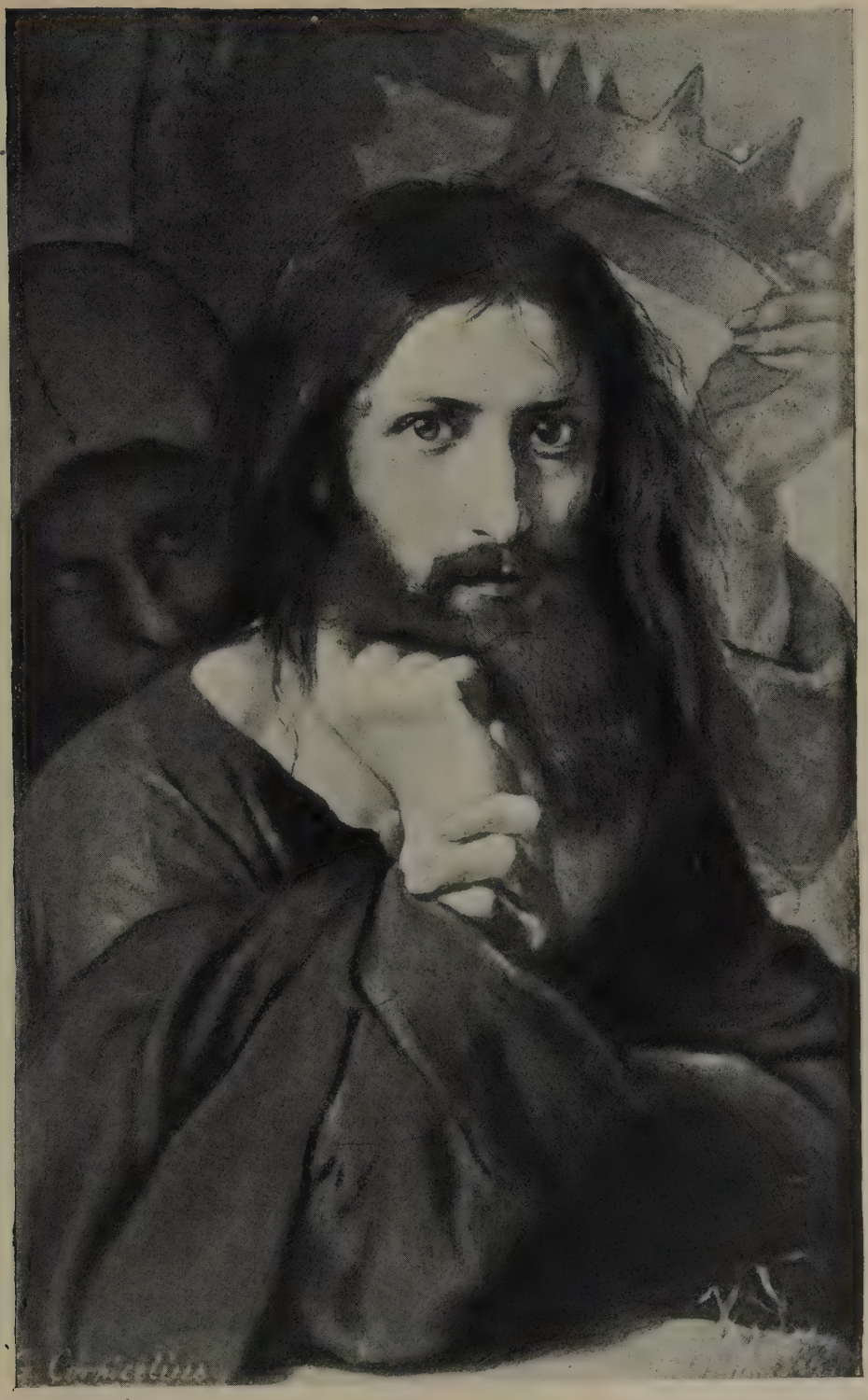


"The Tempter bears Jesus to the high peak of some lofty mountain"
From a Painting by Gustave Doré

It was a prolonged period of mental and spiritual concentration and struggle, but commensurate with the magnitude of the work He realized lay before Him. Jesus went to the baptism in the Jordan of His own deliberate choice, but he was literally driven into the desert—as Mark graphically says—for these last days of special preparation.

were, He might see it in its true proportions; might measure His strength; and alone and uninterrupted might make ready with meditation and prayer.

But this was more than a period of meditation and prayer in final preparation for the work of the Kingdom. It was a period of real and intense struggle with temptation, the victory in which



From a Painting by G. Cornicelius

"It is the moment of the Tempter's power"

was the inauguration of the Kingdom. Jesus consecrated Himself to the mission of the Kingdom in His baptism by John, but in His baptism by the Holy Spirit and the approval of Heaven, He was anointed to the Kingship of the Kingdom of Heaven, and, before that Kingdom could be established, He must of necessity meet in conflict and vanquish the Prince of the Kingdom of this World. Satan is that Prince, and in founding the Kingdom of Heaven here, Jesus was invading the domain of Satan, and as the second Adam, He must first conquer Satan, the enemy who overthrew the first Adam.

It was a real and terrible battle. Whether it was inward or outward, a subjective or objective reality, we will not stop here to consider. Through all the ages the doctors have disagreed, and we prefer to close with our own questionings on this vexed and unessential point, by believing that the reality was both inward and outward, for in a nature perfect as was that of Christ, and at a time of such intense spiritual consciousness, who can draw the line between subjective and objective reality? But the great essential here is that the struggle was real and powerful and personal, and that the victory was decisive and all important to Christ and the Kingdom and its subjects forever.

But how could Jesus, the perfect and sinless man, the Son of God, be tempted of the Devil? That He was so tempted all the Gospels teach and every Christian believes, but how was He tempted? we are forced to ask. Was Jesus capable of sin? We believe our Lord was sinless, but would it add one whit to His Divinity, would it be in any wise more reverential, more worshipful, to say He was incapable of sin; that it was divinely impossible for Him to sin? No. But it would, on the other hand, detract from His humanity, it would entirely rob Him of His humanity; it would make His whole life as man a hollow lie, and it would leave us without a living Saviour, without a High Priest who can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, "being tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin."

If Christ could not sin, then the conflict with the Tempter in the wilderness was only the semblance of battle; His victory was a mere sham, and His captaincy of our salvation a hopeless mockery. "If we have to fight the battle clad in that armor of human free will, which has been hacked and riven about the bosom of our fathers by so many a cruel blow, what comfort is it to us that our great Captain fought, not only victoriously, but without real danger, not only uninjured, but without even the possibility of a wound?"

No, Jesus was tempted as we are, and His human nature was as vulnerable as ours, but it was so inseparably connected with His divine nature that through all His life He was tempted, yet He never sinned. He took upon Himself our human nature as it was in the first Adam, free from the stain of sin, but capable in itself of sinning. He fought the Tempter as we fight him, but He fought always victoriously, and, as man and Messiah, His victory has this two-fold aspect: that as He conquered we may conquer, and that every victory of His was a victory for us all.

Throughout the seclusion in the wilderness, the Tempter was with Jesus, but he waited for his final and fiercest onslaught until Jesus, weakened by His long fast and wearied with His ceaseless mental strain, should be least able to withstand the attack. Day after day, in this lonely desert, Jesus had brought the whole future of His work in review before Him. He saw its beginning and its end; He fully realized His divine Sonship with God; He knew that all power and wisdom had been given unto Him in the gift of the Spirit; He knew the needs of Israel, their perverted views of the Messiah; He clearly saw that they would reject Him unless He came to them as they had determined He should come—an earthly King, subduing by force all other Kingdoms to His own; He saw the crown that might be; He saw the cross that would be, and He was

From a Painting by Ary Scheffer

"Behind Me, Satan! Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God,
and Him only shalt thou serve"

tempted. Could He withstand Israel? Could He bear their scorn, their hatred? Could He be forsaken and denied of all men? Could He give up His life at last on a cross of agony and shame? But

"Satan is that prince"
From a Painting by A. J. Wiertz

should He yield thus to despair and assert His own power? Should He yield to the popular desire and lead believing Israel from the Temple, call in the hosts of Satan and establish this Kingdom by outward means at once and universal? Or should He submit absolutely to the will of God, plant the principles of the Kingdom in the hearts of a few holy men, be rejected and crucified by His people and leave the fate of the Kingdom to God? So the question of His temptation becomes, in essence, the question of His absolute submission to the will of God. And this is at bottom the question in all temptation.

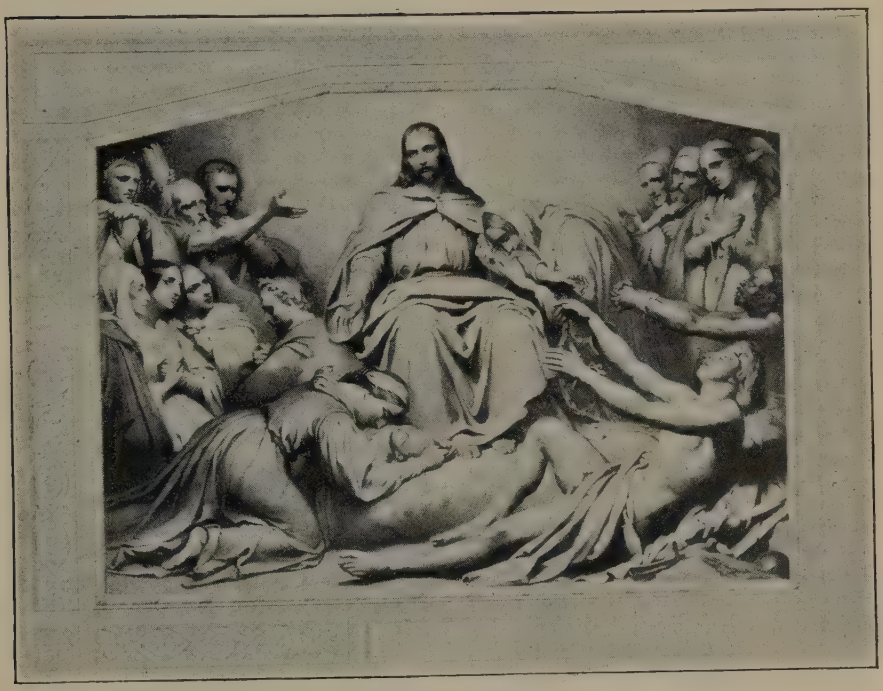
Thus, in these forty days, there was an unbroken contest with the temptation to a short cut, a self-made path out of the uncertainty, the danger and delay. On the last day, now completely exhausted in body, but with the memory and imagination abnormally alive, Jesus confronts the Tempter. The Evil One comes to Him in subtle guise, saying: "If Thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." The Devil does not question the fact of Christ's Sonship. He says: "Since Thou art the Son of God, why dost Thou suffer here? There is no need of Thy being in want and danger. Use the miraculous power given Thee! It is God's gift; does He mean for Thou to suffer? What is Thy power for?" How cunningly put!

Was it then God's will that He should suffer thus? Had not the Father bestowed upon Him all power? Why should He then not yield to that voice and save Himself? For a moment only do the words seem fair. They end with a hiss. A thousand draping veils cannot hide the serpent from the piercing eye of Jesus, and He answers: "It is written: man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Through the Father, He had all power; power to turn these stones to bread; to supply all want; but had not the Father led Him hither? Was not this desert God's? Was not his hunger God-appointed? Then would not God support Him in the trial? Yes, and He would trust Him for food, and in the trusting He submitted, and in submitting He conquered.

Foiled in his first attempt, the Devil turns his defeat to its best possible advantage, and makes it serve as a feint

with which to throw his Opponent off His guard and open a way for a sure thrust home. This defeat gave him a clew to the spiritual mood of Jesus, and, adapting himself instantly and cunningly, he challenges this trust in God to the point of presumption, as a short cut for Jesus to the goal of the Kingdom.

The Tempter takes Jesus to the pinnacle of the Temple in Jerusalem. They stand together on the high tower, from soul. It is the moment of the Tempter's power. He whispers: "Now if Thou dost trust God, prove that trust, dare to rely upon it; cast Thyself down into the midst of Thy people here, who bow in prayer for Thy coming. Answer their petitions and by one bold miracle win all Israel and establish Thy Kingdom at once. Thou dost trust God? Is it not written"—quoting Scriptures for his authority, as Christ had done—" 'He hath



Christ the Consoler
From a Painting by Ary Scheffer

which the priest watches for the sun's first signal of the new day. It is morning now and the multitudes are gathered for the daily worship. The clouds of perfumed incense are rising, laden with the murmur of Israel's prayers for their consolation that He might even then descend from Heaven to their midst. The sweet odor, upborne, floats in a cloud-wreath about the Messiah, and the murmur of the prayers falls like the fall of murmuring waters upon His thirsty given His angels charge concerning Thee, and in their hands they shall bear Thee up?"

For a moment the storm rages. In a lurid flash the dread picture of the future is again before Him. Once more He is rejected, spat upon, forsaken and in the agonies of death, while Israel derides. Once more the shadow of the Cross falls dark upon the way the Spirit points. Does the Father mean for His beloved Son to tread that path? Is not this fear

to cast Himself upon God, to trust the Almighty, and fulfill at once his mission, a doubt in God's power? What shouts would greet Him, what triumph, what glory would be His! But He knows the Tempter. He knows that to cast Himself from this height would not be trusting God, it would be wicked presumption, not God-directed, and would end in sin and death. And, again, submitting to the Father's will, he conquers, saying: "Thou shalt not tempt (presume upon) the Lord thy God."

Beaten back, the Devil is still undaunted. He has twice failed, but now makes his last and most desperate assault. It is conflict for eternal Kingdom; the Prince of Darkness with the Prince of Light. From the Temple the Tempter bears Jesus to the high peak of some lofty mountain. Not the Temple-court, not Jerusalem, not Judaea and Palestine, but the palaces, the cities, the nations and the seas of the wide world now unroll in splendor beneath them.

Sublime they stand, with vision bounded by the earth's great girth, and view the beauty, the power and the glory of the world. The world seems waiting at their feet. The vast sounds of living things, the thunder of cataract, the roar of metropolis, the long sweep of ocean, meeting, mingle in the upper air, and, like distant music, rolls round the blue dome above them in a hymn of praise; from ten thousand valleys of verdure come soft winds burdened with the perfume of flowers like sweetest incense; and, over all, the morning sun, high hung in heaven, pours down deep seas of richest gold. "'Tis all mine," says the Tempter. "Am I not worthy of praise? Son of God, one word from Thee, one word of rightful homage, and I make all Thine."

Satan's final and greatest effort! To hunger and pride he had appealed in vain, and, staking all on this last thrust, seeks to pierce the armor of obedience with ambition and snaps his steel. The dazzling vision of the Kingdom of the world below Him—transcendantly more splendid to the eyes of the Perfect Man than to ours—pales and grows dim, for, lifting His gaze upward, the cloudy curtains that close before our mortal vision dissolve, and He catches the coming glory of the Kingdom of Heaven, and, turning to the cowering Tempter, commands: "Behind me, Satan! Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." Obedient still, He conquers again, and the great victory is won.

Beaten now, the Evil One departed for a season.

"And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
Joyless triumphals of his hoped success,
Ruin, and desperation and dismay,
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God."

From the dark battlements of that nether world Satan turned to look back upon the battlefield from which he had been driven, and lo! the "desert rejoices and blossoms like the rose," and as he gazes, angels, with the fruits of Eden, come winging their way from Heaven and minister unto Him, Who, "though He were a Son, yet learned obedience by the things He suffered."

"* * * and as He fed, angelic choirs
Sung heavenly anthems of His victory
Over temptation and the Tempter proud."

So the triumph is Christ's, not through self-asserted power; not in yielding to popular Jewish dreams; not in calling the legions of Satan to His aid; but through perfect self-surrender; through absolute obedience to the will of God.

(To be continued.)

BILLY BILLSON'S FIRE

By Winthrop Packard

EVERY one in Puckanuck knew Billy Billson. But, then, everyone in Puckanuck knew everyone else in the village as a matter of course, and this acquaintance was by no means a limited one, bounded by a nod and a friendly greeting, but extended to every most minute detail of personal history, family relationship and present and prospective financial standing. Consequently everyone in Puckanuck knew that Billy was forty-two years old, an only child, a Democrat after the fashion of his father, now long dead, was born on Sunday, had leanings toward spiritualism, had been refused twice by Mandy Savels, who does not otherwise enter these chronicles, had an income of some three hundred dollars a year from his shoemaker's bench, which, while it did not exactly constitute wealth, meant a liberal competency in Puckanuck, was five feet three inches in diameter from pole to pole, and weighed two hundred pounds, his greatest parallel being the equator.

All day long Billy sat at his shoemaker's bench pegging away at his work and often whistling softly to himself. His repertory was not extensive, consisting, so far as we know, of "America" and "Lilla Dale," the first being reserved for occasions of state, while the last was his constant companion. At night he trotted off to the village store. I say trotted, though the word hardly describes his gait, which was a combined hitch and roll, a resultant of two composing forces, adipose tissue and rheumatism.

It was at the Puckanuck store that the plan of a fire company originated.

"Speakin' of rehabilitatin' the navy," said Billy, "we ought to have a fire company in Puckanuck. If the British was to bombard Bost'n a shell might come over here, easy, an' set fire to suthin'."

"Thet's so," returned Hank Hanscome, "thet's so, but——" taking advantage of the rhetorical pause to illustrate the general principles of bombardment on the stove, "Lan's sake! Guvment could prevent that. What's the matter of a line of earthworks on Blue Hill?"

"Earthworks on Blue Hill? Where you goin' to get your earth? Their ain't earth enough up there to fill one of ol' Siv's shoes, to say nothin' of stoppin' cannon balls and sich. Besides, how you goin' to prevent them throwin' the shells high over the range? Suppose they make 'em describe a porobola?"

This last spiked Hank's guns. The shells might describe a "porobola," but he could not, and he held his peace.

"But," continued Billy, "we'd ought to have a fire company anyway. What's the use of the new engine if we don't?"

Everyone in Puckanuck knew that the "new engine" was donated to the village in 1851 by Roger Groton, now deceased; that it had been accepted by a committee of citizens with thanks and appropriate ceremonies and duly installed in the new engine house.

The discussion was long and earnest, punctuated by much expectoration, and ended only by the putting up of the shutters, which occurred promptly at nine, and when Billy ambled home he was the proud captain of an hypothetical fire company, which could come into legal existence only when sanctioned by the vote of the annual town meeting.

"Say, Billy," Jed Tucker called waggishly after him as they parted at the corner; "say, ye don't expect no bombardment along tonight, do ye?" But Billy was too much engrossed in his own thoughts to heed him.

At last, when the lingering winter gave place to the tardy spring, the great day for the annual town meeting arrived. All the morning the streets bustled with unaccustomed travel, and when the hour of opening the meeting arrived the hall was full. There was the portly manufacturer with rotund figure, well brushed side-whiskers and self-satisfied smile. There was the mill operative, with pinched features and garments redolent of machine oil. There was the storekeeper, with butter and cheese in his appearance, and anything-else-today-sir air that was habitual. There was Farmer Green from Indian Lane, with bent figure, unkempt beard and keen blue eyes gleaming from beneath shaggy, protruding eyebrows. There was slim Jim Jones, who shot ducks during three months of the year and waited for the next migration during the remaining nine, living meanwhile on the remembrance of what he had shot. There was Bull-Fiddle Burns, of whom more anon, and there was Billy Billson.

An aroma of dignity surrounded Billy's portly figure like an atmosphere, and he was gently whistling "America" in barely audible melody. We will pass over the first part of the meeting, and come to the ninth article in the warrant as read by the moderator in a sonorous monotone that made one word of the whole. "Article - ninth - to - see - if - the town - will - vote - to - establish - a - fire - company - in - Puckanuck - village - and - appropriate - money - for - the - same - the - chair - awaits - any - motion."

A hush fell on the assembly, and Billy Billson arose. Billy was accustomed to hold forth at length at the village store, but he had never before addressed so large an assembly, and he had reason to congratulate himself that his speech was carefully prepared and committed to memory.

"Mr. Moderator," he said.

"Mr. Billson," proclaimed the moderator.

Three hundred pairs of eyes focused on Billy's countenance, and he felt a strange uplifting of the spirit as if he were speaking from a height far above his own stature.

"It is my hope, sir," he went on, "that this article will be favorably acted on by the town. As we all know, there is many thousand dollars' wuth of property in Puckanuck exposed to danger of destruction from the devourin' element 'ntirely unprotected by any organized fire department, until lately public spirited folks have organized a er--r--r-- organization and now wait the sanction of the town. Some money will be needed for er--r--r suitable equipments and uniforms and we hope that er--r--r a small compensatum er--r--r-- will be er--r--r--"

Billy stopped. The concentrated gaze of the three hundred pairs of eyes seemed to be dissipating the solid tegument of his material self, until he was but a formless void from which proceeded a voice. Then with his pause the words of his carefully prepared speech passed into vacancy and he was powerless to call them back. His jaw dropped and his fingers worked convulsively. A laugh sprang up from somewhere and fluttered from seat to seat calling up comrades as it went, but this was promptly drowned in a roar of applause from the Puckanuckers, one of whom drew Billy into his seat by the coat tails. The moderator restored order by a blow of the gavel and the matter was discussed at some length, while Billy wiped the perspiration from his brow and endeavored to recover his equanimity. And now things went ill for the would-be firemen. The heavy taxpayers got in their arguments against more expenditures and the idea of uniforming the Puckanuckers and paying them for their services as firemen was made to appear Utopian indeed. It was at this crisis that Mr. Bullfiddle Burns took the floor. Over six feet tall and very straight and slim he shot up with a sort of telescope like elongation which gave the impression that he might be twice

as tall if he cared to slip out of his joints a little more. Father Time's relentless scythe had harvested from his head all but a few gray locks which the aftermath of a curly brown wig did not all conceal. He played a bass viol, hence his nickname, which had been in so long and constant use that it had completely supplanted any other.

His appearance changed the thoughtful mood of the voters completely and was greeted with laughter and cries of "Turn round!" Bowing low, he received permission to speak and turned toward the audience, the deep grumble of his voice cutting the first ripples of laughter and even breasting the rising roar which followed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am surprised at the opposition to the plan of my esteemed friend, William W. Billson. This is wrong, gentlemen. It is not good policy. It is not even good politics. Gentlemen,"——this very earnestly and impressively,——"there was a conflagration in Rome once. Who set it? Nero. Who refused the aid of the fire department? Nero. Who"——with thundering emphasis——"Who played the bass viol while it burned? Nero." ——Whom do I see here today? Is it a populace of Nero?" All else was drowned in the thunder of the laughter which came here. In vain the moderator beat his desk and called for order. Order was not forthcoming, and it was not until Mr. Burns had finished his speech, inaudible even to those near him and carried on in dumb show, that quiet was restored. But at length the shuttle ceased to play, the fabric of the discourse was woven and the exhibition was over for that year, for Mr. Burns never spoke but once, and a wily Puckanucker called for the question, trusting in the great good humor of the assembly to carry it favorably, which it did by an overwhelming vote. Thus the Puckanuck fire company was established with a reasonable sum for equipments and a small "compensatium" to be paid the members.

The remainder of the meeting was as nothing to Billy Billson. His globular feature was, if possible, a little more erect, certainly a little more puffed out than usual, and he received the congratulations of his neighbors as one in a dream. Such is the intoxication of success.

The wayward spring, first hinted in the brookside marigolds and anemonies, then broadly suggested in the purple irises of Mother Billson's garden, had waxed through apple blossom and syringa into the riotous bloom of summer. The Puckanuck fire company, too, was in full bloom, and now, once a week, panoplied in red shirts and mighty eagle crowned helmets and led by Billy Billson, they drew the ponderous engine to the brookside, followed by all the urchins and most of the remaining population of the village. The orders would ring out full and clear. "Lower suction hose! Out leading hose. Lively now. Man brakes!" Then Billy, speeding down the line with surprising agility would apply the nozzle. An imperious nod of the head, the click-cluck of the pumps, a wheeze and a whisht, and the sputtering stream would shoot up in the road, gaining vehemence with every stroke and sprinkling the unwary spectator, to the great delight of the small boy who dodged here and there near its descending spray, proud indeed if Billy condescended to wet him.

It was at such times that the Puckanuck firemen knew that they had not lived in vain. Yet their happiness held an undercurrent of longing. As yet they had never distinguished themselves at any real fire. To be sure there was Murnan's chimney. Murnan's house was very small and the only ladder owned by the company was at least thirty feet long. When they placed it against the building it towered high above the conflagration, so high, in fact, that when Billy climbing above the chimney, turned the all-quenching stream down into the seething vortex of flame, the ladder kicked out at the bottom, and dropped him over the other

side of the house, falling like Lucifer out of high heaven, to the great grief and indignation of Murnan's pig. The fire went out of itself before the ladder was again in place and Murnan turned the still belching nozzle into the well, where, he said, "Shure it would do no harrum," and the company returned to the engine house covered with glory, and other things. But this was not enough. What they wanted was to quench the devouring element in a blazing building, to fight it inch by inch and subdue it; to rescue terrified inmates from windows and bring them down ladders amid the frantic cheers of the populace. It was of this that each dreamed at night and each vowed that when the tocsin of alarm was sounded he would be first to respond, first to face danger and death if need be, proud to step into the hereafter in a blaze of glory and a red fireman's shirt.

Came October. The chant of the blue jay came over the hill, and Billy, lifting his head from his finished work, turned his face toward the open window and declared he could smell partridges. With a sigh of relief he took "George Washington" from the hooks above the fire-place where he hung, dusty with his long summer's rest. Billy loaded the general carefully, took his shot flask, powder horn and box of percussion caps and ambled over the hills into the scrub oaks.

An hour or so later Marm Hanscom and Mother Billson were sitting over a cup of tea and some seed cakes in Mother Billson's front room. Mother Billson was speaking somewhat as follows:

"Lan' sake! Elviry, you must remember Tink Crane. We allers called him Tinker 'cause he was such a genius. Why 'twas him that painted up a suit of overalls with stripes when those two convicts was escaped an' thar was a reward offered for them, an' he run right down through Puckanuck village yelling like mad, an' the whole town took arter him, every last man of 'em.

He run right down along Puckanuck brook an' kep jumpin' from one side to t'other an' they arter him, fust one fallin' in an' then another, till they was jes' like a passle o' drowned rats. Ho, ho! Yes, an' thar I do surely believe they would be to this day only Grace Estey, Grace was one of Gewhocker's girls, ye know. She had a sister Patience, an' Josh Fullalove was courtin' her—Grace, I mean—an' 'long he come one night an' Grace warn't to home an' the ol' man he says, "Wal, Josh, ye must e'en wait with Patience till Grace comes." Dreffful moderit man, Gewhock was. Why he was so moderit that when he was bein' married ol parson Dewick, the ol' man, ye know, he——Mighty good parson he was too. Best man at a funeral I ever saw. Why at Si Wigginses funeral, or was it Zeb's? I think it was Si's, fer I know it rained dreffful at Si's funeral and when the parson spoke about layin' him away in the beautiful June weather he made a mistake, jest a kind of a burl in his tongue, ye know, an' said layin' him away in the beautiful June water; an' Zeb, he spoke right up an' said it shouldn't be allowed, for everyone knew Si couldn't swim a stroke. It made consid'able stir at the time, but Lan' sake! everyone knew Zeb was half-witted. Yes, more'n half. Have some more tea, Miss Hanscom; as I was sayin'——"

This monologue might have gone on for some time, for Marm Hanscom was an excellent listener, being a little deaf and quite fond of Mother Billson's tea, had there not come a knock at the door. Mother Billson opened it to find there a stable boy from the Centre with a yellow envelope bearing the stamp of the Western Union Telegraph Co., the name of William Billson, and a demand for twenty-five cents. This the good lady paid as soon as she recovered her breath, bringing the money from a purse in the cupboard, and taking the envelope gingerly between her finger and thumb she re-entered the front room, dropped it into the middle of the table and sank into a chair.

"A telegram!" gasped Marm Hanscom, nearly dropping her fresh cup of tea.

"Yes," cried Mother Billson, "a telegram!" "What shall we do Elviry?"

The good lady leaned back in her chair with consternation showing in every line of her face. The other caught up a fan from the book case. "There, there!" she said, "Feel faint, don't ye? Well, well, I don't blame ye, its an awlful thing to have telegrams come right in on ye sudden like, an' we so comfertable, too." This last not without a glance at her untasted and now fast cooling tea.

"There, there! Now ye're better and I'm goin' right over arter Sairey Ann. Goodness knows ye don't want to be left here with only me, an' telegrams comin' in an' everything." In a few moments she was back again with "Sairey Ann" and several of the neighbors who had seen the telegram arrive and hastened over to join the excitement. There was much soothing and commiserating and much drinking of tea, and as the afternoon wore on all Puckanuck was agog with the story that there was a telegram at the Billson household and Billy nowhere to be found.

Supper time came at last and with it Billy, whistling "Lilla Dale" in jubilant staccato, with two partridges dangling from one hand as proof of his prowess and the reliability of "George Washington." The neighbors were unfeignedly glad to see him. The full sea of their curiosity was flooding the lower stories of conscience and threatening to carry down in utter ruin that noble structure, or at least to wash it from its foundations and leave it seriously out of plumb. But neither partridges nor prodigal could sooth the harrowed soul of Mother Billson. As Billy entered she rose from the languid position in which she was being industriously fanned and plied with "camphire" by two solicitous attendants, and resting one thin hand on the arm of the chair, pointed with the other at the telegram which still lay on the table wrapped in its envelope.

"There," said she, "there! now ye see what ye 'av brought on us. Now, ye see what has come while ye was off traipsin' round with that ol' gun. I say now, I always have said, an' I always shall say, that no good ever came to the fambly out o' that fearful ol' thing bein' in the house. An' yet in spite of all I can say ye will persist in neglectin' your business, an' go off when ye'd oughter be at home. An' telergrams comin' in an' everything." Here the old lady branched off into a discussion of the errors and iniquities of the men of the Billson family, in general, which was hardly heard by her attendant sympathizers, for Billy had stepped to the table, examined the telegram somewhat dubiously, found it surely addressed to him, opened and read it.

"What, what is it?" gasped the chorus of neighbors.

"Wal," said Billy slowly, "it's Uncle Bijah." "Dead?" from the chorus. Billy nodded his head. "Oh, too bad! What did he die of?" still in unison. But this Billy could not answer, for the telegram merely stated the fact of his death and the date set for the funeral.

As this was all that could be gleaned for the time the gossips soon slipped away to their homes, leaving Billy to talk the matter over with his mother, who, now that the worst was known, was again her helpful motherly self.

Everyone in Puckanuck knew that Billy's only living relative, except his mother, had been Uncle Bijah, who lived at Franklin Falls, alone, save his housekeeper, that Billy was his heir, and that Bijah was wealthy—worth two or three thousand dollars they said at the store. They knew also, before bedtime, that Billy would leave on the morrow to attend the funeral, and, they surmised, bring back his inheritance.

The evening was one of bustle and preparation for Billy and the thought of his long journey waked him early. The sun was just sprinkling the frosty fields with an occasional jewel when he

ambled down the Greenmeadow road to the little shed dignified with the name of station. Here two trains a day stopped for the occasional Puckanuck passenger who must take care to be in sight and to look as if he meant to go somewhere, lest the engineer emulate the Levite and pass by on the other side. Billy was an old traveller. He had been to Boston occasionally and once to Lowell to attend a fireman's muster, and he had no trouble in finding the proper station and embarking on a North-bound train for his destination. It was late in the afternoon when the train stopped at a little way station and the brakeman sung out "Penacook, Penacook." A few passengers filed out, but the train did not start again. Bye and bye people began to put their heads out of the window and a few went out on the platform. There was a freight wreck ahead, the conductor said. He did not know when the road would be clear. It was a bad wreck. The passengers would do well to stay in Penacook that night. Billy inquired of the station master for lodging and was directed to the Eagle House, where "Thar warn't so many people stopped cause it was a leetle bit out o' town, but the cookin' was the best in the hull State o' New Hampshire." This last Billy verified at supper that night. Bedtime came none too soon and he was shown up stairs by the light of a little chimneyless oil lamp whose faint gleam showed on one side of the room, against the wall, a high old-fashioned bedstead piled higher yet with a huge feather bed. Into this he soon climbed, and, weary with the cares and excitement of the journey, sank into a heavy dreamless sleep.

How like a mother art thou, Oh, sleep! So tenderly didst thou wrap the weary Billson that from the grasp of his consciousness slipped the long journey with its bustle and excitement and he seemed to be once more in his accustomed bed in the little house at Puckanuck with the white moon shining on the roof of the engine house a few rods up the hill.

What was that? Could he be dreaming or was it the clang of a real bell that reverberated dimly in the outer chamber of consciousness?

He wrestled with sleep as Jacob of old wrestled with the angel, and like Jacob he won. He was not yet awake, but he knew the bell was ringing and there was but one meaning for the clangor. There was a fire in the village!

Surely that was Jed Tucker's voice that swelled in hoarse outcry with approaching footsteps and then shrank in steady diminuendo as its owner passed lustily crying "Fire!"

Yes, there could be no doubt about it. Now, rouse thee, Billson! thine hour has come! Go where glory waits thee!

Billy was sitting up in bed now, rubbing his eyes in a mighty effort to get them open. Then he turned to the right side to spring out, as usual, only to bump against a wall and be forcibly landed on his back where he started from. Surprise does not express his condition of mind. He had slept in that bed for thirty years, or thought he had, and it had never been placed against the wall before.

But there was no time to wonder at trifles. There were more cries and he could hear the sound of an engine bell. He must get to that fire with his comrades or be forever disgraced. He turned to the other side of the bed and was more successful, landing on the floor all right, although not without a little gasp of surprise at the extra distance, and leaned quickly to take his clothes from the accustomed chair. The chair was not there, but the commode was, and the violence of its contact with his eye lighted a gorgeous firmament of stars that circled about his head in concentric rings while he held the eye and danced.

By this time he was getting to be wide awake, but it did not seem to help his comprehension of the situation. It was evident that the com-

mode was no more in place than the wall had been a moment before. Yet he must dress and go to the fire. That at least would admit of no delay. Even now he felt that he was late and that his comrades would win all the honors. There would be a lamp on the bureau; he would light that and straighten his somewhat distorted comprehension of the arrangement of his room. It was possible that the bureau was still in its accustomed place, so feeling carefully before him with extended hands he groped his way toward it.

It is the unexpected which happens, and this is perhaps the reason why Billy encountered a rocking chair in a room which to his knowledge had never contained such a thing. At any rate he did encounter one. He stepped on the tip of the rocker, his two hundred pounds bringing the back of the chair under his arms and against his waistwand with a thud. "Huh!" said he, as impelled by the blow, he doubled over the chair and putting his head between the rungs in front started on a series of somersaults with it.

In coolly thinking this affair over afterward Billy was very glad that all this did not happen at home. He would have been very sorry to have his mother, who was an excellent woman and very careful what language other people used, hear the names of the people and places that he mentioned during the rocking chair episode. And when he finally escaped his tormentor he sat very still for a time, not on the chair, but on the floor, and rubbed his projections and thought.

How came all this to pass? It was in inexplicable mystery. There had never in his life been a rocking chair in his room. His bed had evidently sidled up against the wall in the night. The commode was rambling about of its own sweet will. His clothing was scant and he did not know where to look for any more; indeed, he did not even know where the bed was now. What was worse, he did not dare hunt for anything. A room that contained extra chairs, with rockers, whose furniture rambled round and scuffled with him, a room that had blank walls pushed up against the side of the bed while men slept, and was at least twice as large as it had been the night before, was too much of an Arabian Nights apartment to be explored further without a light or a knowledge of necromancy. There was no knowing what might happen to him next. Yet the thought of sitting on the floor all night, clad only in his modesty, and in dangerous proximity to the irascible rocking chair was more than could be endured. Then there was the fire. Could he desert his brave comrades in their hour of peril? No! He would make one more effort.

Feeling carefully along the cold floor in a crouching position he sought the wall of the room, thinking to reach that, rise, and feel his way to either bed or bureau, as fate might direct. After what seemed a long period of suspense he reached the wall and joyfully started to spring to his feet when he was again floored by a tremendous bang on the back of the head.

He had crawled under the bed.

"It is a wise man," says the proverb, "who knows when he has had enough," and Billy's education was rapidly approaching that point. He could not get out of that room in its present abnormal condition if the village was to burn down; and he knew it.

He had done his best and escape was a manifest impossibility. With a vicious commode and an irascible rocking chair lying in wait in the nearby darkness he would not start away from the safe haven of that bed for any consideration; indeed, he knew he was more than ordinarily fortunate to have found the bed again. So, crawling carefully into the feathers that he realized with a dull sense of wonder were unfamiliar, he laid his wounded head on the pillow, and pondering the strange state of affairs, slipped again into the oblivion of sleep.

Waking in the morning with a full consciousness of his surroundings, he found it hard not to believe that the events of the night were a dream, but a lump on the back of his head, a very sore eye, and various minor scratches, besides a rocking chair upside down in one corner of the room and minus two rungs and a rocker, were evidence to the contrary.

His host detailed the news of the fire next morning at breakfast and seemed surprised that Billy had not arisen to view the great event.

It was some weeks later that Jed Tucker, after listening to Billy's tale of his New Hampshire trip, said: "Ye didn't get to go to no fires while ye was gone, did ye?"

"N--n--no," said Billy. "They had a little one, but it was out o' my deestrict, so I didn't interfere."

Whereat Jed marvelled greatly at the self control of his chief.

ON THE SAN PEDRO TRAIL

By Stewart Lawrence

"LET'S take the trail by Aguilar's this time, Lordy," and at this suggestion two riders turned from a road that bisected as barren a desert as ever glistened under the Mexican sun, and headed for a dried-out waterway that cut into the plains a mile beyond, and in the bottom of which they would find the trail that ran from El Rancho de Carmen to the little pueblo of San Pedro.

"You've never been this way before, have you?" continued the elder of the two horsemen. "Well, it's a little farther, to be sure, but in the arroya ahead we will get a glimpse of as pretty a date-palm grove as ever relieved the monotony of this cursed, dried-up sandy waste, and what's more, Lordy, my boy, on the llano beyond you'll get a glimpse of as pretty a half-breed as was ever born to blush unseen. Oh, don't scowl, you'll change your tune in time."

"Now, see here, Chess," retorted the younger, "I like you all right; don't misunderstand me, but I am beastly tired of hearing your maudlin sentiments run riot about the slovenly, dark-skinned, mongrel muchachas of this God forsaken country. It's senseless, you know it. You know their traits. You know as well as I do that their souls may be bought for a gilt earring; that a poor white prospector is to them the bait that a count is to an American belle; that all their plaintive love songs, their te amo-s and their te adoro-s are addressed not to your heart, but your purse. And as for beauty, bah! a New Orleans mulatto would suit me better."

The young man voicing this antipathy was Fred Ratcliffe, assayer for the Little Luck Mining Company of San Pedro, and his companion was its manager and agent. Ratcliffe was large and well built; his companion short and stout. The former's face possessed indications of mental ability and refinement; the latter's of what is called 'horse sense' and 'grit.'

Chester Doyle was the older and rougher of the two. He had known Ratcliffe 'back in the States,' and hearing that he had been doing good work at a poor salary for a little Mexican mining company near Hermosillo, and wishing the society of a 'white man' with American wits and an English tongue, he had sent for him. They were the only Americans in camp and naturally became very familiar.

Ratcliffe had been dubbed 'Lordy'

in college days on account of his splendid physique and royal carriage, his generous style of dress and genial dignity of manner, and these characteristics, as well as the nickname they excited, he still retained.

They were in strong contrast to Doyle's dilapidated style. Doyle felt the contrast, and it was tantalizing to him. No matter how straight he might sit in his saddle, Ratcliffe's erect and graceful carriage seemed to sneer at his effort. No matter how important he might wish to make himself appear to the uncritical natives, Ratcliffe seemed without effort to snatch their attention away from him. So his pride took refuge in a devil-may-care manner and the conviction that Ratcliffe would in time be brought to 'do as the Romans.'

Ratcliffe's engagement to a young and successful violin teacher of Boston had made all thoughts of association with the Mexican senoritas loathsome to him, and Doyle's persistent allusions annoyed him.

"But be considerate, Ratcliffe," urged his friend; "Look the situation in the face, my boy. You're in Mexico. You've been here six years. To be sure, you've filed your pistol sight and taken off your trigger for our style of shooting, but still you wear Boston made half boots and cord riding pants. You shave every three days. You don't attend the dances of the natives; drink their liquor, or gamble at their games. The only sign of adaptation to your environment, my boy, is your liberal use of Spanish oaths. Why act so unnaturally?"

Doyle hesitated for a reply, but receiving none continued. "Why, you'll never see God's country again. You are just as poor now as when you came into this land of Greasers. You're bound to stay here all your life. Don't you see it? Now you come with me to the dance at camp tomorrow night, and I'll show you into what I call 'good society.' We'll drink mescal and dance the jota, and gamble at monte. We'll be fellows with our fellow men and women. What do you say, Lordy?"

"I want better pleasure than that," replied Ratcliffe, brusquely.

"But you must take what you can get," persisted Doyle. "Come, now, let's make the best of this life. What I want is a good time, and good company. Come with me tomorrow night, and you'll get a change. It will do you good."

Doyle could not see the effect of his advice and entreaties and felt them a failure when, after a moment's hesitation, Ratcliffe replied, "No, I don't believe I'd care for it, Chess, and I'll be too tired by night anyway, for I've already thirty assays for tomorrow."

But if Doyle had possessed a deeper insight he might have seen Ratcliffe's already discouraged hopes and ambitions experiencing an iconoclastic blow from these careless and insidious suggestions; hopes and ambitions to return East with wealth and an improved manhood; ripe with Life's hard experience and rich with Sonora gold; hopes and ambitions that seemed assured when he was told that a certain violin would only play a miserere 'til he returned, and which seemed already realized when there in Boston in a certain front doorway on a November eve six years ago, a few chokingly articulated promises were ratified by a farewell kiss; but now, with six years of hard usage, they began to feel the strain and waver.

"Doyle may be right. I may never return," his failing spirit was saying. "My hope of fortune is indeed a desert mirage, a tempting phantom lake ever receding with my forward steps. Six of my best years gone, and it is still ahead of me. What a fool to continue the chase! Why do I?" and a quick, encouraging answer came. It was the reverie picture of the one who was waiting.

The two riders had passed the palm grove, and the heat of the southern sun in its midday intensity had caused their horses' heads to hang low as they walked or loped over the hot sands of

the dried out creek bottom, and it made the thought of water, when Ratcliffe inquired about it, unusually tantalizing to them, for through their own neglect their canteens had not been carried.

"Aguilar's is not far away," replied Doyle. "We rise to the mesa a mile ahead, and Aguilar's is only a quarter from there."

They soon reached the mesa, and there ahead of them on the flat plain, like an island in a sea of sand, stood the lonely adobe, its one story casting a shade that, although of little area—perhaps on account of that very littleness—was always a refreshing sight to a sun beaten traveler.

Juana, the prettiest half-breed of those parts, was sitting cross-legged in the shadow of the hut, grinding the handful of corn for the mid-day meal. Her back was towards the approaching riders. She was clad in the simple attire so common to her race, a plain white cotton waist and black calico skirt, both limp and loose fitting, and cut and sewed in the simplest manner possible to form a covering. She was barefooted and bare-headed. Her jet glossy hair was bound loosely at the back with a short piece of black ribbon. Her head was bent over the stone upon which the corn was being ground, and the monotonous work not needing her attention, her eyes were fixed in the uncertain gaze that tells of day dreams.

Her face was certainly a beautiful one. The striking effect of the clear, dark eyes, and firm but soft and graceful features of the Spanish face, was heightened by the mellow glow that deepened in her cheeks and shone through the sombreness of her dark skin with an ever varying intensity. This restless light, ebbing and flowing with her thoughts and impulses, between the extremes of cold passiveness and excited passion, gave attractive hints of an underlying force and range of feeling most unexpected in such commonplace environment.

"How does Aguilar make a living in this lonely spot?" asked Ratcliffe as they came in sight of the adobe.

"Well, I can't tell you how Aguilar lives, for he's dead," replied Doyle. "Though there's many are sure it's now by the sweat of his brow, if it never was before. He left a little for the wife and girl. He's been dead two years now."

"But how did he live before that? There's no money to be made in a desert," said Ratcliffe.

"He brought it with him" Doyle replied. "They say he was first seen in camp one morning about eighteen years ago, and as far as anyone knows he just dropped out of the night. Strange man he was, too. A pure Spaniard. One of your straight, lithe kind. Nice and pleasant enough, but with a grim, set face, and a gleam in his eyes that would make a man say 'Yes, sir' to what he said just to feel easy. Some said his crime was murder; others that he was a fugitive insurgent leader; while all confessed that it was only a guess, but none doubted that if he would, he could tell them such stories as would make their lives seem flat and stale. I felt it myself. Why, you could see it in his eyes, but you didn't dare ask him."

"A regular cheap novel bandit, I should say," suggested Ratcliffe. "Still, he might have been an interesting greaser to meet. I'm sorry he died so soon. Where did he get his wife?"

"He picked her up in camp," replied Doyle. "She's a homely hag now, but Juana makes up for all that. That's her outside. Hello, Juana!" he called as they came nearer.

Juana rose and waited for them, and when they were in front of her she answered Doyle's salutation with a respectful "Buenas Dias, senores," and offered to lead their horses to a little thatch shed that stood at a distance from the adobe.

Pulling the reins over the horses' heads they handed them to Juana—Doyle covering her hand with his and squeezing it as he did so, for which pleasure he received in return as vicious

a little pinch as her finger could deal while snatching her hand away and such a darting, angry glance as she turned toward the shed, that his surprised senses were seriously confused, and Ratcliffe heard him mutter as he stood looking after her, "The little vixen. Well, if that don't beat the devil."

When Doyle turned he saw Ratcliffe trying to repress his amusement, and with the pinch and the glance still burning he made a pretense of carelessness by saying, "Did you see that? Ha! Ha! Well, I'll be hanged! That's a new trick for a Mexican. She's a spark of the old man's fire. It's fun stirring her up," and he laughed as though circumstances quite pleased him, and Ratcliffe very considerately laughed with him, as though he looked at it just the same way.

They stepped at once into the one and only room of the little adobe to say good day to Senora Aguilar, who had seen them coming and was adding another handful or two to the stew of beans in the fireplace.

She greeted them with a comical deference. She passed them water from the dark earthen bowl on the floor with great alacrity, and gave them each a chair in such a servile, apologetic manner that Ratcliffe was reassured in his opinion of the Mexicans, and felt a pleasant consciousness that no self abasement that Senora Aguilar might indulge in in deference to him could sufficiently express the real superiority of himself in particular and Americans in general over these people of Spanish-Indian descent.

The senora was indeed a poor specimen, being short, dumpy, ugly-visaged, and showing in her face and manner an exasperating stupidity that only on very rare occasions ever relieved itself by so mild an expression as one of attention, and never was known to exert itself to such an extreme as to appear even momentarily intelligent. Yet she seemed quite the person one would expect to inhabit such a place.

The room with its low ceiling, its walls of sun dried brick, which looked like frozen blocks of mud that might soften any moment, was comparatively cool and pleasant. Its primitive appearance was not much relieved by the crude fireplace in one corner, the bundle of bedding in another, or the small dirty pine table in the centre; but two chairs (a luxury that old Aguilar used to insist upon), and the shelf with Juana's few books and her mandolin gave it a distinction that was not equalled among the natives of that back country.

The dinnner which the senora prepared for them was plain and scant, but heartily relished by the hungry riders.

After the meal was finished Doyle sauntered out to the shade of the hut for a quiet siesta and was soon asleep. Ratcliffe lit a cigar and lazily seated himself in the doorway. The old lady lit her cigarette and sat on the floor with her back to the wall, and with her knees encircled by her clasped hands fell into a succession of half-minute dozes, which enabled her to keep the cigarette alight, although it seemed to Ratcliffe that each jerk of her nodded head placed her clothing in serious danger of a fire. Juana busied herself with the cooking utensils and the few dishes that were soiled.

Ratcliffe, just before dinner, had caught part of an undertone conversation between Juana and her mother, which had included on Juana's side the flattering criticism of himself "Que hermoso el alto!" (How handsome the tall one), and watching her now in her apparent indifference to his presence as she moved quietly about the room, he pleased himself with the recollection of her remark, and quite readily acknowledged that she also deserved a favorable estimate of her physical qualities, notwithstanding the fact that he had set his mind against such an admission when Doyle alluded to her beauty earlier in the day.

Puffing leisurely at his cigar and imagining that he was studying character,

he studied her shapely feet and ankles, her arms and face and form. He wondered what life could mean to one in such a hovel. He became interested in this employment and felt disposed to follow his curiosity into a conversation, and commenced with the much worn preliminary question, "Don't you speak a little English?"

Although she was expecting him to speak to her, she started and colored slightly. She understood the question, and gave the expected reply, "No, senor."

Then thinking of nothing better to sustain this weak effort, he asked in Spanish why she had not learned it.

"It is very hard to learn, senor," she replied.

"I like the Spanish myself," Ratcliffe continued, now feeling fairly launched. "It is such a pretty language, so much prettier than our English."

"Still, I would like to know English," she said, seating herself near the table. "The Americans all talk English. I am going to learn it some day."

One elbow was on the table, and her head rested against the hand which it supported, while her fingers buried themselves in the waves of dark hair that flowed back from her temples. She was gazing meditatively through the doorway in which Ratcliffe was sitting, and it seemed as though she were trying to look into that future when she would know English, and hoping that the knowledge of that language might be an avenue that would lead her away from these barren surroundings to a life abounding in eventfulness, such a life as she believed all Americans lived in that dim land of great, wonderful cities, that she knew only as 'the States.'

"Do you think that I could learn the English, senor?" she asked.

"Well, it's a pretty hard language, as you say," Ratcliffe replied, rather astonished to find her really serious regarding it, "But I dare say you might get hold of a few words in time. It will be of no use to you though, out here."

"No, of course not, here. Nothing's of use here," she said with sharp vexation.

"But don't you expect to live in this way always? Aren't you satisfied with this nice, quiet life?" he asked, smiling at the absurdity of calling it by so pleasant a name, yet thinking that to one like Juana, who had known no better, it would probably seem suitable.

"Satisfied! With this!" she exclaimed, letting her hand at her head drop to the table, and making a deprecating little gesture with the other as she leaned forward and continued a little excitedly, "You think I am satisfied with this? You didn't know my father, did you, sir? My father was educated, smart, a fine gentleman. He taught me some. He told me stories of Spain. What he told me made me hate this life. I begged him to take me to Spain, sir, and he said he might after a little while, and every day we talked of it. He said it would mean fine society for him again, and for me, too, and I could hardly wait. He used to curse this life, and he would curse the Mexicans, sir, and say you Americans were the best people of the earth, and that he would go through the States on his way to Spain. He liked the Americans, so that when I see one of you it makes my life a burden to me, for it reminds me of him and the life I missed, for you know, he died."

The fire that lurked beneath the dark skin of Juana's face had been fanned to a lively warmth, which Ratcliffe had not failed to admire, and the fine effect it had on his sense of the artistic might have caused him to exclaim, "Gad, what a pretty speech!" had it not been that Juana addressed him so directly and vehemently as to confuse him with a most genuine surprise at such an exceptional outburst from a 'mongrel native.' Coming as it did, with such earnestness and spirit, he was actually inclined to feel that his reply demanded a serious, if not a reverent handling, and in his desire to quickly adjust his thoughts to the level of hers and say

something really helpful, and that he might be proud of, he became even more confused, puffed vigorously at his cigar, and said nothing.

Juana seemed to expect encouragement, at least a brief reply. As it did not come she felt a sense of forwardness in talking so to this stranger. She was disconcerted. She turned red, and with her back to Ratcliffe, assumed an interest in finishing the cleaning of the kettles in the fireplace.

Ratcliffe saw that his failure to reply had caused her a painful self-consciousness. He felt uncomfortably stupid to think he had appeared incapable of appreciating her quickly placed confidence, and with a sudden prompting to show that he was not stupid, and also to relieve her embarrassment, he rose from the doorway, stepped over to the fireplace and said impulsively, "I admire you for being discontented with a life like this. Yes, I do. You should have the life you wish, and I hope you will find it, and soon, too."

Juana's mother, now wide awake, was much pleased at the advances of this young Americano, and with mistaken tact she got up and left the room.

Her leaving checked Ratcliffe's impulsiveness and awakened Doyle, who came and looked in at the doorway, and, unnoticed, heard Ratcliffe telling Juana that he had a few Spanish books at camp which she might like to read, and that if she cared for them he would bring them to her the next time he passed.

Juana said, "Thank you, senor," in a way that seemed to refer more to his words of sympathy than his offer to lend her books, and Doyle, who had not hoped for so good a chance to even his little score, startled them with his loud laugh, and by saying "There! There! Lordy! That's the time I caught you. You thought I was asleep, didn't you, Ha! Ha! You know I never believed in your running down the senoritas anyway. What has he been saying to you, Juana?"

Juana was very diligently cleaning a kettle, and did not reply.

Doyle and Ratcliffe had wasted too much time at the little adobe, and did not reach San Pedro until late in the afternoon, which compelled them to return to camp in the uncertainty of a cloudy night.

San Pedro was the nearest postoffice and railway station to the Little Luck Mining Company's mill, and Doyle had been accustomed to ride over twice a week to receive his mail and attend to freights and bullion shipments. Now that Ratcliffe had his assaying well in hand, it was proposed that he relieve Doyle of these long hot rides, and so these semi-weekly trips to San Pedro were thereafter made by Ratcliffe.

Pretty Juana Aguilar, in a few months from Ratcliffe's first visit, expected, and was not disappointed in seeing him every Tuesday and Saturday. He excused himself for making these regular stops at the adobe by arguing that he was improving his Spanish, and moreover he was benefiting Juana with the stories of American life and keeping alive her eagerness to attain the benefits and pleasures of a more civilized condition than her present one. With Juana's strong spirit, and her nobleness of character forcing a slow respect from him, he felt ashamed in their presence to acknowledge the willingness with which he was being fascinated by her beautiful face, her graceful figure, and by her flattering trustfulness and admiration of him, with his broader knowledge and experience.

As these visits gradually assumed this regularity Ratcliffe found himself lingering for several hours at a time at the little adobe, and choosing the latter part of the afternoon or the early evening on his return from San Pedro, as the better time to "stop a few minutes," as he would say to himself, "and brush up on his Spanish."

It was not long before his memory contained interesting remembrances of these pleasant hours. Sometimes he would smile over his furnaces as he

recalled a bright scrap of conversation, or stop in his figuring of metal weights and values, to try and feel again the touch of a hand that had been given in play, and the people in camp looked at one another knowingly when he hummed or whistled the Spanish airs that Juana had taught him, and the envious mind of many a young senorito was stirred to visions of the way this rival learned his songs, so vivid that it could fairly see the stars looking down upon Juana and Ratcliffe as they sit at the side of the solitary Aguilar adobe, and could hear Juana's sweet, rich voice and the tinkling of the mandolin she plays as she sings for Ratcliffe the songs her father has taught her in those days, the memory of which is now so often revived.

One evening after the dishes had been removed from the little table in the center of the room that Ratcliffe now knew so well, and Juana was moving busily about it, they fell into a lively dialogue that turned to playful bantering, and from that to mock quarreling, each laughing as they made a pointed sally.

It was soon that the increasing spirit of this repartee tempted Ratcliffe to overdo his part and to make a most inconsiderate retort in a tone of such severity that Juana, not being able to see his face in the dusk of the evening light, could hardly believe him jesting. With this doubt silencing and reply for a moment, she seated herself in a chair near the fireplace, and watched the few dying coals in so quiet a manner that Ratcliffe plainly felt that he had been misunderstood and went over and stood by her a second in hesitation, and then said inquiringly, "You knew I was not in earnest, didn't you?" He was standing very near to her now, with his hand on the back of her chair, and her pulse quickened with the sense of a present opportunity to discover his real attitude toward her, and she seized the opportunity with true maidenly tact by dropping her head slightly and saying with a sweet reproachfulness that proved more effective than she knew, "You said it crossly. I think it was a little too cruel for play, to say the least. That's all."

"Juana, you know I care too much for you to hurt you," came his quick reply. "And you forgive me, don't you?" he added, bending over to embrace her, but this pleasing prospect of his was abruptly dissipated.

The blood had surged into Juana's face from the decidedly pleasant consciousness of having this American asking her forgiveness and confessing that he cared for her, but her womanly prudence bade her make him insist on his fondness for her before she permitted any caresses, and it was due to this command of her nature that Ratcliffe found his arms closing upon emptiness, and saw Juana standing just beyond reach, laughing at him and saying, "You're a good actor, Mr. Gringo. I'll light a candle, so it won't be lost in the darkness. But really now, what about the way I did my part?"

Ratcliffe was disappointed and very much surprised. He had caught enough of Juana's expression to know that she had been in earnest. The few ruddy embers in the fireplace had betrayed her blush. He had for a long time felt sure she loved him, and he could not understand why she had so recklessly flung away this opportunity to have him, an American—a well educated, polished, good looking American—offer her his love, his love that was as pure as he thought any Mexican could deserve or expect.

"I suppose I am a Gringo—a fool, too, perhaps," Ratcliffe said confusedly with a certain determination forming in his mind. "And now I'll call you names. Let me see, You're a-a-" and then in English he continued, "A deuced fine girl for a Mexican. Gad, but you are!"

"Now, see here," Juana retorted laughingly as she lighted the candle on the table. "That's not fair, calling me names I can't understand. Tell me

what you said. Quick, now, or this match will set your mustache ablaze."

The threatening match was being held to his face. She stood just beyond it with bewitching animation expressed in every feature. The loose sleeve of her uplifted arm fell back toward the shoulder, and uncovered its graceful lines.

"Quick!" she commanded, as the blaze drew toward her fingers.

"I called you—my own darling," he responded, quickly, and taking a step forward let the pretty upraised arm go over his shoulders as he clasped her, this time, in a firm embrace.

Juana did not try to extricate herself, but said simply, "What you called me in English did not sound like that."

"But that is what I meant, Juana. And I want to call you something else that I hope you'll like," he went on.

"You may tell me that in Spanish, please," she interposed, looking up into his face happily.

"I want to call you—wife," he said. Yet as he kissed her his face suddenly paled, for he saw another figure in his arms, and heard a sweetly sad "Good-bye" ringing in his ears.

Juana and Ratcliffe were quietly married on a bright September morning at the little chapel of San Pedro, the words of the padre thrilling Juana with deepest reverence for the celebration, and causing Ratcliffe to feel uncomfortably conscious of its seriousness and to apprehend that he might some day regret this moment, although it now seemed that he was indeed "making the best of life," as Doyle would put it. At times he felt and acknowledged himself in a sense inferior to this girl whom he was marrying, and now as she knelt before the image of the Virgin Mary to pray, his conscience smote him as though he were committing a crime.

"Nothing shall ever tempt me to desert her," his spirit resolved, and his vow was, perhaps, an answer to the words she breathed.

"Holy Virgin Mary, I am unworthy of this happiness. Teach me to be all to him that anyone could be and dear, merciful Mother, watch over the love he gives me, and send me strength to keep it—Amen."

WHEN LOVE SHALL COME

When Love shall come, the thousand mysteries
Of Life and Death shall shine in meaning clear.
For what is Life but loving? — Death but loss?
Ah, hold me close; for I shall know thee, dear,
When Love shall come.

Love's cup is sweet — the lotus of the heart,
And, lotus-like, the misty world goes past.
I drink the lees of passion unashamed
And wait, for Paradise is mine at last,
When Love shall come.

Ah Love, dear Love! Thy unavailing wings
Beat sorely on the bars of human pride,
But I ask naught except thy mastery.
The flood-gates of my soul shall open wide
When Love shall come.

Myrtle Reed.

WILLIAMS OF RHODE ISLAND

By Frank H. Sweet

Williams of Rhode Island was down on his luck. He had been five years in the Gold State, and had confidently looked forward to each year's enabling him to go back home and make things comfortable for the woman and little ones. But each succeeding year had found him precisely where the previous one had left him—a sanguine prospector, with a wealth of hope and a pitifully small outfit.

He had frequently struck promising veins, and had hurried to his tent to write glowing, exultant letters to the weary woman who was waiting for him; but somehow the claims had always petered out prematurely.

But this last find had been different. He had taken out sixty dollars a day for a week, and with this substantial evidence of coming prosperity had written a letter which filled the far-away home with sudden joy. Then the vein had disappeared, and he had picked and shoveled and hauled away dirt until his money was exhausted. But the gold was there; he was sure of it; and his confidence induced the trader at Three Forks to advance him funds. However, there had been a shaft to sink and solid rock to cut through; and it had all been expensive. When it was accomplished the money was gone—and there was no vein.

He was still confident; but the trader was angry, and accused him of false pretences. Only this morning he had received intimation that the Sheriff was about to levy on his mine — on his Molly, named after the dear one it was to do so much for.

He was a strong man, hardened to ordinary weaknesses; but as he sat there on the rough boulder, tears began to roll from his eyes and fall unconsciously from his bronzed, bearded face. Never had his home seemed so far away, and the future so utterly hopeless and dreary.

He was aroused by approaching footsteps. When he looked up two men stood before him. One of them was the owner of the adjoining claim; the other was the Sheriff.

"I have come to—" began the officer.

"Yes, yes; I know," Williams of Rhode Island rose heavily to his feet. "It's all right. Just go ahead. I can do nothing."

The Sheriff looked at him curiously.

"Oh, 'tain't so bad as that," he laughed. "I did 'low on making a levy, but Kansas, here, has been telling me something that has changed my plans. You needn't worry about it just now."

"I s'pose ye heered 'bout my luck?" Kansas asked, blandly.

"Yes." Williams of Rhode Island looked at him stolidly. Kansas was a person of established shiftlessness; and yet, only a few days before he had struck it rich, and was now a person of wealth and consequence.

"I've got a pretty vein," Kansas went on frankly; "but it dips to'ards you uns land. If thar's a pocket, I 'low hit's acrost your line. I don't s'pose you'd be willin' to sell out, clean; but if ye'll go pards, I'll give ye ten thousand dollars for a half share." He waited a moment; but, as there was no reply, added: "I'll make it twenty thousand for a clean job—but of course you won't quit."

Williams of Rhode Island looked down into the valley and up the mountain, and then across to the east, where the sun was just rising above the pines.

"Yes; I'll quit," he said huskily. "You can buy me out clean. I'm going home."

Agriculture Building

A MARBLE CITY

THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION

By Charles H. Sebastian

ON JUNE 1 of last year the state of Tennessee was one hundred years old. To commemorate this event its sons and daughters have taken upon themselves to inaugurate an Exposition. This Exposition is to be known as the Tennessee Centennial Exposition. It will begin on May 1 of this year and continue to October 31, enduring throughout a period of six months. In its exhibits it will embrace all manner of representations of the products of the world—the achievements of the arts and sciences and the stored and improved wealth of the earth. All countries have been asked to contribute, all the states of the Union and the states and provincialities of other nations. Grounds have been secured for the Exposition and buildings erected, and some are in the course of completion. The beautiful white city, "the Marble City," as one might say, that has gently risen up on the outskirts of the city of Nashville, in Tennessee, has been called there by the word of the Tennessee Centennial Directors.

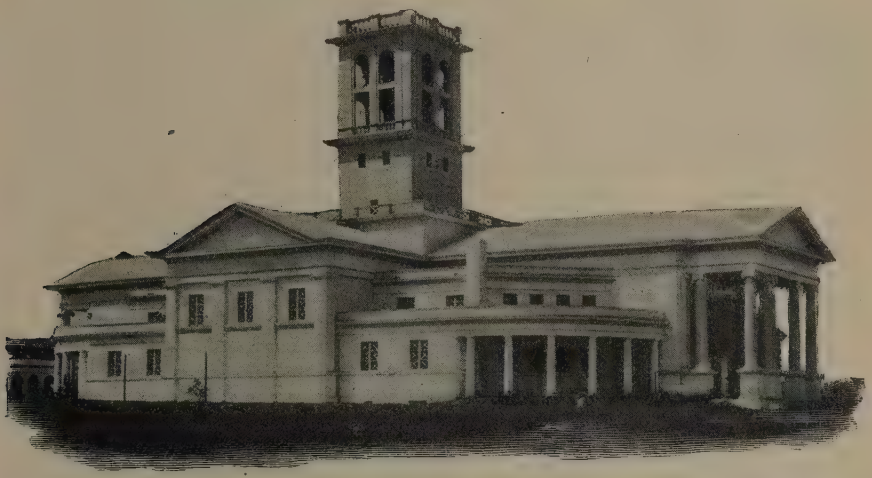
The state of Tennessee was admitted to the Union on the 1st day of June, 1796. It was the sixteenth state to be granted recognition, receiving its incorporation papers from the Government when the seat of administration was yet in Philadelphia. The idea of the celebration of this centennial of its statehood is not a new one. It has been in contemplation for many years. The present movement, however, was first put into material operation at the beginning of the past year, when actual preparation for an exhibition, in the way of erecting buildings, beautifying grounds, etc., was begun. Once having been undertaken, nothing to secure the success of the enterprise has been left undone.

General View of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition Grounds, as seen from the top of the Agriculture Building

The site of the Exposition is a splendid tract of blue grass land, two hundred acres in extent, just on the edge of the city of Nashville. It is highly cultivated and extensively shaded, having heretofore been used as a public park. The location is considerably elevated, a beautiful view of the city being obtainable from it. It has been pronounced by experts who have inspected it as one of the most magnificent and fitting sites for an Exposition in the world. The park has undergone changes to suit it to the convenience and beauty of the Exposition. Two magnificent lakes have been introduced and a third, to be known as Lake Sevier, located in the eastern end, is almost completed. Heavy terraces have been raised and miles of walks, drives and by-paths have been leveled and macadamized. When completed, the place will present a most beautiful and charming sight. With the tall blue grass standing everywhere about and the groups of refreshing shade trees and the clumps and clusters and slopes of bright-hued flowers and verdant shrubbery, the prospect will be, to say the least, pleasant to behold.

Fifteen main buildings will be comprised in the Expostion. These are named the Parthenon, the Commerce Building, the Agriculture Building, the Machinery Building, the Transportation Building, the Minerals and Forestry Building, the Horticulture Hall, Live Stock Arena, History Building, Woman's Building, the Children's Building, the Negro Building, U. S. Government Building, Auditorium, and Administration Building.

The department of exhibits will be divided into fifteen specific classes, which will be arranged in these buildings. They will be: The department of Fine Arts, History, etc.; Commerce and Manufactures; Agriculture, Horticulture and Farm Implements; Machinery; Transportation; Electricity; Geology, Minerals and Mining; Forestry and Forest Products; Hygiene, Medicine and Sanitary Appliances; Live Stock, Pet Animals and Poultry; Military; Education; Woman's Department; Children's Department, and Negro Department. There will, also, be a Foreign Department, which will contain classified exhibits, as above, from foreign countries. The buildings of the Exposition are magnificent specimens of architecture, splendid and graceful in their proportions, and elaborate in detail and finish. Some of them are especially large, covering acres of ground. They are all of



The Auditorium

Commerce Building

pure white, their exterior coating being of a high grade staff, carefully selected and artistically applied, the effect of the whole given and being most impressive and beautiful, and reminding one forcibly—together with the quality of the architecture—of a quaint and restful marble city, sitting alone.

The Parthenon will be the principal building of the Exposition. It is a perfect reproduction of the Parthenon of the Acropolis at Athens and will be the Exposition's centrepiece. It is located on what might be termed the Acropolis of the Exposition grounds—that is, its most elevated and prominent portion.

The building will be given up to the use of the fine arts exclusively. For this purpose it has been made fireproof. The walls of the cellar are entirely of brick and the edifice otherwise has been constructed to resist fire.

The interior arrangement of the Parthenon is most elaborate. Its naves are in the shape of great Greek crosses, forming a square gallery at either end and two apartments, or alcoves, in the centre. At these ends broad doors open out upon the double-columned porticos. There are no windows in the building. The light furnished comes from the roof, which is, in fact, one long window, or skylight, of itself. The other details of the interior are carried out on the lines of the world's best galleries to secure the very best effects for the masterpieces of canvas and sculpture.

While not so elaborate nor imposing as the Parthenon, the Commerce Building is another splendid specimen of beautiful architecture, and, at the same time, is the largest building on the Exposition grounds. It will contain the exhibits of the manufactures and liberal arts. Its dimensions are 500x315 feet, and it is built in the shape of the letter "T." Its architecture is of very striking and picturesque method and effect. It has two wings, each 150 feet wide and crowned on either end with double domes. A great dome arises in the middle from the front facade to a height of 175 feet. The great hollow cavity of this

Machinery Building

Lake Watauga, a beautiful spot on the Exposition Grounds

lofty, rotund tower is one of the principal things that will attract the attention of the multitude on entering the building.

The interior of the Commerce building is of very simple and convenient arrangement. To the right and left—down along the wings—run three great aisles, on either side of which are spaces for exhibits, the area being broken into circular form at the centre for special features. A central pavilion runs back 315 feet, forming, beyond the dome, a special section which will be given over to the Foreign Exhibit.

Two galleries extend the length of the base of the dome, at the centre, measuring 160x42 feet. From the ends of these galleries the visitor may go out on broad promenades extending to the extremities of the edifice or ascend to the observatory at the top of the dome.

The outside of the building is very handsome. Its shapely windows, its entire snowy coat of staff, relieved by statues and bas-relief ornamentations show it off to splendid effect. A striking bronze statue of Mercury, in heroic mould, stands out over the east portico, the pediment beneath presenting the seal of Tennessee and sculpture symbolical of the contents of the building. The style of architecture is Graeco-Roman. In this building will be the toilets and lavatories for the public in ample supply, as they were in the Manufacturers' and Liberal Arts Building at the World's Fair.

The Agriculture building is very little smaller than the Commerce building, its dimensions being 525x175 feet. It is in the Renaissance style, and with its great central dome and six surrounding smaller ones, at regular intervals, present a most commanding and pleasing appearance.

The interior arrangement of this building is unique. The outlines of its floor plan are broken in peculiar ways, setting off the displays to attractive effect. Over the principal doors, front and rear, are splendid arch effects, the end entrances passing through porticos. Glass is used in the domes to increase the light on the exhibits. Ample provision will be made in this building for

Transportation Building

Women's Building

perhaps the most extensive display of farm machinery that has ever been brought together, also of farm products, it being the intention to place the implements and products of the field in juxtaposition, to get the increased and direct effect.

The Machinery building is a great, broad, magnificent rectangular structure, 375x138 feet in extent, of the Greek-Doric pattern. It is a prototype of the Parthenon of the Acropolis and the famous Propylaeum of Munich, combined. Its appearance at first gives out the impression of the peculiar, but on closer observation its outlines and proportions develop into the beautiful.

"The Parthenon." Art Building

An esplanade, with handsome urns of tropical plants surrounds it. In order to prevent additional heat in the building during the summer months and also to make a more perfect classification of the exhibits, a special house has been built, called the Power House, in which all the steam propellers and other great engines will be placed.

The Transportation building rests between the Commerce and Agriculture buildings in the Exposition grounds, lying just west of the Parthenon, with Lake Watauga on its one side and a long shady avenue on the other. The dimensions of this building are 400x120 feet. Railroad tracks run through it, the entrances from the north being sufficiently large for the admission of engines and trains. The balance of the floor space is divided into blocks of different sizes for the reception of smaller vehicles and other displays.

The Minerals and Forestry building stands between the southern boundary of Lake Watauga and the northern end of Lake Katherine, and most effectually ornaments the sides of these artificial lakes. It is of Roman-Doric style and in dimension is 400x125 feet. It is the especial intention in this building to make a splendid display of the wonderful mineral and timber resources of the middle part of the United States. In the south end of the building marble, onyx, sandstone, etc., will be shown; in the north end all grades and kinds of coal and the countless varieties of timber. A section of native Tennessee marble, dressed, will be made particularly attractive. The geological strata will be here illustrated and the topography of the country shown in

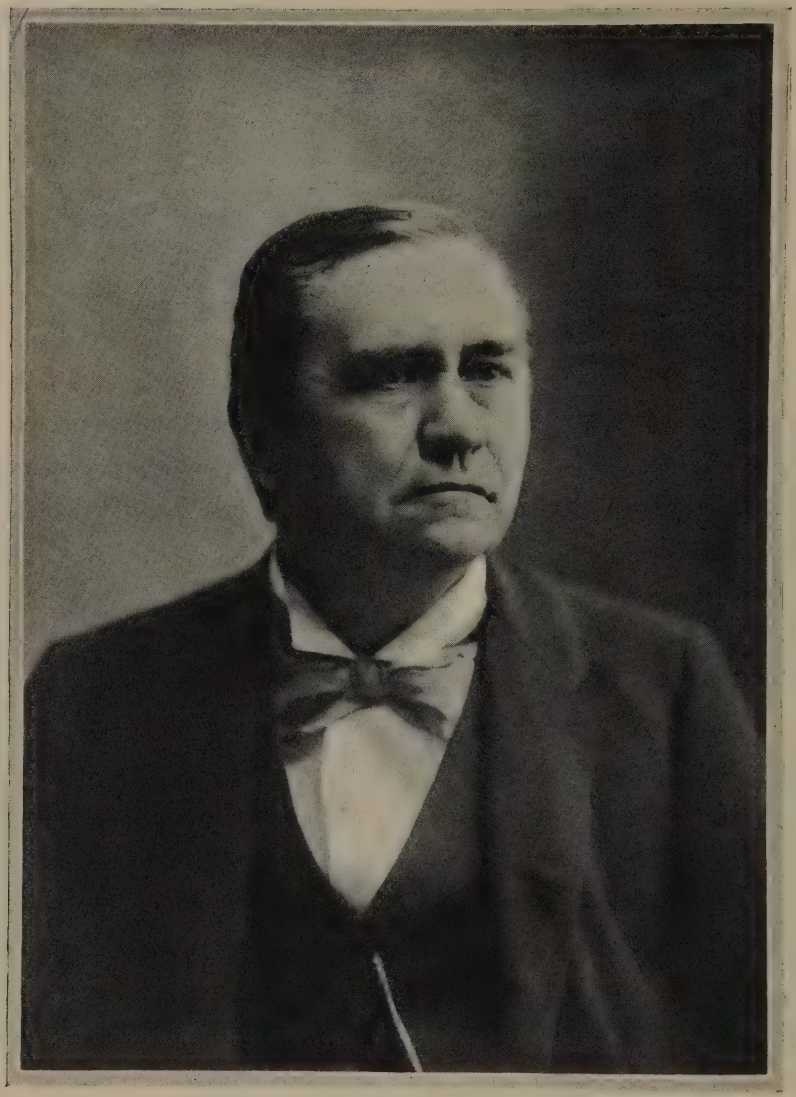
Officers of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition

relief. Also the instruments used in reducing the forests and in developing mines.

The Woman's building will be one of the most interesting buildings of the Exposition. Its design was the work of a woman, and it was copied after the Hermitage, President Andrew Jackson's old residence, which stands just out of Nashville. To the graceful colonial lines of this old Southern home have been added touches of the Greek, and the result is one of the most simply beautiful structures in the Exposition grounds. Inside the arrangement is just as attractive and complete. A rotunda extends through the two stories, with a grand staircase leading up from the rear, which latter is lighted by a magnificent circular window of many colors. In the midst of this rotunda fountains will play and palms and statuary rest fresh and luxuriant. To the left of the entrance is the Assembly Hall for congresses and public meetings, under control of the Woman's Board. Other rooms are provided for the various arts and industries in which women have been prominent—one for patents by women, another for books and musical compositions. A cabin of cedar logs will be erected near the building and furnished in the old Colonial style.

An Arbor on the Exposition Grounds

The Children's building is a most delightful little affair and reminds one, happily, of a beloved toy house enlarged. It is a small, square, two-story edifice, with a double portico and imitation gable in front and two miniature, square wings on either end. Of course, it will be given up to children and to children's things exclusively. And it is well arranged for that purpose. A large room in the centre of the structure is provided for exercises for the school youths,



Major John W. Thomas, President Tennessee Centennial Exposition

which same exercises, conducted on successive dates, will be repeated throughout the Exposition period by the pupils in all the schools of Tennessee. Another room will be set aside for the exhibition of the work of children, and another section for the representation of whatever is of interest or use to them. This latter collection will be especially complete, as it is being gathered from all over the world by special agents. A park of tame deer will be kept in the rear of this building, at the little ones' service, and in front there will be a high tower, with silver chimes in the belfry.

The History building has been constructed of corrugated iron, to make it fireproof, and is in the form of a Greek cross, and will contain matter pertaining to the history of the United States, and particularly of Tennessee.

The Administration building is a

handsome structure, on the club house pattern, with hard wood interior and wide porches. Its broad verandas looking out on the great band stand, will be thrown open to the people when the gates of the Exposition are opened.

The Auditorium is of Colonial design, with Ionic suggestions, and is also in somewhat the shape of a cross. Four airy porticos extend from it on either side. Two colonnades pass, one on either side of the main entrance, around to the end porticos, furnishing a delightful promenade and resting place. The interior of the building is finished in hard wood. Its seating capacity is 6000, and the stage and band pit are large in proportion. A broad gallery extends around three sides of the building, and here, as well as on the main floor, comfortable seats have been provided. Above the colonnades are pleasant balconies for the viewing of pageants by day and electrical and fireworks displays by night. The tower is 140 feet high and affords a magnificent view of the Exposition.

The Government building, as is always the case with the Government's houses in such Expositions, is very simple and neat in design, though well arranged and amply commodious for its purpose.

Besides these buildings, there are numerous others for amusement and refreshment purposes, etc., together with the many Foreign, State and County buildings, society and fraternal headquarters, etc.

A novel feature of the Exposition will be the portion of it called "Vanity Fair." This is to be the amusement side of the Exposition, and is to serve the purpose in a minor way of the Midway Plaisance at the Chicago Fair. Almost every kind of amusement ever invented for the delight of any class of people will be found here. Foreign villages, representing the nationalities of the world, queer animals, peculiar theatrical performances, remarkable dances, mazes, balloon ascensions and parachute drops, scenic railways, "shooting the chutes," reproductions of famous edifices and portions of streets, a lofty tower and a great wheel, mechanical toys, bell ringers—all are on the list from which the menu for this delightful place is being selected.

The Rialto bridge is another attractive feature of the Exposition grounds. Everything within the Exposition has been arranged carefully and perfectly to meet the public pleasure and comfort. The lighting of the grounds and buildings will be by electricity. Wires, in underground conduits, have been laid for this purpose. Water will be furnished from city mains and deep wells. A perfect sewer system has been introduced. The park has been named Exposition Park.

The officers of the Exposition have been taken from the very first men of Tennessee and the South. Mr. John W. Thomas, the well-known President of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis railroad, who was selected as President, and Mr. C. E. Lewis for Director-General of the Exposition, are two gentlemen among the most influential and most respected of the South and are of national reputation. Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman, of Nashville, is President of the Woman's Board, and is the wife of Mr. Van Leer Kirkman, who is the First Vice President of the Exposition. She is one of the prominent women of the South and her influence, as well as the knowledge of her capacity, extend throughout the East and North and West as well. Miss Ada Scott Rice, who has been chosen secretary of the Women's Board, is one of the prominent unmarried women of Tennessee. Besides these, the other officers, the Board of Directors, the Executive Committee and other committees and the heads of the departments are made up of the very bone and sinew of the state and South. They are: W. A. Henderson, of Knoxville, Tenn., Second Vice President; John Overton, Jr., of Memphis, Third Vice President, and Charles E. Curry, Secretary.

Of the Executive Committee: E. E. Barthell, J. W. Thomas, Jr., Samuel M. Murphy, G. H. Baskette, J. H. McDowell, M. J. Dalton, Horace E. Palmer, Horace H. Lurton, A. H. Robinson, W.

L. Dudley, E. W. Cole, Tully Brown, Luke E. Wright, W. H. Jackson, J. W. Baker, J. Norduventu, J. C. Neely, Thos. D. Fite, J. H. Fall, Jno. J. McCann, B. F. Wilson and H. W. Buttorff.

Department of Administration, on the staff of E. C. Lewis, Director-General: W. H. Bruce, Chief Clerk; A. W. Wills, Commissioner-General; S. J. Keith, Chairman Finance Committee; S. A. Champion, General Counsel; Frank Goodman, Auditor; W. P. Tanner, Treasurer, and C. T. Berry, Secretary.

Grounds and Buildings: Robert T. Creighton, Engineer in Charge; W. B. Felts, Secretary; Eastman G. Curry, Commandant of the Guard.

Committee on Installation of Exhibits: W. L. Dudley, J. H. Bruce, A. H. Robinson, J. H. Eakin, M. S. Lebeck.

Committee on Privileges and Concessions: E. E. Barthell, W. C. Collier, O. J. Timothy, Jno. J. McCann, James L. De Moville.

Chiefs of Departments: Promotion and Publicity, Henry Justi; Fine Arts, Architecture and History, Theo. Cooley; Commerce and Liberal Arts, J. H. Bruce; Agriculture, Horticulture and Farm Implements, T. F. P. Allison; Transportation, J. W. Thomas, Jr.; Machinery, W. T. Magruder; Electricity, J. W. Braid; Geology, Minerals and Mining, J. M. Stafford; Forestry and Forest Products, A. E. Braid; Live Stock, Pet Animals and Poultry, Van L. Kirkman; Education, W. L. Dudley; Military, Charles Sykes; Children's W. T. Davis; Hygiene, Medicine and Sanitary Appliances, J. D. Plunket.

Negro Department: J. C. Napier.

Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman, President of the Women's Department

In charge of the Foreign Department of the Exposition is Mr. A. Macchi, who, it will be remembered, was connected with the Foreign Commission of the World's Fair of 1893.

In connection with its hundredth birthday, a word about the state of Ten-

Rialto Bridge, an attractive feature of the Fair Grounds

nessee, in whose honor the Exposition is to be held, might not be amiss.

Since its admission to the Union no state of the South has advanced more rapidly than Tennessee. It is considered today one of the most prosperous in the whole southern territory. It has four cities—Memphis, Nashville, Knoxville and Chattanooga—that are reckoned among the prominent cities of the South. Agriculturally, the state is rich; it is rich in minerals and its forests give grateful yield. Iron, coal, marble, hard wood timber are among its products and it yields them in enormous quantities. Its field crops never fail and vary but slightly.

Industrially, the state is rapidly advancing. Its manufactures have been increasing steadily for decades of years. In the arts and sciences, in education it is not behind. Today, besides its thorough equipment of public schools, it possesses some of the most famous chartered institutions of the country. The average intelligence of the people of Tennessee is high. The state's climate is admirable. It is the boast of its people that somewhere within its boundaries the climate of every quarter of the Union may be found. To some extent the state grows every crop reported in the National Census. Its mean temperature is 58 degrees.

The area of Tennessee is 42,050 square miles. It is 432 miles long by 109 miles wide. It lies between a latitude of 35 degrees and 36 degrees, 30 minutes north, and a longitude of 81 degrees, 37 minutes, and 90 degrees, 28 minutes west. It slopes from the Unaka mountains, 5,000 feet above the sea, on the east, to the Mississippi River, 300 feet above the sea, on the west. It touches eight states—Kentucky, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas and Missouri.

Its population is more than 2,000,000.

Tennessee's gifts to the nation have not been few. Among them were three Presidents, one of whom was the greatest that ever sat in the nation's chair.

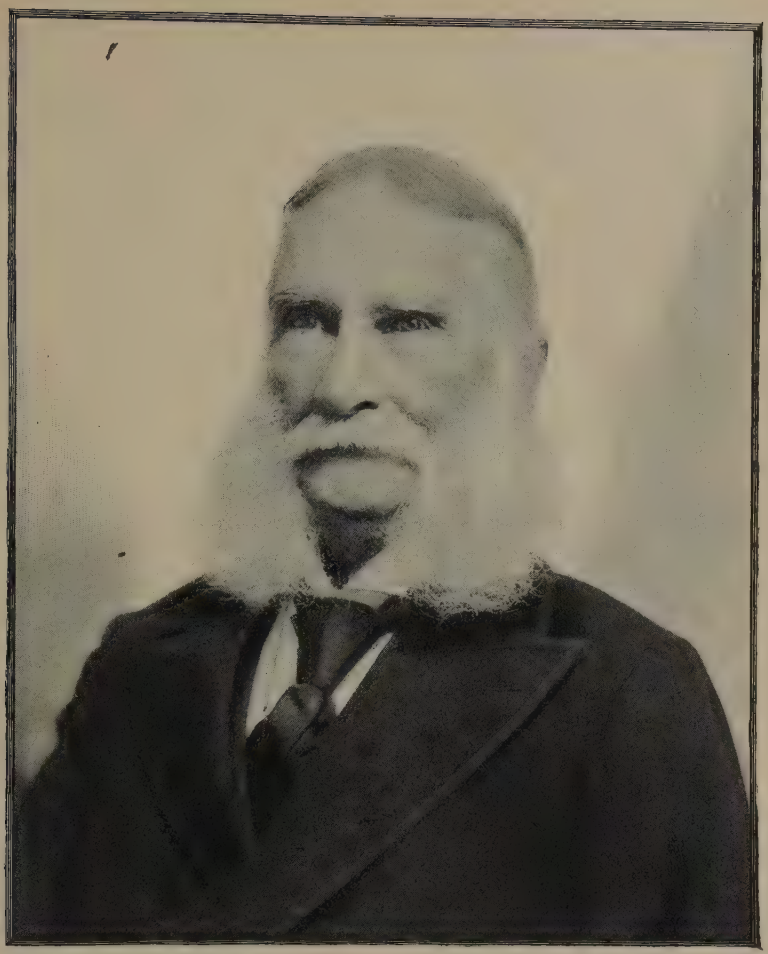
And if in peace Tennessee is prosperous and in statesmanship distinguished, in war she is not behind. By her prompt and noble action during the late contest she drew down on herself the ever glorious title "The Volunteer State."

Nashville, the city of the Exposition, was founded in 1780, sixteen years before the state of Tennessee was admitted into the Union. Its population in 1860 was 75,000; in 1870, 40,000; in 1880, 60,000; in 1890, 100,000; and it has today, with its suburban towns, 150,000 people. The city is situated on both banks of the Cumberland River, near the centre of the Central Basin of Tennessee, a region unsurpassed in fertility of soil and beauty of landscape. One night's ride will bring the inhabitants of Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, Memphis, Montgomery, Ala., and Atlanta to its gates.

The city is thoroughly lighted by gas and electricity, and the streets throughout are paved with granite, vitrified brick, asphalt, or hard rolled macadam. As a city of health, it is equal to any in the United States. The spring, summer and fall months—those during which the Exposition will be held—are not as warm in its locality as in the more southern country, nor are they so hot as in the great cities of the North.

Historically, the city was the home of Andrew Jackson and James Knox Polk, and their tombs and old residence places are among the numerous attractions Nashville has to offer the stranger today. It was the seat of the operations of the late war, in the West, and is surrounded by battlefields. Stone's River, Franklin, Shiloh, Fort Donelson, Perryville, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge are within easy reach of it.

Educationally, Nashville is well equipped. Besides the nineteen magnificent public schools within its own limits it has over eighty universities, colleges, seminaries, academies and private schools. This array of institutions of learning justly entitle it to its national appellation of the "Athens of the South."



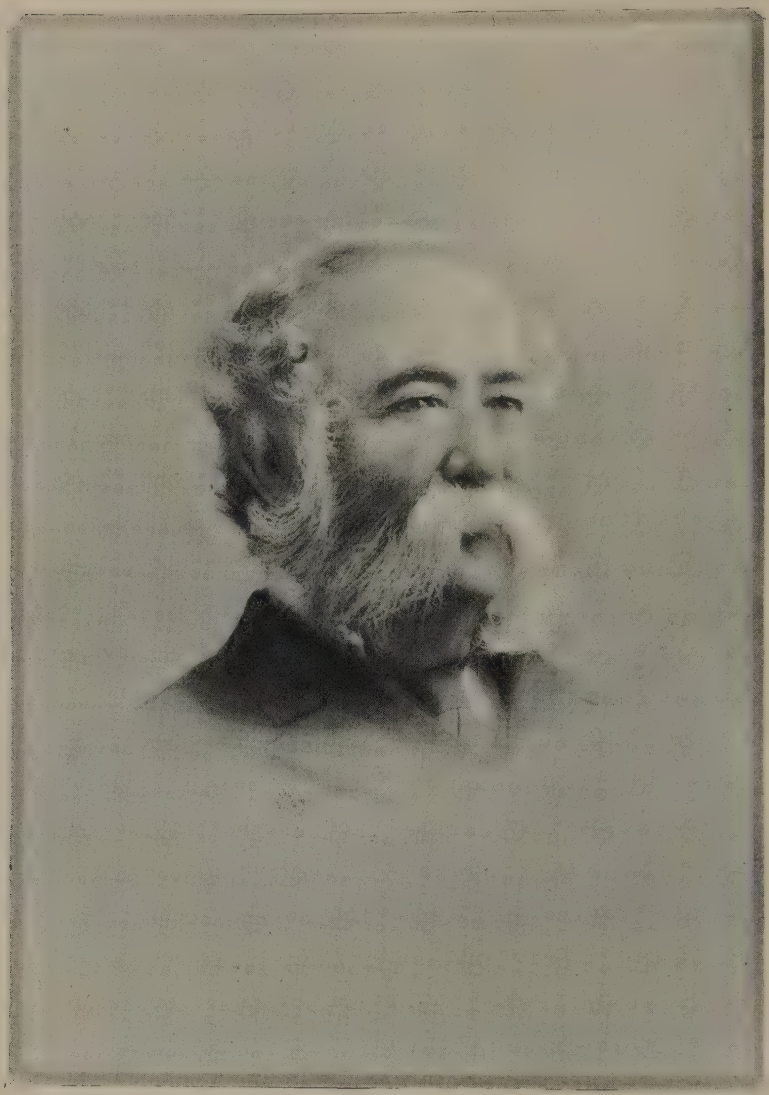
Lieutenant-General James Longstreet

THE SURVIVING LEADERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

By Frank Astor Newton

IF there was any one impression of note that made itself felt more keenly than others at the Richmond reunion last July of the Veterans of the South, it was the fact that peace claims its victims as well as war. During the thirty odd years that have elapsed since the cessation of hostilities, more wearers of the blue and the grey have received their summons to leave the ranks than the total number of lives yielded in the fortunes of war. A skeleton of its former self would be the roster of the Confederate Army were it possible to be read today. The incursions of time have been most naturally severe among the leaders, as many of them were well advanced in life when the war broke out. President Davis, not by any means among the last to survive, died in 1889. Previous to that in 1870 occurred the death of the greatest leader of all, General Robert E. Lee.

All the members, save one, of Presi-



Lieutenant-General Wade Hampton

dent Davis' cabinet, from March, 1892, to the end of the war, have passed away. This includes Secretary of State Benjamin, Secretaries of Treasury Memminger and Trenholm, Secretaries of War Randolph, Seddon, Smith and Breckenridge, and Attorney-Generals Watts and Davis. The only surviving member is the Postmaster-General, John H. Reagan, who since the war has prominently represented Texas in Congress.

As the interest which still exists concerning the Confederacy is approximately the same thing as the interest which attaches itself to the men who composed it, our purpose becomes that to speak briefly in a biographical way of the leaders of the Confederacy who still survive.

Postmaster-General John H. Reagan was born in Sevier County, Tennessee, in 1818, leaving this state after a seminary education for employment in Tex-

as, where business prospects were better.

He entered Texas in 1839, with a few articles of clothing tied up in a handkerchief, and a ten-dollar bill on the Holly Springs bank of Mississippi, which was worth fifty cents on the dollar. In June he enlisted as a volunteer in the army of Texas, participating in the battles with the Cherokee and other tribes of Indians. A day or two after the last battle, he was offered a second lieutenancy in the regular army of the Republic of Texas, but being under 21, declined the appointment. In the fall of 1839 he was appointed a deputy surveyor for a very large territory, spending two years in this pursuit. In 1841 he was in General Jim Smith's command, which went to the cross-timbers, west of where Dallas is, to drive the hostile Indians further from them.

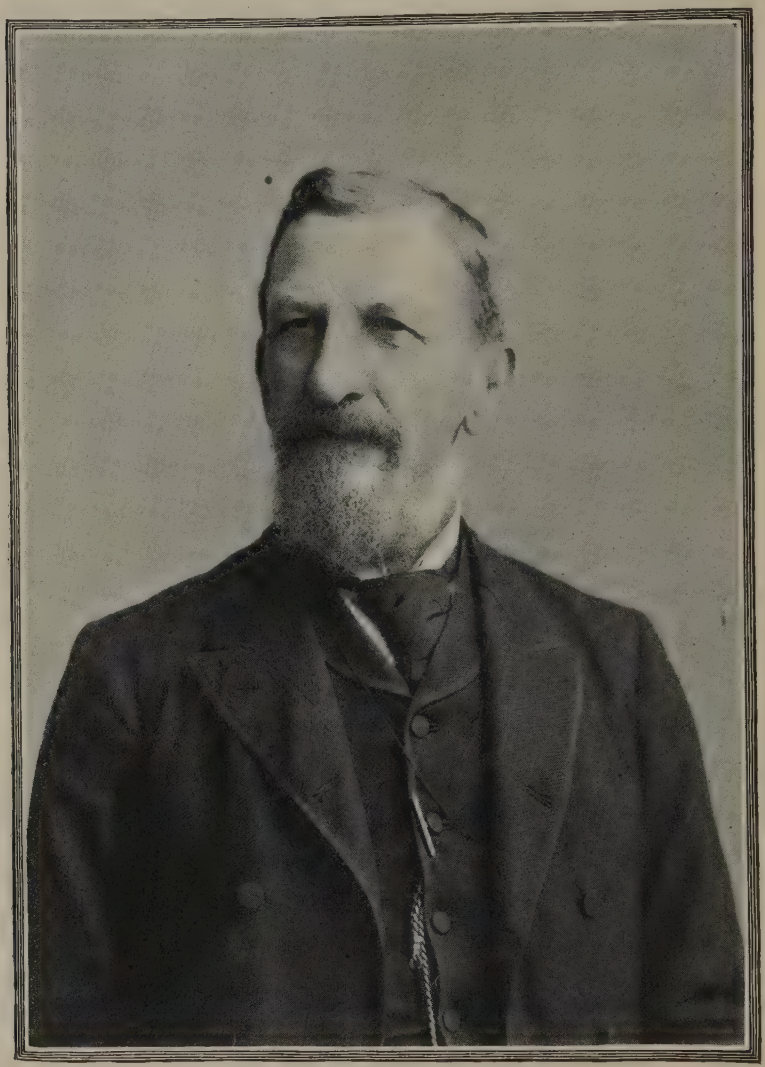
In 1844 General Reagan became a pioneer settler in what is now Kaufman County, and opened a small farm, and had a small stock of cattle and horses there. The same year he commenced the study of the law, without the aid of a preceptor, receiving two years later a temporary license to practice law in the district and inferior courts of the State. The same year he was elected

Lieutenant-General Stephen D. Lee

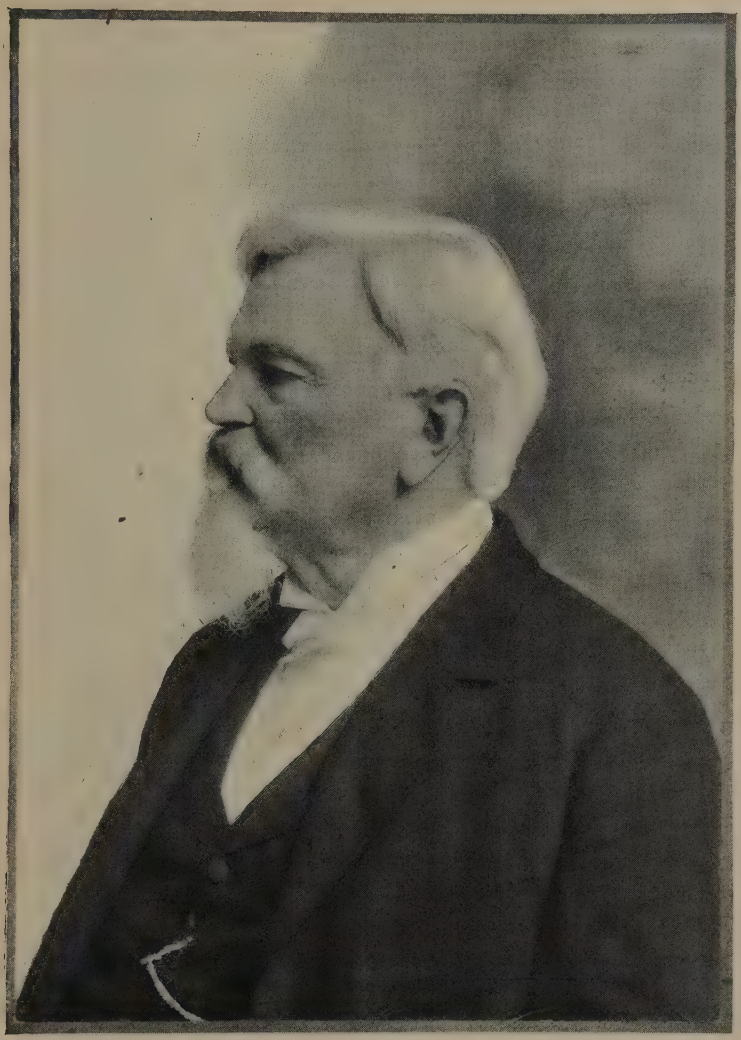
probate judge and colonel of militia of Henderson county.

In 1852 General Reagan was elected judge of the State District Court for the old 9th judicial district, for a term of six years. In 1857, five years later, he was nominated and elected to the Congress of the United States, having resigned as judge to make the race. In 1859 he was again elected to Congress. In February 1861, he left his seat in Congress, because he felt that a Southern representative could no longer sit there and maintain his self-respect.

On the 6th of March, 1861, he was appointed Postmaster-General of the provisional government of the Confederacy by President Jefferson Davis, and served in that position and also as a member of the provisional Congress until the permanent government was organized in February, 1862. He was

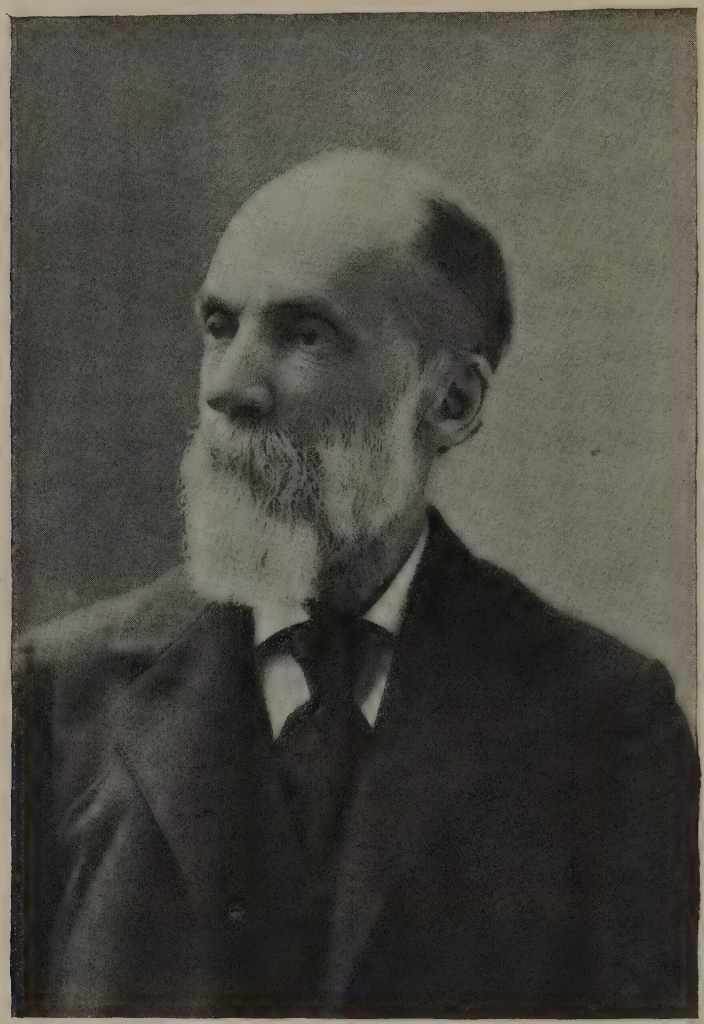


Lieutenant-General Alexander P. Stewart



Lieutenant-General A. B. Buckner

then appointed Postmaster-General under that government by President Davis, continuing in that office until the fall of the Confederacy in 1865. On the 10th of May, 1865, he was captured by the Federal forces, and made a prisoner of war, along with President Davis, Governor Lubbock, Col. Wm. Preston Johnston and others. They were taken by way of Macon, Atlanta and Augusta to Savannah, Georgia, and from thence by sea to Hampton Roads, Virginia. Vice-President Stephens was added to the number at Augusta, Georgia. At Hampton Roads, Vice-President Stephens and General Reagan were separated from the other prisoners, and sent to Fort Warren, in Boston harbor, where they were detained as prisoners until October of that year, when General Reagan returned to Texas under parole as a prisoner. He remained disfranchised until 1875. During that year his political disabilities were removed by act of Congress. And the same year, 1875, he was again elected to the Congress of the United States, the 44th Congress. In the several years of 1877,

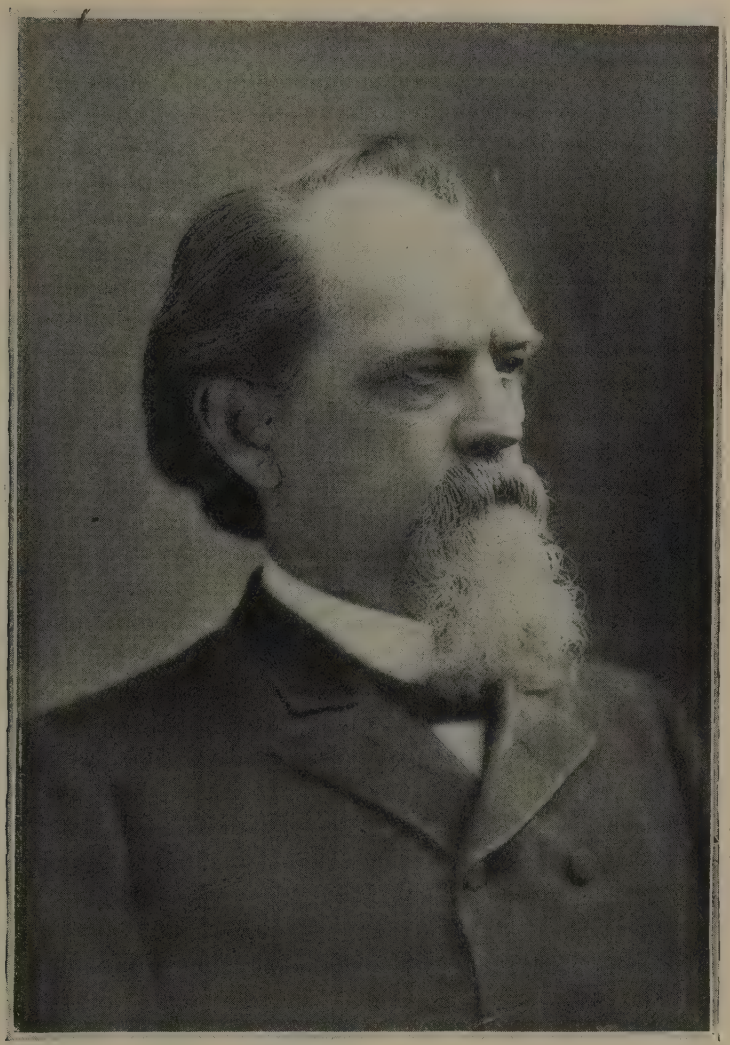


Lieutenant-General Joseph Wheeler. Senior Cavalry General of the Confederate Armies

1879, 1881, 1883, 1885 and 1887, he was re-elected to the Congress of the United States. But he did not serve in that body under his election in 1887, because of his being that year elected to the Senate of the United States for six years. In this position he served four years, resigning in 1891 to accept an appointment as Railroad Commissioner for Texas. This position he holds at the present time.

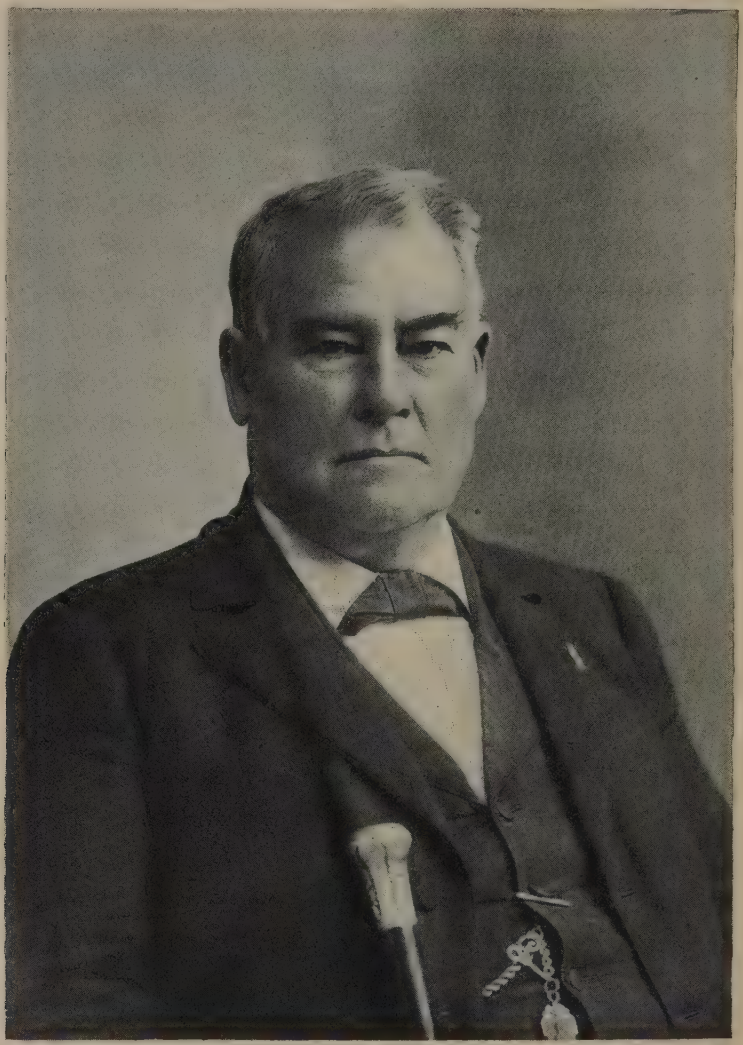
The leading military officers under President Davis, have shared the same fate as his cabinet members. All of the generals, Lee, Cooper, A. S. Johnston, J. E. Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg, Smith and Hood, have sheathed their sword for the last time. Of the twenty-one lieutenant-generals only seven now remain. Of this list General Longstreet's name very naturally takes precedence.

Born in Edgefield, S.C., in 1821, General James Longstreet, the senior living Confederate officer, received, on his reaching the age of seventeen, an ap-



Lieutenant-General James B. Gordon

pointment from Alabama to the West Point Military Academy. Graduating in 1842, he was immediately assigned to the Fourth Infantry, and soon saw service in Missouri, in Louisiana on the frontier, and in some engagements of the Mexican War. For gallant conduct in these latter he was raised to the rank of major. In 1861 he resigned from the regular army to join the Confederate forces, of which he was at once appointed brigadier-general. He first won distinction in the battle of Bull Run, where he prevented a large force of Federal troops from supporting McDowell's flank movement. At the second Bull Run he commanded First Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, which came so promptly to the relief of Jackson when he was hard pressed by Pope's army, and by a determined flank charge decided the fortunes of the day. He led the right wing of his same division at Gettysburg, and tried to dissuade Lee from ordering the disastrous charge on the



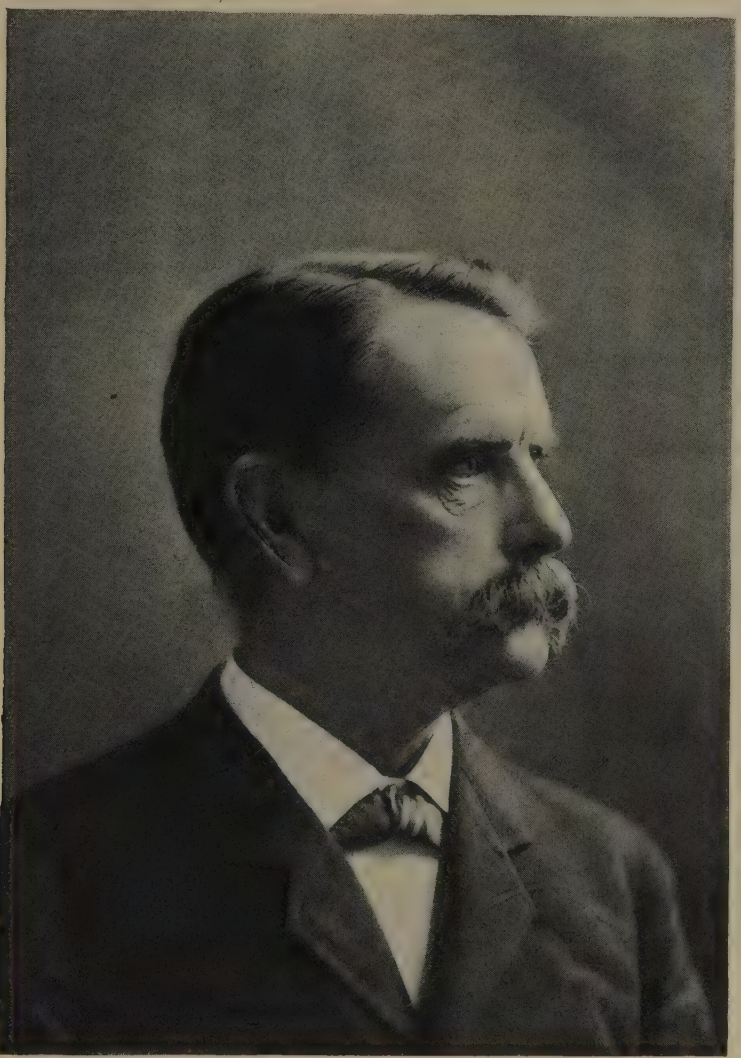
Postmaster-General John A. Reagan. The Sole Survivor of President Davis's Cabinet

third day. When Lee returned to Virginia, Longstreet was transferred to the Army of Tennessee. He rejoined Lee early in 1864, and was so prominent in the battle of the Wilderness as to be wounded by the fire of his own men. He was in the surrender at Appomattox, April 9, 1865.

Throughout the army he was familiarly known as "Old Pete," and was considered as stubborn a fighter as the Confederate service boasted. He always inspired the utmost confidence of his men, and the whole army was prompted with increased ardor when it became known down the lines that "Old Pete" was up. General Longstreet after the war took up his residence in New Orleans, where he established the commission house of Longstreet, Owens & Co. He was later appointed Surveyor of the Port of New Orleans by President Grant, and afterwards Supervisor of Internal Revenue in Louisiana and postmaster at New Orleans. In 1880, under President Hayes' admin-

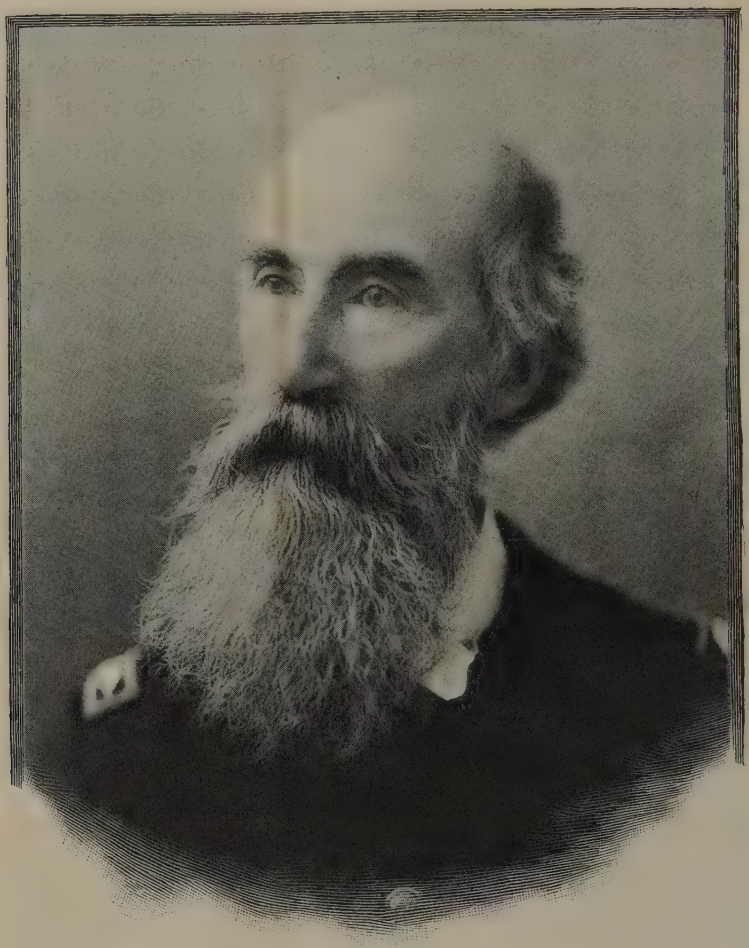
istration, he was sent as United States Minister to Turkey, while under Garfield he was United States Marshal for the district of Georgia.

and afterward studied law, but without the intention of practising it. He served in the Legislature of South Carolina in early life. His earlier life



R. G. H. Kean. Chief of the Bureau of War

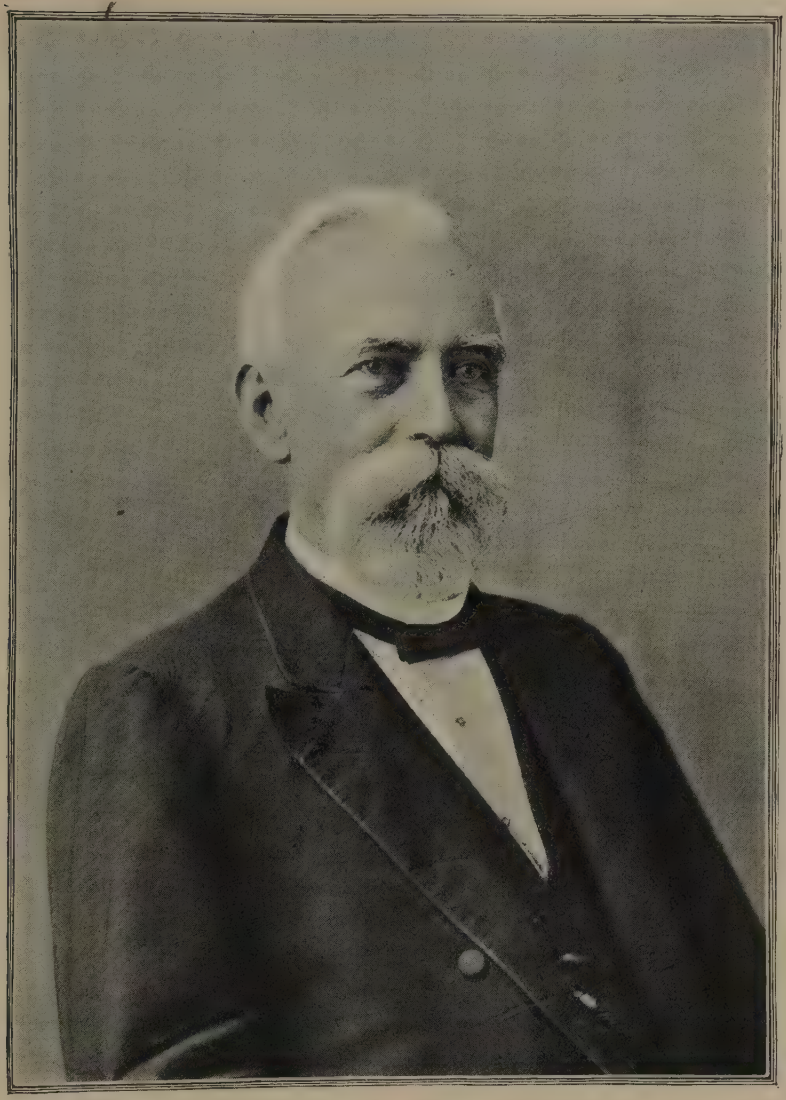
General Wade Hampton, following Longstreet in order, is the third of the same name, his grandfather having served with distinction in the Revolutionary War under Marion and Sumter. Wade Hampton was born in Columbia, S. C., in 1818, was graduated at the University of South Carolina, was, however, devoted to his plantation interests in South Carolina and Mississippi and to the pursuits of a man of fortune. When the civil war commenced Hampton enlisted as a private, but soon raised a command of infantry, cavalry and artillery, which was known as "Hampton's Legion," and



John M. Brook. Chief of Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography of the Navy Department

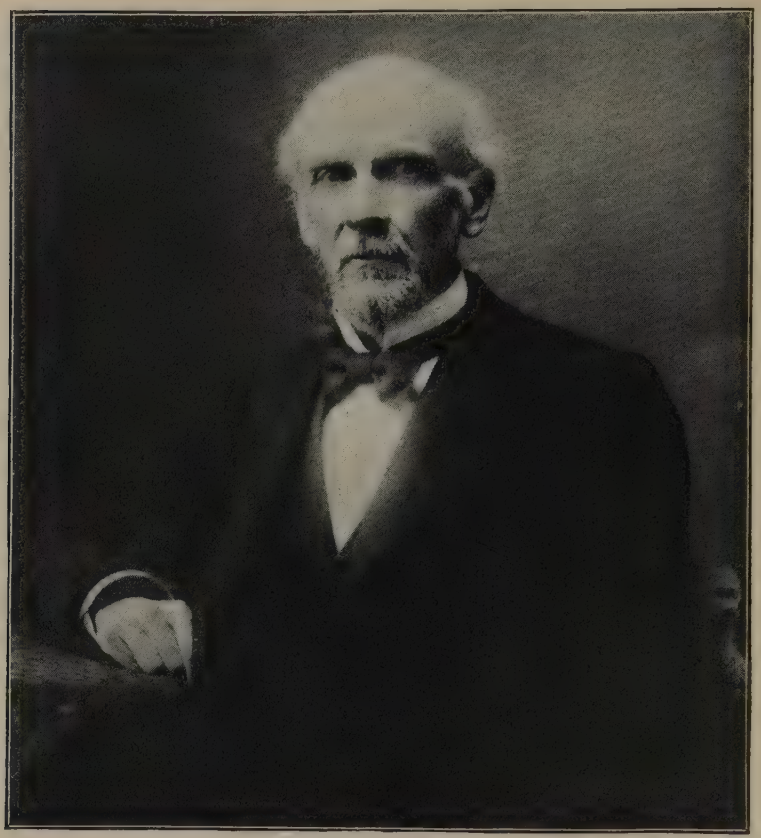
won distinction in the war. Soon afterward he was made brigadier-general of cavalry and assigned to General J. E. B. Stuart's command. He distinguished himself at Gettysburg, receiving three wounds; was made a major-general, with rank from August 3, 1863. In 1864, after several days' fighting, he gave Sheridan a check at Trevillian's Station, and in twenty-three days he captured over three thousand prisoners, with a loss of seven hundred and nineteen men. He was made commander of Lee's cavalry in August, with the rank of lieutenant-general. Hampton was soon afterwards detached to take command of J. E. Johnston's cavalry, and did what he could to arrest the advance of Sherman's army northward from Savannah in the spring of 1865. After the war he engaged in cotton planting. In 1876 he was nominated for Governor of South Carolina and elected. In the same year he was elected to the United States Senate, and re-elected in 1884. In 1893 he was appointed by President Cleveland United States Commissioner of Railroads, which position he still holds.

Following General Hampton comes General A. P. Stewart, who was born in 1821, at Rogersville, East Tennessee. He was appointed a cadet in the United States Military Academy in 1838; grad-



Colonel F. R. Lubbock

uated in 1842 as second lieutenant, Third artillery. In 1843 he was an assistant to the professor of mathematics, resigning in 1845 from the army. He was professor of mental and natural philosophy in Cumberland and Nashville Universities until 1860; then major of artillery in Tennessee Artillery corps at Columbus, Ky., and battle of Belmont. He was brigadier general in the Kentucky campaign and was major-general in command of division, at Chattanooga in Chickamauga campaign and battle, in the battle of Missionary Ridge, in the Georgia campaign of 1864. He was lieutenant general at Atlanta; with Hood in his campaign in Tennessee, at Franklin and Nashville; with Joe Johnson again in North Carolina, and was at Cole's Farm. He returned to Cumberland University. From 1874 to 1886 he was the chancellor of



Colonel Wm. P. Johnston

the University of Mississippi. For the past few years he has been a commissioner of Chickamauga Park.

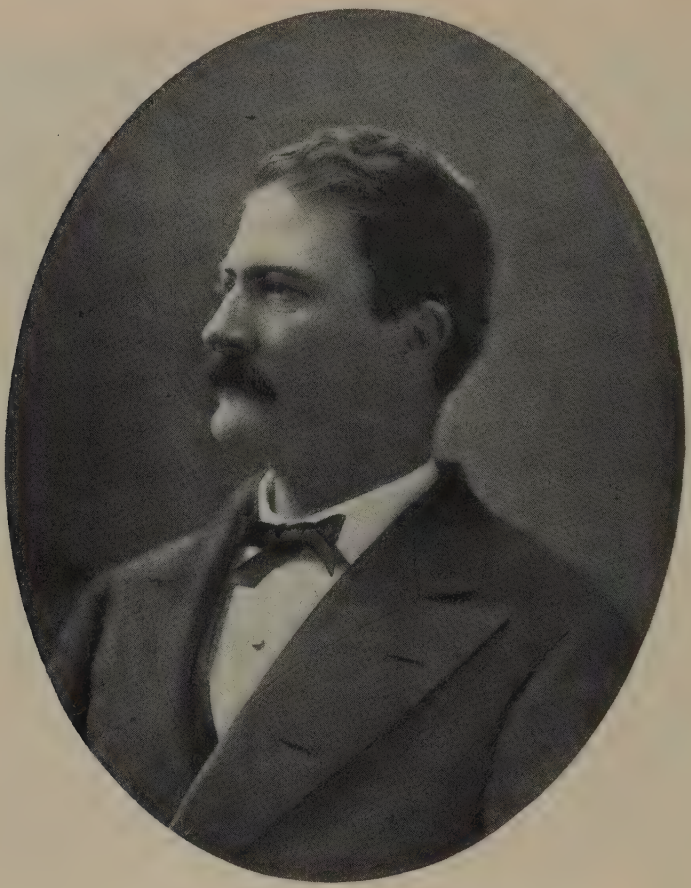
No general in the Army of Tennessee had more endeared himself to his troops than General A. P. Stewart; and if they affectionately designated General Hardee as "Old Reliable," with equal affection they had bestowed the appellation of "Old Straight" on General Stewart. Quiet, modest, yet positive, without emphasizing his authority, he directed his command with but few orders. His appearance betokened such high moral character, such cool determination, such straightforward simplicity, that his troops seemed to catch by inspiration the orders he wished executed. When these came they were as straight as his nature, as straight as the blow he gave in striking the foe.

Another lieutenant-general of the seven who now remain is John B. Gordon, at one time Governor of Georgia, and three times a United States Senator. He was born in Upson County, Georgia, in 1832, and educated at the University of Georgia. He read law and practised for a time in his native state.

In 1861 John B. Gordon joined the volunteers, and was elected captain of a company. He served to the close of the war, becoming in succession major, lieutenant-colonel, colonel, brigadier-general, major-general and lieutenant-general, and at the close of the war commanded one wing of General Lee's army. In an official report of

General D. H. Hill, General Gordon was designated "the Chevalier Bayard of the Confederate army," and it has been said of him that "no soldier in American arms ever made a record that surpassed in audacity and success the one marked out by Gordon." From first to last Gordon was in the front of affairs. He held the last lines at Petersburg and fought with stubborn valor for every inch of space. He guarded the retreat from the ill-fated city, and at Appomattox Court-house was put at the head of the 4,000 troops (half of Lee's army) who were intended to cut through Grant's line, had not Lee surrendered. He settled in Atlanta at the close of the war. In 1867, although he declined to allow the use of his name as candidate for Governor of Georgia, he was nominated, and according to his party, was elected and counted out by the reconstruction machinery. He was delegate at large to the national Democratic convention at Baltimore in 1872, was elected to the United States Senate that same year, and was re-elected in 1879. He resigned in 1880 and raised the money to build the Georgia Pacific railroad. In 1886 he was elected Governor of Georgia, was re-elected in 1888, and in 1890 was again elected United States Senator. His speech in the United States Senate in 1893, at the time of the Chicago strikes, pledging the South to maintain law and order, rang from one end of the country to the other. He has declined to allow the use of his name for re-election to the Senate at the expiration of his present term (1897), and will devote his time to lecturing. His great historic lecture, "The Last Days of the Confederacy," has not only brought him personal success, but has done immense good in sealing the bonds of peace between the North and the South.

General Joseph Wheeler, who, during the war, made a brilliant record as a cavalry leader, is another of the leading officers now living. The death of General James E. B. Stuart, on May 11, 1864, made him Senior Cavalry General of the Confederate Armies. He was born in Augusta, Georgia, in 1836. He was graduated at the United States Military Academy in 1859, and assigned to the dragoons. In April, 1861, he resigned and entered the Confederate Army, and was soon made colonel of infantry. At Shiloh he commanded a brigade and covered the Confederate retreat from the field. In July, 1862, he was transferred to a cavalry command, and engaged in raiding Western Tennessee. He commanded the rear guard of the Confederate Army when it retreated into Tennessee, and in October was promoted brigadier general. On January 19, 1863, he received his commission as major-general. In May, 1863, the Confederate Congress passed a resolution thanking General Wheeler for his daring deeds and successful military operations. He commanded the cavalry at Chickamauga, and after the battle crossed the Tennessee river and fell upon Rosecrans' line of communications, defeating the force that was sent against him and destroying over 1,200 wagons, with stores. On this raid he succeeded in damaging National property to the value of $3,000,000, and burnt bridges and destroyed Rosecrans' railroad communications. During the winter and spring he continually harassed the National troops, and, on the advance of General Sherman's army toward Atlanta, he opposed every movement, and fought almost daily, often with his men dismounted. On August 9, 1864, he was sent by General Hood to capture the National supplies, burn bridges and break up railways in the rear of General Sherman's army. When the Confederate commander became convinced of the impossibility of arresting Sherman's advance, Wheeler was sent in front of the invading army to prevent the National troops from raiding and foraging. He successfully defended the cities of Macon and Augusta with their vast arsenals and depots of supplies. General Wheeler received his promotion to the



Major-General George Washington Custis Lee. Son of Robert E. Lee

rank of lieutenant-general in February, 1865, and continued in charge of the cavalry under General Joseph E. Johnston until the surrender in April, 1865. After the war he studied law, which profession and the occupation of cotton planting he followed until 1880, when he was elected to Congress. General Wheeler has been elected eight times by continually increasing majorities. His speeches on the tariff, currency, and National election laws have attracted widespread attention, and are pronounced as among the ablest and most profound. He is regarded as authority upon military matters, the tariff and constitutional questions, and he is specially noted for his untiring devotion to his congressional district.

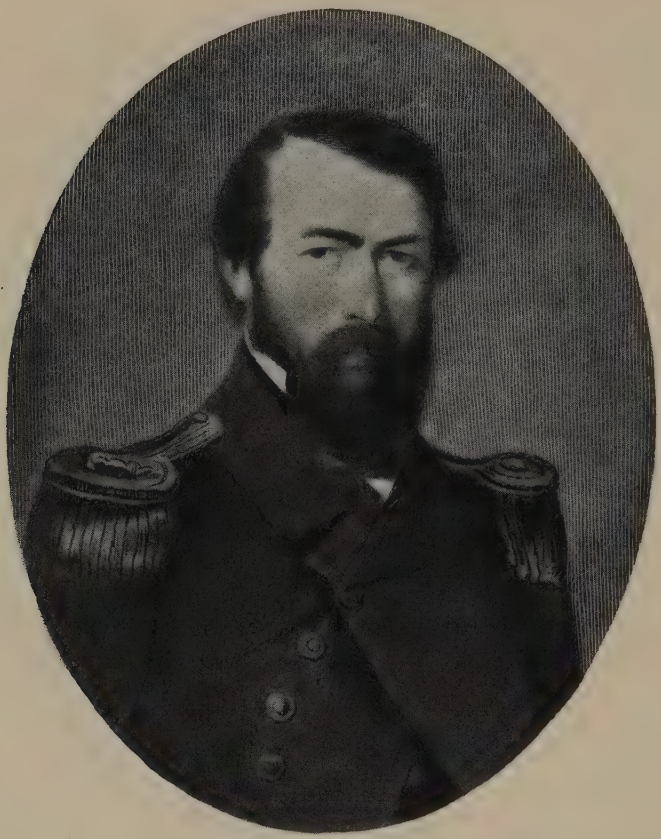
Among the other leading generals of the late war stands prominently the name of General Stephen D. Lee. Born in Charleston, S. C., in 1833, he was assigned on his graduation from West Point in 1854, to the 4th Artillery, U. S. A., where he was first lieutenant and regimental quartermaster, until 1861, when he resigned to cast his lot with the South. Previous to the reduction of Fort Sumter, he was appointed captain in the South Carolina army, and, on becoming aide-de-camp to General Beauregard, he, with Colonel Chestnut, carried the summons to Major Anderson, demanding the surrender of the Fort, and later, when Anderson declined, the order to open fire on the fort. After the fall of Sumter, he short-

ly went to Virginia in command of the light battery of "Hampton's Legion," participating conspicuously in several fights which brought him successively promotions to major of artillery, in November, 1861, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel of artillery. He was in the Peninsular campaigns, and the battles of Seven Pines, Savage's Station and Malvern Hill. His services at the second Bull Run were so brilliant as to attract the attention of the entire army. At Antietam, his conspicuous performance won him a promotion to brigadier-general, and in November of 1863, he was ordered by President Davis to Vicksburg. Immediately after the fall of that city, he was exchanged, promoted to major-general and placed in command of all the cavalry in four states. When Sherman marched from Vicksburg to Meriden with an army of 30,000 men, General Lee hung on his front, rear and flanks, with a cavalry force of 2,500. In January, 1864, he was promoted to lieutenant-general. When the battle of Nashville was fought, and Hood badly routed, Lee's corps was the only organized one for three days after the defeat. In this engagement he was wounded, but retained his command until relieved. He recovered in time to surrender with the Confederate Army, commanded by General J. E. Johnston. Since the war General Lee has labored constantly and energetically to build up the waste portions of the South. Since the opening in 1880 of the Mississippi Agricultural College he has served as its president, and his administration has been an eminently successful one.

General S. B. Buckner's name completes the roll of living lieutenant-generals. He was born in 1823 in Harte County, Kentucky, entering West Point in 1840, and graduating in 1844, to be assigned to the Second Infantry. Later he was called back to West Point as assistant professor of ethics; was relieved at his own request some time afterwards and entered the Mexican service. From 1848 to 1850 he was assistant inspector of infantry tactics at West Point again, resigning in 1853 his commission. When the war opened he accepted a commission as brigadier-general in the Confederate service. His first battles were at Bowling Green, Russellville and Donelson. Here began a three days' conflict, during all of which time General Buckner bore himself in such a manner as to win the confidence of his own men and the respect of the enemy. When his ranking officers, seeing the prospect of defeat and imprisonment, proposed to save themselves by flight, Buckner raised himself in every Kentuckian's heart by the high and now well-known resolve, "For my part, I will stay with the men and share their fate." After his release from Fort Warren he was made major-general and joined the Chattanooga forces. When Longstreet was ordered back to Virginia, General Buckner was sent to take command of the district of Louisiana, and was made lieutenant-general. In 1865, after the surrender, he negotiated with General Canby a surrender of the trans-Mississippi department, and as, by the terms, he was not permitted to return at once to Kentucky, he took up his residence in New Orleans. In 1881 he was elected to the office of Governor of Kentucky. After the expiration of his term and the conclusion of his labors in the re-assembled constitutional convention, General Buckner returned to Harte County, where he and his family occupy the old homestead at "Glen Lily."

Of the heads of departments under President Davis' administration only two are now living, Colonel R. G. H. Kean, a "chief of the Bureau of War," and Commander John M. Brooke, "chief of the Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography," whose invention of the Brooke gun and relation to the Merrimac have made his name well known. General A. R. Lawton, who was quartermaster-general, died recently, in July of 1896.

Robert G. H. Kean was born in Caroline County, Virginia, in 1828, and educated at the University of Virginia,



Colonel J. Taylor Wood. Grandson of President Zachary Taylor, and Nephew of President Davis
Photograph taken in 1858

taking successively the degrees of D. A., M. A. and B. L. He began the practice of law at Lynchburg in 1853, and pursued it until 1861, when he enlisted in the Confederate Army as a private in the Eleventh Virginia Regiment Infantry; commissioned in February, 1862, as captain on the staff of General G. W. Randolph. On General Randolph's appointment as Secretary of War, Mr. Kean was appointed by President Davis "chief of the Bureau of War," an office in the Confederate War Department blending the duties of the chief clerk and assistant secretary. He held this office until the war ended. In the autumn of 1865 he resumed the practice of law at Lynchburg, and has pursued it steadily to this time.

The other "head" now living is Commander John M. Brooke, who was born at Tampa Bay, Florida, in 1826. He entered the navy as midshipman in 1841, and graduated at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, in 1847. From 1851 to 1853 he was stationed at the Naval Observatory, and while there invented the deep-sea sounding-lead, by means of which specimens of the deep sea bottom were brought to light for the first time, affording positive evidence that bottom had been reached. The results of this invention are shown in maps of the deep-sea bottom and the numerous submarine cables in operation. In recognition of his services he received from the King of Prussia the Gold Medal of

Science, awarded by the Academy of Berlin.

From the Naval Observatory Commander Brooke was ordered to the North Pacific and Behring Straits exploring expedition under the command of Commander C. Ringgold. From 1853 to 1861 he spent making extensive surveys on the coast of Japan and on a route from California to China. When the Southern States seceded Commander Brooke tendered his resignation and went to Virginia. In 1861 he devised the plan of an iron-clad, in which the hull should be so constructed that her bow and stern should each extend under water. This plan was applied in the conversion of the Merrimac into an iron-clad, the Virginia. In 1863, as chief of Naval Ordnance and Hydrography, he proposed that a thirteen-inch Blakely rifle of novel construction should be fired with the powder charge placed wholly in front of the chamber, an experiment which, when made, led to the discovery of the utility of what is now known as the air space, and admitted to be one of the most important discoveries in the history of ordnance. When the war closed Captain Brooke was appointed professor at the Virginia Military Institute, which position he still occupies.

The only members of President Davis' military family who are now living are Colonel G. W. Custis Lee, Colonel John Taylor Wood, Colonel F. R. Lubbock, Colonel William P. Johnston and Burton H. Harrison, who was the President's private secretary. The last to die was General Joseph R. Davis, whose death occurred at his home in Biloxi, Miss., September 15, 1896.

George W. Custis Lee was born at Fortress Monroe, Va., in 1832. He was given an appointment to the United States Military Academy, West Point, N. Y., by President Zachary Taylor, and entered that institution in June, 1850, from which he graduated in June, 1854. He was then assigned to the corps of engineers, United States Army, with the rank of brevet second lieutenant, and in due course of time became second lieutenant and first lieutenant, which latter commission he held at the time of his resignation from the United States Army upon the secession of Virginia. During the seven years he was in the United States Army he served in the Engineer Bureau, Washington, D. C., in Georgia, Florida and California, in harbor defences and river improvement. After leaving the United States Army he was appointed major of engineers in the Virginia forces, and when these forces were turned over to the Confederate States government he received the commission of captain of engineers, Confederate States Army. On the last of August, 1861, he was appointed aide-de-camp to the President of the Southern Confederacy, with the rank of colonel. Towards the last of June, 1863, he was made brigadier-general, to command a brigade of troops for the defence of Richmond against cavalry raids. During the summer or autumn of 1864 he was made major-general, to command a division which held the lines below Richmond, from Chafin's Bluff northward, until the evacuation of the lines before Richmond and Petersburg. In the autumn of 1865 he was appointed to the chair of civil and military engineering at the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va., which office he held until the first of February, 1871, when he entered upon the duties of president of Washington and Lee University, which latter position he now holds.

Colonel J. Taylor Wood was born at Fort Snelling, N. W. T., in 1831, being the son of General Robert C. Wood, and grandson of General Zachary Taylor. He entered the United States Navy as a midshipman in 1847, and took part in the war between the United states and Mexico. He resigned his commission in 1861, joining the Confederate Army. He commanded the After Division of the "Merrimack" or "Virginia" in the fights in Hampton Roads with the "Monitor," and later appointed an aide, with the rank of

colonel on the staff of President Jefferson Davis, who was his uncle by marriage. He was captured with President Davis at the close of the war, and, escaping with General Breckenridge, crossed from Florida to Cuba in an open boat. On the close of the war he moved to Halifax, and has since been engaged in shipping and marine insurance. Few men have passed through as many thrilling scenes as are recorded in the life of Captain Wood.

Colonel F. R. Lubbock was born in Beaufort, S. C., in 1815. Until the breaking out of the war he was engaged in several business interests, and later in politics, serving at one time as Governor of Texas. In July, 1864, President Davis summoned Governor Lubbock to Richmond and appointed him one of his aides, with rank of colonel of cavalry. It was the President's wish that he direct the affairs of the trans-Mississippi Department. This service he commendably performed until his capture, when he was taken to Fortress Monroe, and afterwards to Fort Delaware, where he was kept in solitary confinement for seven months. In December of 1865 he returned to Texas, and with his characteristic energy began at once to organize the house of F. R. Lubbock & Son., a firm which has since become pre-eminently successful. Of late years Colonel Lubbock, having reached an advanced age, has withdrawn himself largely from active affairs.

The name that completes our review of Confederate leaders of note who still survive is that of Colonel William P. Johnston, son of General Albert Sidney Johnston. He was with President Davis at the time of his capture, and after the close of the war was one of the corps of professors whom General Robert E. Lee called around him when he became president of Washington College in October, 1865. For the past few years Colonel Johnston has been president of Tulane University at New Orleans.

IN VAIN

(Suggested by a Confederate gun at the Soldiers' Home, Richmond, Va.)

Oh, how removed from thine intended fate —
Thou, forged to be a thunderer in fierce strife,
Now standing guard o'er an eventless life;
Cared for by lone old men, their friend the State,
And only memories for child and wife.
Peace, fearless, lays her hand on thy grim mouth,
Yet 'round thee martial memories cluster rife.
Manned by the flower of the rich old South,
Thou hast seen battled out the sternest war
That shall be written down on history's page.
Above thee now thy conqueror's colors soar;
But though the laurel-wreath of victory
Might not be thine, the brave in every age
Shall look with tenderest reverence upon thee.

Elizabeth Harman.

THE RUBY NECKLACE

By Helen W. Pierson

NORMAN Forbes paused a moment before ringing the bell. He looked up at the lighted windows with some trepidation. It was a starless November night, and the wind plucked at his coat and finally snatched off his hat, yet he still hesitated.

He was to be a guest at a wedding feast, yet he had never seen a member of the family. He would be "among them but not of them." He was, in fact, a young detective, and this was his first chance to gain distinction. There were some priceless heirlooms among the wedding presents, and he had been detailed to guard them. Jewels had disappeared from the house lately, and he was to discover the delinquent, if possible.

He was late, as it was no part of his duty to witness the ceremony. He felt somewhat flurried as he made his way through the ranks of palms in the wide hallway into the lighted rooms. He was conscious, however, that he was well-dressed, and a rather good-looking fellow, which was a great moral support, as he pushed his way through the waves of satin and tulle to the quarter where the toneless wedding bells of white lilies sent out their fragrance instead of music.

Near them a matron in lace and lavender brocade stood dispensing smiles and greetings so lavishly, that he at once divined that she must be the hostess. She smiled still as he bowed before her, but there was a lack of spontaniety in her eye.

He slipped a card into her hand.

"Oh, yes, certainly," she said, as she glanced at it. Then she looked about her somewhat as if she had received a parcel of goods and did not know how to dispose of it.

Forbes gazed about him curiously. The bride, a slender girl, colorless as her white satin gown, stood near him. The perfume of her bouquet of white lilacs floated by him like a breath of spring. The orchestra was playing a waltz; there was a confused blending of rainbow hues, the glitter of jewels, and the frou-frou of silken skirts.

"Vera," it was the voice of the hostess, as a girl, oddly attired in a copper-colored gown, floated by.

She stopped, a somewhat mutinous look in her dark eyes.

"This is Mr. Norman Forbes, of whom I spoke to you—you recollect?"

"Oh, certainly," said the young woman, with an electric glance, and a smile.

All at once Forbes seemed to forget everything but the girl before him. His task, his ambitions, his dreams, filled his mind no more.

The ripple of dark hair about the white brows, the lips curved and red—the round, white throat—the eyes—these were all he was conscious of.

"Mr. Forbes, let me introduce you to Mlle. L'Estrange. She will show you the pretty things our friends have sent my little girl."

The young man came to himself with the sensation of one suddenly subjected to a shower bath.

"Come with me, Mr. Forbes," said the young lady, in a voice that made him willing to follow to the ends of the earth, "the door of this treasure house is kept locked, lest it prove too allurnig to some weak spectator. I know that I have looked at the things till I begin to discover a greenish tinge in my complexion."

"Your turn will come," said Forbes, gallantly.

"Oh, no. I am not an heiress like

Grace Radcliffe. I am only her French teacher—a pauper."

"You look like one," said Forbes, laughing.

There was a flash of scorn in her eyes.

"Oh, I am French, and I know how to imitate a Worth gown; that is all."

"And to wear it with a grace that money cannot buy," said Forbes, rather amazed at his own temerity.

"Go on," she said gaily; "amuse me, for this is my last night on earth."

"Good heavens!" he cried in startled tones. "What are you contemplating?"

"Oh, don't be alarmed; it's neither death nor matrimony! Only I leave America at daybreak; and to all Americans this land is the earth, I suppose."

She had unlocked the door, and they entered a room whose walls were lined with books. The furniture was covered with olive green leather stamped with golden fleur-de-lis.

Forbes merely glanced at the bric-a-brac, blue china, bronzes and jewels. At another time they might have interested him. Now he was absorbed in this girl, whose copper-hued dress seemed to glitter with a metallic lustre and whose eyes, mocking, alluring or pleading, took on a varied expression at will.

"You are going away?" he said with a pang.

"Yes; I sail for Europe at daybreak," she said, and the air seemed to grow chill about him.

"You are going away?" he repeated, and he felt as if all the world were going with her.

"I ought not to be here now," she said; "but Grace has been my pupil so long, and I had to see her married. I am now at liberty, and my mother is ill. She wants to die in her own land. We go back as poor as we came!" A soft mist obscured the luminous eyes for a moment. "I shall slip away from the company soon," she went on. "I leave this bazaar in your charge. Think of me sailing away in the gray of the morning on the Ville de Paris. Wish me bon voyage in your thoughts."

"The Ville de Paris?" said Forbes. He seemed only to be able to echo her words.

"You did not inspect the presents," she cried. "Behold how the rich give where it is not needed! Do you know the one thing here that I really covet? It is a ruby necklace that Mr. Radcliffe picked up in India. It is worth a queen's ransom, they say, but I only value its beauty. It's an heirloom."

She took up a Russian leather case as she spoke and opened it. Within lay a superb necklace of stones that seemed to throb with hidden life. A covetous light leaped into her eyes.

"This belonged to a Begum or Bada or something," she said, holding it up so that all the stones in the light seemed blazing. "It does not suit Grace at all. She is formed for cool, moonbeamy pearls. Fate has made a mistake. This should be mine. See!"

She held it up to her white throat. She bent her neck, flower-like, towards him. The rubies seemed to burn with an intenser flame. Her eyes blazed like jewels. The coppery folds of her gown melted into undulating waves of fluent metal. The iridescent spangles wrought in the embroidery sent out little spiral coils of tinted fire.

His temples throbbed as he gazed at her. He had a wild longing to lay the wealth of the Indies at her feet. He felt strange pulses beating, and could hear the blood singing in his veins. Surges, as of the sea, were sounding in his ears. The rubies burned on consuming in their own fires, overflowing like tiny volcanoes, till the girl seemed to be wreathed in flame. He tried to spring forward to snatch the necklace from her, but the light blinded him. Each separate stone grew into a fiery sun. His brain swam. His eyes closed, and he seemed to float away on a sea of darkness flecked with crimson foam.

"You have not paid me a single compliment," said a gay voice in his ear; and he opened his eyes to see the en-

chantress putting the ruby necklace back in its box.

"I really flattered myself that it was becoming! Now I must go. You will keep guard, I suppose, and in the end Mrs. Radcliffe will relieve you. I wish that I could help you gain fame by discovering the culprit who has been purloining jewels here. I tried to do a little detective business about it, but failed. I fancy that detectives, like poets, are born, not made. Well, adieu. I hope we shall meet again. I think we will—fate is not always unkind."

As she held out her hand in a friendly way she gave him one more glance that seemed to speak volumes, and was gone.

Forbes rubbed his eyes and looked about him as one waking from a dream. He felt a strange languor in all his limbs as he looked vaguely at his surroundings.

"Oh, George!" cried Mrs. Radcliffe, seizing the arm of a young man who was passing. "I am perfectly horrified! I forgot about having that young fellow who was enlisted to guard the presents notified about the supper. Do go, my son, and invite him most politely. I would not hurt his feelings for the world."

"All right, mother."

"You will lock the door?—be careful!"

"Certainly."

A moment afterward George Radcliffe hurried to his mother's side, a startled look on his face.

"There is no one there, and I do not see the fellow anywhere!"

"Why, this is perfectly unaccountable," said the mother. "I call it outrageous—and everything left exposed?"

"Yes."

"If anything is missing I shall bring damages against the—the—well, what would it be, George, the police or the city—or——"

"Let us see. Don't get flurried; don't let us spoil the wedding feast. Grace must not know about this. We will quietly go and examine."

Mrs. Radcliffe's eagle eye scanned the presents. "I see—" she faltered, her florid cheek paling. "The necklace—the necklace of pigeon's blood rubies is gone—is gone!"

"Wait—search!" cried George; but the search was in vain.

"Telegraph to headquarters—send out an alarm!" cried his mother, wringing her hands. "I dare say that man was a thief in disguise. I saw that he had a suspicious look!"

"Hi think as how the gent were took ill of a suddint," said the English butler. "Least ways, 'e 'ad a wanderin' look in 'is h'eye, as I took pertic'ler notice on. 'E was actin' like a gent as had partook consid'able of snifters, ef—"

But his audience had deserted him, and his eloquence was wasted.

It was the gray dawn of a sunless day. A group of people shivered on the pier and fluttered handkerchiefs of farewell to friends on the great steamer.

A young man had made his way over the gangplank, and was looking about him in a bewildered manner.

"It is the place and the hour," he muttered. "Where can she be?"

She was near. A slender girl in gray, with a great bouquet of violets at her breast. She drew her veil as she saw him, and the light kindled in her eyes.

"So you came," she whispered. "I thought you would. I thought that I might count on you."

"Till the end," exclaimed Forbes passionately.

"You brought it?"

"Yes, it is here!"

"Quick! the boat sails in a few moments. Give it to me!"

He placed a case in her hands.

She seized it. "Now, go—go at once!"

"Go?" echoed Forbes in dumb wonder. A hand touched his arm.

"You are my prisoner!" cried a hoarse voice. The officer had evidently taken cold during his bleak vigil that night.

The girl in gray was meanwhile moving rapidly away, when a detaining hand fell on her arm.

"Wait a moment—I need you both."

"What do you mean, sir?" cried Mlle. L'Estrange, drawing herself up with extreme hauteur, while her dark eyes flashed.

"I mean that you are held as this man's accomplice—the receiver of stolen goods!" said the officer bluntly.

"You have been drinking—I shall report you. This man is a stranger to me," she cried angrily.

"Oh, you can tell that in court. I saw him hand you the jewels. I will trouble you for that Russia leather case he just slipped in your hand; and we may as well order your luggage to be sent back, for, take, my word for it, you won't sail today."

Norman Forbes listened as one who hears an unknown language.

"What does it all mean?" he asked. "What has happened? What am I doing here?"

"Oh, you don't know, eh?" said the officer, with fine scorn. "Well, you'll find out soon enough. A nice deal for a man to be priggin' the very things that he's set to protect! Come, Miss, we're losin' time. You may as well hand over that there ruby necklace. Now don't think of cuttin' up rough, or I should be obliged to call up some of the gents I have handy!"

"A ruby necklace," Forbes said to himself. "Where did I see a ruby necklace last?"

"Well, I never heard nothing like this since I been on the force," gasped the officer. "You're a nice ornament to the secret police, hain't you?"

"Oh, Mon Dieu! was that what the man handed me?" cried Mlle. L'Estrange, taking out the case. "I am shocked. How was I to know? I met this person at the wedding last night, and when he appeared unexpectedly on the steamer I thought that he brought a note from Mrs. Radcliffe or the parting gift that she forgot to offer. Ciel! So this was stolen? Oh, the infamous!"

"A likely story," sneered the officer.

"Ask him!" she cried eagerly. "You can also find out from Mrs. Radcliffe that I am telling the truth. Tell me," appealing to Forbes, "did you ever see me until last night?"

"Never!" answered Forbes positively.

"Well, I ain't no judge and jury," said the officer. "So I'll trouble you both to come along of me without no palaver."

Forbes followed passively. He felt stunned. He a thief? Oh, he would wake up presently and laugh at the whole business.

But he did not waken. The nightmare endured. He found himself a week later standing in the prisoners' dock. He could explain nothing. His manner incriminated him. It would have gone hard with him if the siren who saw no chance of escape had not taken pity on his misery.

"I alone am guilty," she said. "It is a case of suggestion. I hypnotized this man. I am poor, and I saw that he was a good subject. I rarely fail. I thought no one would suspect the detective and the governess. I was tempted to try it. He responded, but, somehow, he must have bungled—that is all."

Her words carried conviction to the jury. Forbes' previous record stood him in good stead. He was discharged, but that was his first and last effort in the detective line. He found another vocation.

HER ROSES

By Harry Darbers

HE WAS certainly quite different from any one else; that we all acknowledged, and by some people Lloyd Turner was called a crank. He was, in fact, a singular fellow.

It all came natural enough to him, however, and although he had but a vague remembrance of his father, his old nurse used to tell him of his goodness, his devotion to duty, his high courtesy and faithfulness, and when Lloyd was but a mere slip of a boy, he tried to be like him—so it came perfectly natural for him to be just as he was.

Some said he was "old-fashioned," others said he was a dreamer, and others even went so far as to say he was unpractical and a fool; not as far as intellect went, for he was a good scholar, and his pen had certainly made a hit for him in the literary world.

He was still young, not more than one and thirty, but he had had a hard time, a fact which was plainly visible by his countenance, which bore a sad expression, one which showed he had undergone great mental suffering, and a face which one could not soon forget.

One of the most natural things for him to do in his youth was to fall in love, the object of his passions being a beautiful woman, several years his senior, and at the time a great society belle.

It was perfect nonsense for Lloyd Turner to think she would ever consent to marry him—he, without name or money, while she was being sought after daily by the handsomest and richest suitors; but, as many men have been led on before, so was he led on, captivated, and, when the crisis came, was spurned and thrown over for a millionaire—which was only perfectly natural.

He suffered; any one could see that, and although his foolishness cost him a great deal of unhappiness, no one ever heard him speak ill of her, no, not even when, after two years of unhappily married life, she left her husband.

A man with a crushed body does not feel the slighter stabs, and such was the case with Lloyd Turner; he drifted on mechanically, doggedly, taking life as it came, and with his youth buried.

He was fond of female society, and women liked him, too.

There was always an energy about him which could not be withstood, and a gentleness about him which made all those who knew him trust him implicitly, as he could be trusted.

He decided one day, after being talked to incessantly by his friends, that instead of living for himself, in a world by himself, he would try and be like other people, being guided by their caprices, as all society people generally were, and instead of refusing the many invitations he received to luncheons, receptions, etc., he accepted them all, prepared to meet people half way in their friendships. His good resolutions lasted for a time, but not long, for it was not his disposition; and after accepting an invitation to dine out (a dinner which might have been gotten up expressly for him) he would spend the most of his time talking to some unheard of country cousin from the backwoods, or else entertain the little folk with stories; yet, for all his seeming ingratitude, he was popular.

A puzzle to his friends was why he always seemed so poor; he was both an inventor and a writer, and for some of his work had received good prices, yet he did not seem to be any better off. It began to be whispered about that he played the races and gambled at cards and spent his money in other dissipations—and when Gossip once took him

in hand she handled him rather roughly —and yet, when asked concerning the numerous stories afloat regarding him, he always laughed them off, apparently contented in his own mind; had the matter been known, he was supporting, to a large extent, one of his nearest relations, a young man of twenty, who was preparing for the ministry, but the public knew nothing of that, and he did not care to tell them.

But the night came when his life was turned, and it came about by his being invited to a social function a few miles out of the city.

Lloyd was standing with a child of eleven at one side of the grand reception room, telling her fairy tales and answering her questions, whenever she interrupted him, as to who the great personages were.

"Who is that?" she asked.

"That's the Queen of Roselle."

"And who is that?" she interrupted, a few moments later; it was a tall lady, exceedingly thin, with a huge necklace of pearls.

"Oh, that's the Queen of Heights," he readily answered.

"Then what am I?" she asked.

"You're the Queen of Hearts," at which she laughed outright.

"But who is this coming?" asked Lloyd, as a vision of pale blue floated through the doorway, with a bunch of red roses at her corsage.

"She? Why that is Miss Wainwright. Would you like to be introduced? Come along, then," and she drew him through the crowd to where the beautiful girl stood, and, although after the introduction, a few mere commonplaces passed between these two, he had lost his heart.

"She is called the Queen of the Ballroom," the child said. "She is so beautiful."

"I think she must be," he answered.

A little later Lloyd met the young lady out on a balcony, getting a breath of air, as he expressed it.

"I saw you talking to a little friend of mine," she began.

"Oh, yes; she is sweet; they all are, and interest me wonderfully. I always feel when I'm near a child as though I'm as near to the angels as I ever shall be in this world."

"Do you know, I was very anxious to meet you and become acquainted with you?" she said.

"Were you? Thanks, and may I ask why?"

"Yes; because of a few lines of poetry you once wrote—oh, a long, long time ago—in the "Dreams of a Dreamer."

"Yes," he said, "I remember the book, and I am pleased that you should have liked at least a few lines in the book."

"That is really ungallant of you," she answered, "but come, it is late, and we must be going in."

Her voice was soft and musical, and as Lloyd glanced up, the color deepened on her cheek, and as he leaned a little toward her, her eyes drooped suddenly, but she immediately mastered herself and looked up again.

"Yes," he replied, "it is late—and—good night." Ye gods; here was an entirely new sensation for him—he, who had always been so cold and austere, never having time to be sympathetic with other people, probably because he did not care enough for them—but all in an hour it had changed, for, verily, he had lost his heart. Oh, why had he met her? She was called the Queen. She must be. His life was all breaking up, and he was at sea.

He sent her the book of poems, and she replied by a graceful little note, thanking him. He liked it.

She invited him to call. He went to see her.

The day was a bright, sunshiny one; her costume was a tight-fitting scarlet gown, made of some soft material, and ornamented by a single red rose. Yes, he muttered to himself, the child was right.

"What was right?" she inquired.

"Something a little girl said about you," he answered; "but you mustn't ask to know it, not until some other time."

"Was it a compliment?"

"Yes."

He began to know her better—and, finally, he knew her very well, for was not the innermost promptings of his heart teaching him her ways?

He did not see her very often, for they lived in separate cities. But the time he did spend with her was spent most enjoyably; he seemed to find in her a sympathy which his all-absorbing soul needed. It reminded him of the past, only in a purer sense.

He awoke from his trance; the energy for work once more pervaded him; he mixed with his old associates more, and life grew a lighter burden.

He began to go oftener to the city where Miss Wainwright lived. Although he could not see her often, not nearly as often as he would have liked, he could write, and always took great pleasure in perusing her quaint letters, telling him of society life and matters of interest in general.

One evening, at a reception at her house, he was in the gentlemen's dressing room. It was evidently a lady's apartment, which had been devoted for the occasion as a dressing room.

A man, a tall fellow, with short, curly hair, well groomed, pulled open a lower drawer of a bureau.

Articles of a lady's apparel were exposed, all spotlessly white and neatly arranged.

"Shut that drawer instantly," said Lloyd, in a low, imperious tone.

"Suppose I don't; what then?"

"I'll pitch you out of the room," and, as he spoke, he advanced accordingly. The drawer was closed and the man left the apartment.

"Do you know who that was?" asked some one.

"No; I haven't the slightest idea, nor do I care."

"That was young Reeves, son of the great millionaire woolen manufacturer, Reeves."

"The gossips say he is engaged to her," said the gentleman.

"He is not engaged to her," said Lloyd.

Later in the evening he stood talking to Miss Wainwright, and, in a casual way, as though nothing had happened to ruffle his temper, said: "Do you know what a gentleman said to me upstairs?"

"No; what?"

"That you were engaged to some one."

"I? That I was engaged? And to whom, may I ask?"

"To a fellow I saw up there, a Mr. —— Reeves, I believe his name is. Are you?"

"No. But tell me," she asked, laying her hand on his arm, "you did not believe it, did you?" at the same time looking him frankly in the face.

"No," he answered, "I trust you too implicitly for that."

She buried her face in the roses she held—as usual, red ones—and was silent.

"Forgive me," he said, taking her hand in his and bending over it, "I did not mean to hurt you. I could not care for you so much if I did not believe in you."

"It was exceedingly kind of you to send me these roses," she said, "and I love them so, for they are my favorite flower."

"Yes, they are beautiful, but I believe I like better the old-fashioned roses right out of the dew. It may be old association, but I know of a place only a few miles out, in fact, I own it, and it is just filled with roses ,and I always think of the ones there being sweeter than any others in the world."

"Yes, I like them, too," she answered.

"Well," he continued, "the next time I come to see you, I am going to bring you some."

"Oh, thank you. How far is it from your home?"

"Perhaps twenty miles, and it will be a pleasant jaunt if only for—love's sake."

Just then there was a step behind them. She rose, for it was young Reeves claiming her for the next dance.

"Good-by," she said, holding out her hand, which he clasped, pressing it tenderly.

It was some three months after Miss Wainwright's reception. He was packing a valise, for he was going to her city, and incidentally to see her. On a table near by lay a bundle of roses, picked by him for the one he loved. Oh, what bright anticipations. A letter was brought in, and as he looked at the writing a pleased smile lit up his face, for intuition told him who it was from. Hastily throwing down the article he was packing, he opened the letter, kissing the rose perfumed paper inside before he began to read.

Then the smile died away and a startled look took its place. The color faded from his face and his mouth closed firmly. When finished, he re-read it, and read it again, then slowly, as though in a daze, he tore it into halves, then into quarters, and threw the bits into the fire.

He sat as one stunned.

A half hour later found him walking into the clubrooms; mechanically he saluted his friends, and, walking to a newspaper rack, took out one of current date, and, walking to a secluded part of the room, opened it.

Wedding Announcement was the headline. Reeves-Wainwright to be married this evening at eight.

Further down the article it stated that although the happy pair had been engaged for some time, it was only on account of extreme delicacy on the part of the bride-elect that the announcement had been kept secret.

That night Lloyd Turner wrote a note, which read: "We know the dictations of our own hearts best; I cannot blame you, for it was my mistake."

The next day one of the city hospitals received a huge bunch of red roses, and although they were the tokens of a bitter remembrance to one, they brought light and sunshine, while they lasted, to another.

THE TURNED DOWN PAGE

By Charlotte Rice

IT was summer. The sun had gone down, leaving a delicate golden tinge over hill and valley.

Then twilight in subdued gray garb had come gently gliding in, as if loth to replace so much beauty of color; and last of all, behind a clump of trees the moon was seen slowly rising, while through bunches of leaves her pale rays shone.

In the distance, near the top of the hill, two figures could be seen. They had come out to see the sunset, had lingered on through the twilight, and now were slowly walking homeward in the moonlight.

"I love you," he said in eager, tremulous tones.

The moon came from behind the trees, radiantly beautiful, and the maiden's heart responded to its brightness.

In a low voice he continued, "But I am pledged to another."

Suddenly the moon went behind a cloud; all the world seemed dark.

A long pause followed. Then she answered, "I know this other one. I love her dearly and would not take her happiness from her. Forget me and go to her."

They walked on in silence until they reached the house, when she turned to him and said imploringly, "Go, dear, and leave me alone."

He gently took her face between his hands, looked at her long and earnestly, then tenderly kissed her fair white forehead.

With tears in their eyes they parted.

His was a responsive nature, and when he married the other one, she, being sweet and winsome, in a short time won back the love that she never knew the stronger, more magnetic woman had taken from her.

But this stronger woman, though she could renounce her love for another, could not so easily forget it.

Many said to her, "I love you. Marry me;" but she turned from them, saying, "I cannot love you." How could she, when her heart was not her own to give?

The years glided on and she was still a beautiful woman, when news reached her that the other one had died.

"God forgive me if I rejoice," she cried. "Now he can come back to me."

But he did not come. She grew pale and thin, while her beauty seemed leaving her.

By and by, for the first time in years, they chanced to meet. A few words of greeting were exchanged and he passed on, thinking, "How very changed she is. All her old fire and enthusiasm seem to have left her."

She stood for a moment watching him as he walked away; then slowly went towards her home.

She thought of that summer eve long ago; of the sunlight, the twilight, the parting in the moonlight. She had given up the warm sunlight of love to another and had dared to hope for its calm lingering twilight. But it had been revealed to her that his love was no longer hers. She must now live in the pale moonlight—in the reflected light of the loves of others.

The long weary years to be lived without love or hope seemed spread before her. Must she endure them? Was there no escape? Ah, yes! A strange sweet sense of oblivion was stealing o'er her. Then all grew dark and misty; and, falling heavily forward, she knew no more.

Tenderly they nursed her through the long illness that followed.

When she recovered and went back to the old life once so bright and glowing with the thought of the love that could have been her own, now so colorless as she realized that perhaps it never had been truly hers, her one sustaining thought was, "God's in His heaven. Some day He will take me there."

Many wondered at the pathetic droop of the mouth, the far-away look in her eyes; and one, more bold than the rest, asked the reason.

But she only shook her head, and a sad little smile played round her mouth as she softly murmured these words:

" 'There's a turned down page,' as some writer says,
In ev'ry human life;
A hidden story of happier days, of peace amidst the strife!

A folded down leaf that the world knows not,
A love dream rudely crushed,
The sight of a face that is not forgot,
Altho' the voice be hushed!

There's a hidden page in each life,
And mine a story might unfold,
But the end was sad of the dream divine,
It better rests untold."

Along Literary Lines

Mr. George Morgan has given us quite as spirited a book and one of very much the same stamp as Mr. Gilbert Parker's "The Seats of the Mighty." In passing it is to be hoped that if dramatized it avoids the same fate. "John Littlejohn of J" is a romance of that memorably unfortunate winter that the American army lay encamped at Valley Forge, "being in particular an account of Littlejohn's remarkable entanglement with the king's intrigues against General Washington." It has all that quick movement, that succession of breath-suspending incidents, and that charm relative to affairs of war that is only possible for a book that concerns itself with things militant. The reader is carried into the camp at Valley Forge, and becomes conversant with the suffering situation at short range, he learns of Washington's relations to Congress, and of his intention to disband the army in the face of starvation, and he also has pictured before him the attempts of King George's troops to undermine the position. The intrigues of a female spy, the capture, death-sentence and escape of the mistaken deserter Littlejohn, the narration of his love affair and a description of the battles of Cockfoot and Monmouth furnish the material out of which the writer has evolved a most successful historical romance. The personality of Washington has received much attention, and the background of events tallies largely with history. The book is admirably well-written, and the fascination which attaches itself to the rapidly-changing scenes of war carries the reader from cover to cover without a halt. If we are not greatly in error, Mr. Morgan has scored a distinct triumph. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.)

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Tennyson, master of melody that he was, left behind him no single long poem that is as delightful as the "Princess." This is so, perhaps, because the theme in this instance was one concerning which the poet had the highest and the most beautiful of ideals, and his one greatest handling of the subject must of necessity be a masterpiece. There is a certain timeliness about the "Princess" that makes the reading of it at the present day exceedingly worth while. It is, because Tennyson, in this poem, has something to say relative to the "woman question." How rightly he speaks only those that read can know. "In his Princess," says the Scotch critic, F. W. Robertson, "Tennyson has, with exquisite taste, disposed of the question, which has its burlesque and comic, as well as the tragic side, of woman's present place and future destinies. And if any one wishes to see this subject treated with a masterly and delicate hand, in protest alike against the theories which would make her as the man, which she could only be by becoming masculine, not manly, and those which would have her remain the toy, or the slave, or the slight thing of sentimental and frivolous accomplishment, I would recommend him to study the few last pages of 'The Princess.'"

A recent issue of this masterpiece of Tennyson's, admirable alike in its editing and its appreciation is the edition from the hands of Mr. A. J. George, whose work among the English poets, noticeably Wordsworth and Coleridge, is already known among scholars. (D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

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It has for a long time been believed that the surface of the earth has no spot nor phase which the sun, or some other

warming or illuminating agent does not occasionally cheer and brighten. Coals have been gilded, mud put to decorative uses, and lilies have grown forth from offal. It has, likewise, time and again been proved that in the heart of the most hardened criminal there is some single tender spot, and that no tramp nor pauper is so miserable that he wholly lacks the comfort of pleasant recollections. So far as has been discovered, there is but one exception to the all-encompassing rule that no state nor condition of matter or intelligence is without at least some slight degree of loveliness, and this a book called "A Child of the Jago," by Arthur Morrison, who barely escaped committing this unparalled outrage, two years ago, when he wrote his "Tales of Mean Streets." From the first page to the last, his present book is unrelieved hideousness. Its characters are guilty of an unmitigated wallowing through filth, bestiality and selfishness so hard, that its like stands unrivalled in the annals of literature. Not a page, line nor word is there in this story to modify its appalling, horrifying gruesomeness. Nothing at all approaching it in fearfulness has ever before been attempted—nothing which was not in some way relieved by a few touches of humanity. As compared with "A Child of the Jago," there is much which is tender and soothing about even the utmost ghastliness of the Cholera and the Black Death.

There is no excuse for the publication of such a book, and no reason for believing that its author was sincere. It is a production which could only come from the pen of one who, without the slightest regard for truth, wished to do all that can be done in the direction of vile, grim, depressing pessimism—most depressing because it is so absolutely purposeless.

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E. F. Benson has just written a story about a sculptor, who wastes a great deal of time in lamentations over having pounded some twenty or more potboilers out of helpless marble. The book is full of smart writing, some of which barely misses being brilliant. The most curious thing about it is its title, "Limitations." Fancy the author of "Dodo" confessing to any species of limitation

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To the ever-growing list of "historical novels," books with old-time backgrounds of architecture and household equipment, in the midst of which extremely modern folk live and love and scheme, John Bloundelle-Burton has added "In the Day of Adversity," which closely apes Stanley J. Weyman. Another effort at dressing fin de siecle dolls in ancient raiment was made by Christian Ross, when he wrote "The Scarlet Coat." This, in one way, is the most original of any recent performance of the kind; for it adds ever so many new words to the English language and evinces a disregard of the most common rules of grammar, which is truly beautiful.

There are many persons who never seem able to profit by experience, and well within this category are the proprietors of Current Literature. In 1888, when this excellent periodical was founded, its editorship was in the hands of William George Jordan, who had already made a notable success of Book Chat. So long as Mr. Jordan was in charge, Current Literature thrived and prospered. When he surrendered his chair, about three years later, because the policy of the magazine was uselessly narrowed by its owners, Current Literature almost immediately tottered over the brink of prosperity and began rapidly ambling down the decline. Bliss Carman and others were put in editorial charge, but it was no use; the stricken thing could not be revived. Something like two years ago, Mr. Jordan was recalled to his former post, and in a trice Current Literature began picking up again. After another period of increasing prosperity, it now goes under the editorial control of George W. Cable, whose only discernible fitness for the place seems to be his inability to have done anything com-

mendable with his own magazine. A mastery of the creole dialect may have its uses in determining what part of the world's periodical literature is best suited to a literary digest; but such a sequence is not immediately logical. A "third term" for Mr. Jordan is undoubtedly looming up in the near future—if he will take it.

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J. M. Barrie is being hit considerably hard across the knuckles for daring to write a biography of his mother, though no one is complaining because Edward Gibbon has recently been found to have written seven biographies of himself. The critics may be right in saying that it is an enormous presumption for Mr. Barrie to imagine that anybody cares to read his estimate of the particularly nice old lady who bore him; but even so it is more laudable than for him to have written pretty things about other men's wives, as some of those who are rebuking him have done. Furthermore, it is not an unpleasant novelty for a man to have enough pride in his mother to frankly acknowledge the same.

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F. Marion Crawford devotes quite a little of "Corleone," his new story, to showing that brigandage is not a profession which the Sicilians choose, but one which circumstances thrust upon them. This reminds one how circumstances likewise switched Mr. Crawford upon his own professional track. For a long time he had been casting about, without much idea as to what he would do. One day, in New York, he came into contact with an astrologer—an old man with long whiskers and little white stars worked upon the surface of his black velvet vest. This man told Mr. Crawford that he, according to the oracles of the sky, was cut out for a novelist and destined to be a successful one. Mr. Crawford immediately tried the prescription, with the results which have any way been satisfactory to himself.

Dr. William Hirsh has filled a ponderous and closely printed volume with such outgushes of analysis and denunciation as he evidently believes will demolish Max Nordau's "Degeneration." If "you are another" is good argument, poor Nordau is atoms already. So far as bulk goes Nordau is by far the less sinner of the two, as the original crime fills only a third the space of its arraignment. He is also easier to read, for but few of his sentences are involved, and he can be understood with a technical dictionary at one elbow and an encyclopaedia of general sciences at the other. If Hirsh really means what he seems to mean, his book strongly reminds one of Douglas Jerrold's one-time remark that "nonsense is other people's sense which differs from ours."

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Sarah Grand's next book will be considerably delayed because of her condition of health. In this case it amounts to praise deferred, though if it were Marie Correlli it would be blame deferred. Yet the latter actually complains less against persons and things than does Sarah Grand. It is the fashion, however, to accept the snarlings of Sarah Grand as logical and timely rebukes, and to deride Miss Correlli as a common scold; and fashions are powerful and must prevail. As a matter of plain, hard fact, when Miss Correlli frets, she simply says openly the very things which people in general growl about privately and in much stronger terms.

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In bringing out his new edition of the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam, Nathan Haskell Dole has done something very much more edifying than to give scholars every existing version of the Persian original which can be found—he has also shown what delightfully loose things translations are, when they are made from a little-known language. About a score of these alleged renderings of the "Rubaiyat" are given by Mr. Dole, and the disagreements between are sufficient to allow them to pass for

as many independent works. This suggests the probability that the "Koran," the "Bhagavad Gita" and any number of other Oriental works, which have appeared in English, have likewise been tinkered to suit the tastes, prejudices and fears of the "translators." Now that Mr. Dole has begun this excellent work of comparison and verification, he should continue it through the long list of splendid opportunities which need the flashings of his search-light.

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Pierre Loti is writing another love-story, of the kind particularly incidental to him. That is to say, he is about favoring the public with an introduction to another of the sweethearts, of which circumstances have enabled him to make such an extensive and varied collection. Being an officer in the French navy, his ship has been stationed in numerous and widely-contrasted quarters of the globe; one time in the South Sea Island, and another in the Bosphorus; now on the Yellow Sea, over against Siam, and then alongside the shallow shores of the Senegal; and so on, through an amazing range of geographical variations. As M. Loti has a decided predilection for female society, his experiences have been unique and comprehensive; though, as described in his many books, some of his selections have been more picturesque than comforting. Just the same, his matter-of-fact tales make much cleaner reading than the imaginatime amours of the "erotic school" of American scribblers.

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Some years ago, when the Appletons put out their American Cyclopedia, on the instalment plan, it was looked upon as shockingly infra dig, by other publishers. Now the proprietors of the Century Dictionary are not only doing the same thing, but even go so far as to organize "clubs," which serve as an excuse for retailing the book at wholesale prices. Half a dozen less pretentious dictionaries and encyclopaedias are also offering supposed forty and sixty dollar works at anywhere from five to fifteen dollars, as an alleged means of "introducing" the same, and on the instalment plan at that! No scheme now appears to be "infra dig," so long as it sells books.

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A great many persons have a refreshingly reckless way of writing of "literary art"—Art with a large A. Occasionally it is in a modified way excusable; but most often it is comic, if not impudent. Seventeen books and magazines have been devoted to such exploitations, during the months of December and January, the most of which are too stupid to catalogue. Among forthcoming preparations in this line is a book which George Bell & Sons now have in press, entitled "The Art of William Morris." Think of it—the "Art" of William Morris! James A. Herne, too, the "Hearts of Oak" and "Shore Acres" man, has just written "Art for Truth's Sake in the Drama," and he has evidently done it seriously. A-lack-aday! there are so many things in "literature."

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There are signs that America is at last going to take Walt Whitman seriously. John Burroughs has just finished an interesting analytical study of him as an author, and Thomas Donaldson has frankly considered him as a man. Both make him out as something very different than the joke he has always seemed to be to most American newspaper paragraphers. This will please the English, who have ever maintained that he was great, because he was so virulent, massive and original. The fact that he was unlike the writers of England gave him his vogue in that country, though this is the very thing which has caused him to be so severely ridiculed at home.

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If, as it is reported, the skin of Henry M. Stanley is darkening like unto the cuticle of the denizens of the Dark Continent, it perhaps justifies a little ripple of amusement which is now current among those who know him best.

They surmise that the change is not so much owed to innoculations with African blood as to the fact that his lovely disposition is at last coming entirely to the surface.

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Job was more fortunate than Bayard Taylor in many ways; mainly because he appears to have had but three "intimate" friends, whom he supposedly survived. Mr. Taylor, on the other hand, had four very particular friends, who survived him. During his lifetime, so impressed was he with the love and loyalty of these people that he lent them money, paid their rent, bought them clothing, and did sundry other little things which proved his largeness and kindliness of heart—likewise his gullibility. One of these was a Bostonian, another was a Philadelphian, and the remaining two were, and still are, residents of New York City. While Mr. Taylor was alive, they constantly assured him that his poetry, fiction and essays would last as long as the English language, and perhaps longer. No sooner, however, was he dead than this very quartette, as one man, wrote reminiscent papers which lavished personal praise upon him, but so vehemently "regretted" that none of his literary efforts would be remembered ten years after his death, that the very atmosphere reeked with tears. Having said this, the entire four, from that time forward, did everything in its power to suppress all mention of their dead benefactor and his work. Not long ago, a publisher who believed that a revival of the interest in Mr. Taylor would be easy and profitable, got these four friends of Caesar together and proposed that they write a book which should repeat the warm things they had said of him while he was living, appending thereunto specimens of his best work. This, for a moment, threw the whole four into something very nearly resembling hydrophobia. The first one to get his breath declared that such a book would be a "dead loss," because "Taylor is absolutely forgotten by the general public, and almost so by his friends." The other three warmly supported this statement, and nothing that the publisher could urge had the slightest power to move these men from their decision. In describing this disgusting interview, to an acquaintance, the publisher so far forgot himself as to set a very wicked adjective in a very vigorous part of a very outspoken phrase.

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